

GAIL HAMILTON'S

LIFE IN LETTERS



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GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN
LETTERS



GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN LETTERS

EDITED BY
H. AUGUSTA DODGE

VOLUME II.



BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
MCM I

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GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN LETTERS.

VOL. II.

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VIII

WANDERINGS

1868-1870

VIII

WANDERINGS

1868-1870

[To MR. WOOD.]

MARCH 23, 1868.

YOUR characterization of Dickens tallies admirably with that of another friend of mine, but did not you enjoy his reading? I did, and mean to hear him again. I wish you were here to go with me, and then you could amuse yourself between whiles with raving against Boston infidelity. I have had a little experience of it in one shape lately. I discovered quite accidentally that ten per cent. on the retail price of books is the minimum price paid to authors. As my books have brought me only from six and two-thirds to seven and one-half per cent. I laid the case before a lawyer friend, who has made investigations among the book men, which results in a conviction that I have been underpaid, and I have broken off connection with my publishers. Of course, it was not a thing to be lightly done, and I have not done it lightly. It began in December, and is only just completed — and hardly that. But where I have been on terms of such intimate friendship I cannot come down to mere business relations. Mr. ——— had the matter entirely in his own hands. I never questioned, or proposed, or bargained, and that he should have gone on, year after year, paying me less than a new author has, paying me from one-third to one-half less than the

lowest market price, is not a thing to be overlooked. I desire you not to speak of this to any one. There is no occasion as yet for its being known. I should not have told you, only I thought it probably must one day come out, and you might feel aggrieved at knowing it only as the general public knows it. I have acted in this according to the advice of learned and apparently disinterested friends.

JUNE 9, 1868.

MY DEAR SISTER: Here I am again to pursue my narrative. I went over to Amesbury in the six train. Whittier was at the station for me. He has a good housekeeper, I should think, and his niece is with him this summer. I have not had so nice a visit with him for a long while. It was cold and stormy Sunday, so we could not go into the woods as we intended, but we went to church—to meeting rather—in the morning. The windows were not up, so there was quite a Congregational air in the room; and I must confess I felt the Orthodox slumber stealing over me when, after three-quarters of an hour or so, I was startled up by a voice in Whittier's direction, but I was relieved to find that it was a man behind him. There were two speakers, who each occupied but a few minutes; all the rest was a golden silence. Most of the talking was done at home, and there was a good deal of that done. The man himself I like better than ever, if that were possible. He is so thoroughly sweet and simple, with such a child-like manliness. I think him looking much better than he has done. His doctor thinks his sickness has left him better than it found him. He likes my dress much—for once in his life admired

it without my flaunting it in his face. I suppose he knew I should if he didn't, so he took time by the forelock. He seemed in good spirits, and we had a real good time. I stopped in N. over one train, as the Spaldings wanted to hear from Whittier. Mrs. S. is quite enthusiastic over the dress—the real silver gray, she says, and a very rare color. They all inquire for you. Mr. Whittier wore your slippers. Mr. S. wanted to know when I was coming again. I said not till the woman was all settled. He said she would get settled by Saturday, so come next week! He and W. both entered heartily into the Memorial.¹ W. says he has thought much of writing such a one for his sister. Mr. S., who is an antiquarian, wants me to go into the genealogies, and put them in. I have written about a dozen pages foolscap, and find it very easy, pleasant, interesting work; but to make it as complete as possible I shall go to Aunt Sarah, and question her up frankly. Mr. S. gave me a book which goes into the antiquities of the Dodge family a little, and corroborates the paper which Robert Dodge gave me. How would it do to have the pictures and the hand-writing photographed instead of lithographed? I fancy it would be quite as accurate, and less expensive; and as there are to be but a few copies, we could easily have them pasted in, as in “Upham's Witchcraft” book. There is no hurry

¹ Of Mrs. Hannah Stanwood Dodge, a memorial volume of 196 pages, printed (1869) but not published, and dedicated

TO A
DEAR AND SACRED MEMORY
AND AN
EVER LIVING HOPE
To our Mother.

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INSCRIBED WITH UNSPEAKABLE LOVE
AND LONGING.

about it, for it will be a summer's work, summer-work not being very vigorous.

[AFTER MOTHER'S DEATH IN MAY.]

HAMILTON, MASS., June 22, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Your letter of June 4 and the "Good Gray Poet" came safely and duly. Both I read with interest; but I know nothing of Mr. Whitman's writings, and am not therefore prepared to judge of the justice of Mr. O'Connor's opinions. Certainly he writes with force and fervor, and with a confidence in fact and in the future, which must insure him happiness in the present.

"He who feels the future Law
The baffled present may endure."

I am staying quietly at home — or at what is left of it. The long days, which to me are never too long, I spend here — pleasanter to me than any other place. I have spent one Sunday in Amesbury with Mr. Whittier, one with my brother in Salem, and one in Beverly. In Danvers I went to the Peabody Institute, and saw the Queen's picture. It is an exquisite work of mechanism to my thinking, and I judge it to be a good portrait. As a special mark of courtesy we were also showed some photographs of the royal family presented to Mr. Peabody by the Queen, and not on exhibition. In the evening yesterday we heard Mrs. Hannaford preach — good voice and elocution, good as the average preacher, but I think not adapted to disarm people of their prejudices against women speakers. I have made no plans for the future yet, except to remain here for the present, this summer at least. I should like

best to keep this house. It has received its consecration.

23 MONROE PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N.Y., October 10, 1868.

I left home a week ago this morning, went to Boston and Cambridge, carried my Memorial manuscript to the Riverside Press, and they are to print it on laid paper in the best style, and bind as I direct — in all ways from ten cent paper to five dollars Russian leather. They think it cannot be finished before January. I have also had a photograph man come and take, or make, the pictures I want. I spent Sunday in Cambridge and Tuesday I came here. Thursday I went to Mr. Nordhoff's, at the or on the Palisades, and had a very pleasant visit. They are perched in the woods, like a bird's nest, on a cliff four hundred and fifty feet deep. We came down the cliff, rowed across the river, and came down by boat. How charming is the sail on the Hudson! Last night we went to hear Mr. Beecher say his say, and one night I went to what pretended to be some kind of a French play, but was really no more nor less than ballet dancing. There was great skill, agility, and display, but neither wit nor grace. Now we are going to lunch and then drive in the Central Park, but I thought I must just tell you where I was. I shall be here long enough for you to write to me, and then I shall go to Vineland and stay awhile, and probably stop in Hartford and Meriden on my way home.

Yours always truly,

M. A. D.

—— declined arbitration, but afterwards proposed a reference to some one person, and mentioned Peleg W. —— . I have not yet replied to this proposal.

OCTOBER 26, 1868.

You ask me a theological question, — a good time to ask it when I am in the heart of New York — but that you did not know. However, I am as theological here as anywhere. I change neither heart nor head in changing sky, any more than Milton, and will tell you that or anything else you want to know! I think, then, that the reason why these subjects are so little talked of is, first, because they are so little thought of, and, second, because they are so much thought of. A man who has no inner life cannot speak of it, and a man who has an intense inner life can as little speak of it. There are great events which sometimes take one out of himself and loose his tongue, but ordinarily we feel that is truth the poet sings: "I sometimes hold it half a sin — To tell in words what is going on within." To this secrecy I think we have a right.

The last phase of the — affair is as I have told you before. The next step remains with me. Since I came here I have made out a statement of the case from beginning to end, including all the letters. It makes nearly if not quite a hundred pages. What I am inclined to do is say to them I have no objections to Mr. —, but I would wish another person associated with him, and if they two cannot agree they be empowered to call in a third. I will lay before them this statement and let them decide it. Still I know very well that if they decide contrary to my own judgment, I shall be dissatisfied, and shall express my dissatisfaction in the most pronounced manner.

I heard Beecher yesterday, and saw Humpty Dumpty the day before, and I like Beecher better

than Humpty Dumpty. I am quite surprised into admiration of him. I spent an evening with him not long since, to my great entertainment, and he called next morning to take me to New York and have a whole day of it; but unfortunately I was gone, perhaps fortunately, too, for, as you say, I am afraid he would have found me out. Mrs. Stowe is daily expected and I hope to see her. I shall talk over a few matters and things with her. I went in Saturday to the Brokers' Boards and to the Gold Boards, and had a whiff of pandemonium. There are many more tranquil ways of getting money, if not so rapid. Also I "assisted" in buying Sarah, my host's daughter, a lace shawl at \$200 or so—very elegant; also I "received" Mrs. Theodore Tilton, who is very unlike her husband, but a pleasant enough little woman. I have heard and seen Mr. Greeley, and I think him an effective speaker. I have been to Englewood, and sailed down the Hudson and driven up the Palisades. I have seen Lingard, who is fine,—really quite a genius,—and I have heard Dr. Storrs, who is not, if it be not presumption in me to say so. Also I have heard James Freeman Clarke, and liked him very well. His benediction, at least, was quite orthodox. I went to see the Hawthornes and bid them God-speed on their journey, and the picture-shops I have haunted. One of the best things I have done is to see and hear Ole Bull, a gentleman head and shoulders above commoners, as well as a musician of ecstatic strains. I have seen both parks, and really one is almost as fine as the other; and I have seen the negro minstrels, which, like the Humpty Dumpty, is not high art. I have been to the Children's Aid Mission, have seen Kit Burns and John Allen, have

traversed "Harpers" and the "Tribune" and the big presses, and, in short, have steadfastly stared ever since I have been here, and mean to keep at it as long as I stay, according to the statute for such case made and provided. Now have not I given an account of myself that might make the judicious grieve? I am busy from the time I get up, which is late, to the time I go to bed, which is not early. I go from here to Vineland *via* Philadelphia, but I don't know precisely when.

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY,
SATURDAY, November 14, 1868. .

MY DEAR MR. W. : What do you think of me down here in the pine barrens of the Jersey flats? Your congratulatory note on the election, and your letter of October 28, reached me in due season. Messrs. — sent me a letter a few days ago, accepting my second man, but proposing a third. I say I am quite willing to accept a third, but he ought not to be of their choosing. The two chosen should choose their third. The two ways they propose is, first, to settle it by an appeal to a confidential friend, they choosing the confidential friend,—or second, by formal arbitration, they choosing two out of three of the arbitrators. I think neither of these propositions has the right look.

I heard Anna Dickinson for the first time in New York, at the Cooper Institute a few days ago. I liked her far better than I feared I should. I had heard of unseemly flings and ungraceful ways, but in her manner and spirit was nothing objectionable, and her voice was wondrous effective, sweet and penetrating. The substance of her lecture was not highly

indicative of intellect in a high degree. It was not logical, nor to the point. It had little coherence, and on the whole did not amount to much, but it was on the right side, and it drew attention and sympathy. The impression she left on my mind was an agreeable one.

Mrs. Stowe was with me in New York the latter part of my visit, which, of course, made it all the better. But she went away before I did. I stayed several days longer than I intended, waiting for ——'s letter, which did not come. Since I have been here I have been driving and walking most of the time. We are two miles from the post-office, and I walk it nearly every day. I nearly lost my appetite in New York, and I wanted much out-door exercise here. The result is that the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers I eat are something alarming. Fortunately sweet potatoes are very plentiful. We went eighteen miles Thursday to May's Landing to buy a cow, found splendid skies and awful appetites, but no cow. For the whole way between, there were but two houses. Think of such wildernesses in the heart of the sea-coast country, and we pushing out into the West for a living! Vineland is a very promising place. Already there is no mean settlement, but many elegant and many more comfortable houses. My brother's property is on the main street, Landis Avenue, and is very pleasantly located. He is living in a box of a house, but if he likes well enough to make his home here, will build a more convenient house for himself. He wants Augusta and me to spend one winter with him. As yet, I am not known to be here. If the fact gets out I shall vanish at once. If I can remain unknown I shall probably stay till after Thanksgiving.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., December 16, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: Your letter of the 18th November reached me duly in Vineland. I have been more than busy, and take this first opportunity to notify you of my whereabouts. The ——— affair still hangs fire. I am awaiting their consent to arbitration, and my patience is getting drawn out to a very fine thread indeed. The Mrs. Mary E. Dodge you speak of is a sprightly and pleasing writer, and I hardly think they had any malice prepense in employing her. I rather suspect their little game is, on the contrary, to hush me up as much as possible, and show me how hard it is to climb Fame's rugged steeps without their helping hand.

Nearly all the time in Vineland we were on the go. We computed our combined journeys to be over two hundred miles. I spent Thanksgiving there. A would have come on, but we all agreed that the journey was too long and the visit too short for this inclement season. I stayed over and attended the Woman's Convention, which I will one day tell you all about. I was not known publicly and so enjoyed it a good deal. I stopped a few days in Philadelphia and New York on my way back, and was nearly a week in Hartford at Mrs. Warner's, Mrs. Hooker's, and Mrs. Stowe's, where we talked with each other and Planchette, and I had a most agreeable visit.

I am up to the ears in reconstruction of my affairs — proofs, letters, and rags are scattered about, and I can only write snatches of letters to let my friends know where I am. I intend to go to Hamilton soon.

Always yours,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, MASS., January 8, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. W. : The top of the season to your honor, late though it be.

I am back again in Hamilton, though I cannot say I am yet settled. Let me acknowledge with thanks the reception of the Pall Mall paper last night. Mr. D. condensed one article in it to send to the "Congregationalist" for republication, which newspaper will accordingly suppose that we have the English papers fresh by cable every morning down here in Hamilton, and we shall be correspondingly glorified.

Let me beseech you, secondly, to cut off several feet from the skirts of that silk dress of mine, which trails through your imagination. It never was a trailer, but a street dress, and short, — and sweet, — with a flounce and satin piping and box pleats and very lovely.

You seem to be laboring under the impression that Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown live in Vineland. But such is not the case. They live somewhere in New Jersey, but not there. I kept still enough, you may be sure. They had me two or three times, but they did not know I was there. Planchette was little better than a dumb devil either for Mrs. Stowe or me. I have never seen anything yet that convinced me of, or even that had a tendency to necessitate the existence of any spirits, except those embodied in the persons present. The strange thing is that Planchette writes at all. Granted that fact, and I see that it has told us nothing which was not in our own minds. This does not at all explain the mystery. It simply locates it—in this world. I think there may be action of the mind, and communications between minds lower than consciousness, that we may be

hovering on the outskirts of great psychological discoveries. We have this to encourage us — that nobody is any longer burnt or hung for making scientific experiments either in mind or matter. I am very strongly persuaded that if we could look far enough into our own natures we should find there the seat of all these powers, which, being yet unknown to us, and therefore uncultivated and uncontrolled, we see only in their spasmodic workings. We have for ages seen and marvelled at the lightnings of this psychical electricity, but we have never yet seized and subdued it to science and skill.

Mr. —, by his own request and with my permission, came down Wednesday, and they have finally agreed to arbitration. Mr. — talked like an honest man, and it seems as if they must be honest or they would never consent to have their dealings examined. Yet the past year, and all the past years, are to me inexplicable on that hypothesis.

It is no sort of trouble for me to live alone. I was made for it and I like it. But nobody was ever less fitted for it than you, first, because you are a man, and men are poor, helpless, dependent, pitiful creatures when left to their own resources, and secondly, because you are yourself and more made for family life than even most men. So I say if money can make you comfortable you ought to use it for that purpose.

We are reading "Lecky on Rationalism" aloud evenings, and are much interested. I sometimes think that for a lone, lorn woman I have the greatest number of homes thrown open to me that ever was. Wicked and perverse man! Why don't you say it is partly because I am amiable myself? Because you reflect how *cantankerous* I am, and don't think it!

Alas, for those unhappy women whose only home is in the hard and narrow heart of one ungenerous and ignoble man!

JANUARY 20, 1869.

I was in Boston last week from Tuesday to Friday. The referees are not yet agreed upon. Saturday Mr. Whittier sent for me and I went to Amesbury and spent Sunday; came back to Newburyport Monday, spent the night in Ipswich, and got home here yesterday, since which time I have been answering up all my old letters. Professor Stowe spent one evening with us in Cambridge, and H. W. Beecher lighted upon me in the streets of Boston.

I want to say one thing. I think I understand your allusion to the lost relative — and I think you may be giving yourself unnecessary uneasiness. You may take want of confidence in one's ability for want of sincerity in friendship. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Whittier were my uncle and I liked him as much as I do now. If he were sick in my company, whether at Hamilton or elsewhere, and had tried many doctors and places and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse, and at length he should propose to go back to Amesbury, to his old doctor, Sparhawk, who knew all about him, I have no doubt I should at once think and declare that that was the very best thing he could do! And it would be from no lack of affection in me but because I was distressed in knowing that I did *not* know how to take care of him myself. Many women are said to have a sort of pride in taking care of their sick themselves, but I know that when my father and mother were sick the first thing we did was to send for the best nurse that

could be had. I dare say this relative of yours knows no more about sickness than I do, and you must not mistake ignorance for indifference. Moreover, at the worst, there is a divine pleasure in doing good to the unthankful and the unholy. If God bears with us we ought not to be overmuch disheartened at finding our own little benevolences rather unappreciated. I think Mr. F. has been rather mean to me, but I have long since done shedding tears over it. If I had been wiser he would have been juster, so the fault is partly mine. I think this letter is beautifully philosophical and religious, and I hope your growth in grace will take a new start from this time. Augusta thinks my old friends — like you and Professor Stowe — are worth half a dozen of the younger ones, but don't be puffed up with vanity on that account.

Yours very truly — while you are well!

M. A. D.

MARCH 4, 1869.

DEARLY BELOVED: I have been in Boston a week, at Dio Lewis' eight-storied house, crowning Beacon Hill, whence I could see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, — the ocean silvering in the moon, and the Blue Hills far off, and all the unspeakable sky. And I saw Mr. Fields, but he was looking at the shop windows due east, and I was looking at the hand-organs due west; so we were blinded to each other's excellences. But I went to the State's prison, and I believe the insiders *are* worse than the outsiders, — I was skeptical on that point before, — and I stole into the Horticultural Hall and heard Mrs. Cheney discourse musically on work, and kept the balance true by going into the High Church of the

Advent in the evening, where a procession of little boys in night-gowns marched in, chanting enchantingly, and the service was chiefly intoned. But if I wanted a perfect church service I would transport your Quaker meetings to the Old South Church, for they have the *comfortablest* high-back seats all cushioned within an inch of your life, where you can rest as comfortably as in bed, only you cannot have the Friend-worship of silence.

Mr. Whittier, do you remember that I went to see you this winter, and added another Sunday to my immortal days? And this is Inauguration day! But in your republic all days are high-festival. My pen scratches, or I should at this point write you an epic poem on "Yourself," but I mean to bring it over and repeat it to you yet — in summer.

[To MR. G.]

MARCH 23, 1869.

What is the French for humbug? I want the word, but it seems a little coarse. What I want of it is to apply it to your letters. One thinks one has such a plump letter, — its sides stand out with fatness, — now really one is going to have a half day's talk with you, and come to open it, there it is,

eike this,

and before I get the taste fairly in my mouth why, I have come to the end of my orange. Now you write up close like me, and if a letter is thin let it show thin before I open it, and not make me think I am going to have a Briton's feast of a whole roast ox, when, after all, it is only a morsel of spring veal. Mind, I don't say you shall roast me your ox, or even kill me

your fatted calf. But you shall not let the fore-quarter of a frog make such a mummy of hisself, à la Weller, that we think him an ox when he gets here.

I am running over with truths I want to utter, and which would wind the world up so short and sharp that the wicked ones would all go pitching head first, and wonder what had happened. It is a heavy rain-storm, rain and snow together, and the roads are exquisite. They show how superior is our free Republic to the despotisms of Europe — what advances this enlightened 19th century has made on the old Roman ways. Oh, I love my love with a d when I go drippitydrip through their mud!

Do you ever think it is possible there is no future life? When I was a little girl I used to think if I could only be annihilated when I died, I would not mind. But now it seems to me dreadful. I hardly venture to think of it myself — yet sometimes it obtrudes or intrudes itself. No life absolutely repeats itself. The germ lives in another individual, but never itself finds life after death. So far as we see, death is final. The Psyche, the Soul, finds a type in the butterfly, but there has been no death there, only torpor. And last night Mr. Cowles almost shocked me by saying that he, too, had thought whether it were not possible we were living our only life. He consoles himself by saying that if it be so we shall never know it, and so never be disappointed. But it certainly seems like a great deception. The immortality of the race is but a make-shift, *me judice*. What do I care for the race if I am only a will-o'-the-wisp myself? And yet why should not bugs and bees say the same? Why have I any more right to immortal-

ity than a beetle? Why should a bird have his precious little spark of life and then lose it, and I a warm, high-leaping flame and keep it? No bird wants to die — only I don't suppose he thinks anything about living. God must have lived an eternity in His universe alone before any beings were created — and how can *we* live an eternity? I think sometimes immortality is harder to grasp than annihilation, but if this world is the be-all and end-all, I give in my verdict, that it does not pay. Did you know — you didn't probably — that Plato says children should not drink wine before they are eighteen, nor men be drunk with it before they are forty, but after that they may indulge themselves? Now we have been fighting over this whole matter ever since, and I don't think after all we are much wiser than Plato. To say that a man may not be drunk before he is forty, but may indulge himself afterwards, is about the same as saying he must always be a temperate man — since I suppose it would be nearly impossible for a man to form a habit of drunkenness after forty. Yet here they are wrangling about it in Boston, and calling a great convention, and giving out a prolonged prohibitory screech, as if virtue had languished till now, and wisdom should die with this generation. *Is there anything new under the sun?* I dare say they had Congresses in Methuselah's day, and probably the names that have come down to us are those of leaders of public opinion. Nimrod was the Ben. Butler of the Old World, and are we not expressly told that Paul was the James G. Blaine of his time — for did they not call him Mercurius because he was the Chief Speaker? There was a woman made collector of taxes last year in Hamilton, and she got more money in her district than has

ever been collected there before since Bezaleel and Aholiab took the contract for building the Tabernacle — which reminds me that my carpenter whom I engaged long ago has not begun the work that ought to be finished this moment, and why will you not have a law passed that every man and woman who fails to keep his word shall forfeit his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness?

Rev. — had a very devout article last week about prayer. He lost some money and he prayed about it, and next day he found it in the middle of the floor. I do not object at all to his finding the money, — nor even to his praying about it, — but I don't think it well to tell of such things promiscuously afterwards. Twenty cavils, doubts, and questions immediately arise in your mind that never would come from the experience itself, but are at once provoked by a record of the experience. I think people bring religious life too much out into the air — *Odi profanum vulgus!* I hope that is correct, but if it isn't it must stand fire, for my Horace isn't here. You know the prayer and conference meetings where, if you are an "active Christian," you are expected to speak, and if you don't speak you are liable to be considered dead and cold. How the ministers exhort the brethren to stand up for Jesus, to say a word, etc., etc.! When I take holy orders I shall exhort my people never to speak out in meeting unless something burns its way out. Sentimentalism often stands on the house-top, but real sentiment loves the hidden heart's chambers. A good deal of our religious talk is not even sentimentalism, but an echo from its dead past — *vox* and nothing more.

From what I have said about immortality, do not

you immediately say then let us eat and drink since to-morrow we die! It isn't certain that to-morrow you die, and it is certain that the more a man you are and go upward in life the less likely is it that you will be a beast and go downward in death. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be good, for godliness is surely profitable for the life that now is, and will do no harm for that which is to come. Really after all, and Bible apart, the strongest prop of our divinity is our inner consciousness — the *mens conscia recti*, which is the sovereign joy.

I have just been reading "How to Build a Nation" in the "New Englander." If the day comes when women vote and if the effect of that day be fatal to society, men are to blame for it!! It is the ineradicable stupidity, the unquenchable and omnipresent anserinity and asininity of the leaders of talk, — I will not say the leaders of thought, — which does more than anything else to bring about the revolution, and the one class whose necks curve higher and whose bills gobble louder than any others is the clergy! The author when he begins, begins well. I was encouraged — but after the first page or two, presto! over he goes and walks on his head with a serene unconsciousness as who should say: Behold me walking god-like erect in native honor clad! It does seem sometimes as if the wicked one had got hold of the church and was going to run it on his own account. The art used in pushing forward the "woman's rights" cause by ecclesiastical opposition is so infernal that it gives me more uncertainty than any intrinsic quality of the cause itself. In plain speech, would the devil help it on so if there were any good coming from it? Fortunately the personage in ques-

tion is short-sighted and quite as likely to overreach himself as to ruin us.

MAY 11.

It is not simply because a personal relation is at an end that I discontinue a business relation. Mr. — has not merely vanished from my regard so that the place which once knew him knows him no more. He dug his way out with a rough and relentless spade, so that the soil all along is loosened and the ground treacherous, and I know not in what pit I should sink if I walked that way. And in his wild journey-work he upturned so many earth-worms and unearthed venomous creeping things and revealed nests of unclean and hateful birds till I turn away shuddering, and want that chasm to be filled with gravel and covered with loam and veiled with turf, and until the grass grows green and the dandelions shine above it I shall not feel that the earth is sweet and wholesome again. I have no indignation towards Mr. —. There is no Mr. —. He is evaporated. He squirmed out of my sight one day, and in his stead I saw some one before me with a mean face and ophidian eyes and puny voice uplift, who would have pulled the thunderbolts of Jove down upon me and did not see that they were knitting-needles forged in his own small smithy, and back-acting machinery at that. *That* is not the man I cared for at all. The man I cared for has departed this life. He never came into it. He never was born. I am not half so vexed with Mr. — as I am with myself. He could not be, but I ought to have seen. I had eyes to begin with. And I worshipped a golden calf. I did not think he was a lion, but I did think he was a sprightly,

agreeable, amusing, and friendly and virtuous beast. When he began to bleat, I found he was a jackal.

We have but one mail a day, and if I were writing to Jerusalem my letters would go to Boston first. All letters come to me at nine in the morning. All letters go from me to Boston at 12 M. by mail. But possibly I can mail this at the station, which is why I write with a running pen, and I will give you the rest when I see you, but you must see for yourself simple — *sine plica* as you are, that this is no matter of sentiment but of fact. What little sentiment there was died out long ago from loss of blood which never was red. And I don't believe it is for my money interest, anyway, to stay with them.

My house is all cellar over garret and a lime-kiln at that. A furnace was put in yesterday, and the house was not burnt down last night. I had nine men at work yesterday, — in three sets, — and I — I beg your pardon — I — bossed them all! Now don't lay that word up against me, and I wish I never had anything to do but order men round! One of my nine men is in a constant drunkenness, and gives me more trouble than the other eight.

JUNE 15, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I was about coming to the conclusion that you had not only pushed the gates wide open, but had gone through yourself in your own proper person. By the way, did you hear of the Portland lady who, referring to Dr. Todd's adverse criticism of "Gates Ajar," suggested that he write a book to be called "The Gates Slammed to and Barred"? and somebody else says the next book is to be called "The Gates off the Hinges"!

I have been busier this spring than you, with your dilletanti-ish Washington ways, can conceive of. I have had a regiment of men and women about the place, and I assure you I have ordered them around in high fashion. I have a new entry, or as good as one, which is a vast improvement, and I have been doing a thousand little things, which do not go for much separately, but which are really a vast benefit. And as for occupation — just as if you had not burst out all of a sudden with a book, and were not going off at the rate of four editions a week! What are you talking about? I met a gentleman a few days ago who met in Kentucky a highly educated German gentleman who had been reading “Peter Schlemihl,” and was very enthusiastic about it. See how things keep coming up. I don’t mean to go up to the Jubilee myself, but keep my windows open and hear it down here. So I shall escape the crowd. As for croquet, you will beat and cheat, too, if we don’t keep a sharp lookout! Don’t I remember how coolly you used to lift up the balls when they were on the wrong side of the wicket, with an air of such saintliness that it took us five minutes to realize what you were doing.

I cannot step aside any longer from the serious duties of this life to attend to such trifling matters as “Peter S.” and “Scenes in Another World.”

Yours truly,
M. A. D.

JULY 21, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. W.: If you would only give up writing books and take to issuing letters you would make a ten-stroke. I read your letter to my sister

and Miss Studley amid great applause. I dare say your right ear burned well. As for my keeping up my share in any correspondence, I have sinned so grievously in all quarters that I am in despair and nearly resolved to turn bankrupt and begin life anew. What with running hither and thither and staying at home housekeeping, I don't have any time for decent letters. I have just come from a two-weeks' visit in Maine, and our summer company comes on in solid phalanx, and cannot come too soon, for our summers are so short, and the pleasant season goes swiftly, never more pleasant than now. You need not hug Washington under the impression that you can be comfortable nowhere else, for we have been cool here all summer, and you will have to get up an oration against Boston Unitarians if you want to be thoroughly heated; though if you want to traduce Brother E., I will sit up till ten o'clock helping you! and I could even throw in a Congregational brother or two. Our nice Mr. French has gone off on his summer vacation, and I honored him by going to church Sunday evening, and I mean to honor our morrow's guests by foraging the country to-night for tomatoes, peas, and cucumbers. When you come I shall levy contributions on the whole county.

Miss Hughes, the daughter of Ball Hughes, the sculptor, has sent me a photograph of her painting, "Gazing through Gates Ajar," and I have hung it in our guest chamber, so you can stare through to your heart's content. It is a lovely picture, I think. Did you see a silly, conceited article about the picture and the book in the "New York Observer"? Miss Adelaide Phillips was visiting with me at my cousin's, and you would have floated straight through the Gates

half open, with delight at her singing. Your *bon-mot* about your "Gates" was as good as anything in the book. You are brilliant in defeat. We already laugh together in anticipation of the mild and pious, the calmly ferocious things you are going to say, and the saintliness with which you will say them, for your piety is not confined to croquet, but overflows in sweet and sweeping anathemas of religionists and wicked sarcastic praises of the fashionable. Let me know when your migrations begin, and I will answer all your letters *viva voce*.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1869.

Your letter of September 6 reached me duly. I was glad to learn of your edifying journey and your safe arrival. While I think of it, I will just mention that your ham is not gone yet. It is like the Widow Cruise's oil. I have given it away, and I have made it into hash and mince pies, and hammered at it every way I could think of, but like Banquo's ghost it will not down. The great gale the other day harvested my apples for me, and I shall have a gallon or so of cider presently. We lost our best apple-tree and our prettiest, and the cellar window blown in, and the new entry carpet badly wet, but that was nothing compared to what many suffered.

I have been to Cambridge one night since Augusta went back, and my sister-in-law, who is quite run down and has a distressed lung, is now here with me. I tell her your story to comfort her — how you were given over by the doctors, and lost liver, lungs, and all, and here you are as rosy as an apple now, but she does not more than half believe it.

I have become very much interested in the case of

a woman—a lady by birth and education—who, through the incapacity of her husband, has been brought to sore straits. There is a plan now on foot by which we are hoping to put her in a condition to support herself. She is abundantly able to do so, and would do it with ease were she not hampered by her husband, but we think we can manage that. I wrote to one of my friends and he sent me, at once, a hundred dollars. I tell you this for an ensample. But you may not have so much confidence in my discretion, or so much money in your purse. Several have given a hundred, but several more have given ten. If you feel disposed to give anything I am very sure it will be more useful than the greater part of what is given in charity. I ask with the more readiness because a man is at the bottom of all the trouble, and therefore I think men are under a sort of obligation to make up his deficiencies. But every man stands at the head of his own affairs, and if you are indisposed or unable to send anything I shall not find the slightest fault with you. It is a matter entirely your own. I want no one to tell me what or when I ought to bestow my goods, and I award to all others the rights I claim for myself.

Dr. John Cotton Smith came to drive me out the other day, and I told him how near we came to calling on him when you were here. He expressed great regret and a very lively interest in you.

Your Gates lie Wide Open still, on my entry-table, for I have not yet had time to go to Amesbury to deliver it. One thing follows so closely on the heels of another that as yet I only do what comes. I have no leisure to strike out on my own account, but the book is there all ready, and I hope to go before the

Indian summer is over. We have not played croquet since Augusta went away, but the wickets still stand in testimony of past merry-making. There isn't a great deal of amusement in playing croquet alone, or with your housemaid, and I don't need amusement, besides. Life amuses me sufficiently, and the friends that come are too welcome and too scarce and too transient to permit me to squander them at croquet. In the summer when we are all vacating together it is very well. I wonder if the scholarships of colleges suffer no harm from this excessive interest in athletic games. Why don't they have a Latin, or a Greek, or a mathematical contest? That would be more in keeping with what boys are sent to college for.

Mr. French is well and preaches from behind his flowers with a patient persistence while we go on sinning in front of them. Augusta had your letter to read, and joins with me in congratulating you. We mean to spend next Sunday together with a kinsman in Saugus. We have lost two public men since you were here, both too young to die.

Yours always,

M. A. D.

I have been running over Sydney Smith's memoirs — ill-written, but how brilliant and how good he was, not always above ill-manners, though.

OCTOBER 1, 1869.

I was very much interested yesterday. A fly hung from my window-sill at the end of a foot of spider-web — a single thread — which had caught his wing. I supposed he was dead, but twice he had fits of spinning around with inconceivable velocity, and then I

put a paper under him and set him on the window-stool. He stood up, rubbed his head, walked about rather stiffly, jumped about a good deal to disentangle himself from the cord, but did not succeed. All of a sudden out from a fold of the window-curtain sallied a huge spider, darted forward a few steps to see what the trouble was, retreated immediately and swung up the fly with a new web, or a new arrangement of the old one. The pantomime was perfect. The spider stayed in ambush as long as everything went well, but when I put in an appearance and disturbed his arrangements he came out to reconnoitre, formed his plans, and would have executed them admirably if fate had not come in the shape of a slipper and pushed the fly out of the window into safety and sunshine and rolled the spider up into a lump of cold obstruction. Why should I have saved that fly when I have been assiduously killing them by the dozen with malice aforethought, and poison?

This is the first day of October,—the most beautiful month of the year,—and this is the most beautiful of days, soft and hazy, full to the brim of sunshine and ripeness,—my October,—my month of months. All that the spring has of freshness and promise, all that the summer brings of warmth and luxuriance and a completeness of its own, that they can never have.

Yesterday was the last day of September and I was drawn out upon the hills to welcome in this new-coming month. I took a little blue and gold Tennyson and curled down on the side of the hill looking towards the East. The pond, Cutler's pond, was blue below me, and the ocean line stretched blue far out with its white line of beach and its white specks of sails. The woods are just beginning to be gay and the distant

hills were smoky — blue and purple. Through the still air I could hear the farmers far down in the plain calling to their cattle and even talking to each other on a hill a half mile away. The train thundered by on the other side and I followed it through the woods with my eyes that went further and faster till they met and rested on what that train never thought of, or cared for. Away off to the left I saw the sunshine gleaming on Parnassus, and the shadows playing, and as I looked and looked and looked I surely saw visions there whose brightness no sun can heighten and no shadows darken, and do you know I could not help pitying the farmers working down below, who would have laughed all my pity well to scorn, for the hill and the plain and the pines were theirs, but mine was the sky and the sea and the sunshine and Parnassus. All that they saw they owned, but I owned what they did not see — the soul and spirit of the afternoon, the life that came out of the south long ago and “rained influence” — and I pitied them because the golden shower had not fallen upon them. Perhaps they had what they valued as much. I am sure it would have seemed but an impalpable dew to them.

How crisp and pungent and aromatic and warm this October is! Its sweetness is as if all the birds and flowers of all the generations of the summers had been distilled into it. The Junes and Julys of the earth, earthy. They have form and color — they riot and fade, but this October is the spiritual substance of the whole year. It is not form nor fragrance nor color, but essence. Past and future meet in one rapturous *now* — a now that fulfils more than hope ever promised, and prophesies more than thought ever dreamed of.

My dear, you will never know what you have escaped by not being here to-day. I grow wild here all alone, for I seem to be in the presence-chamber of the gods. And yet if you *were* here I should not rave. I should sit in a dumb, helpless silence, and you would disturb the in-flow of the current so that after all I should not be so permeated with the October as I am now! Is that clear? But if I should talk and talk all day, I could never tell you what this season brings me — what confirmation of my faith. I will not say what fruition of my hope, for I hoped for nothing — I believed, that was all. I had no personal ends to gain, I had only an ideal which seemed to me the evidence of things not seen, and evidence so strong that I held no doubt. I would have shrined my ideal to all eternity rather than have lowered it to meet the level of any passing god — because if you have to bend *to* your god and not before him, he is no god at all. It is only some herdsman of Admetus driving his flocks to fold, and not Apollo even in exile, still less on Olympus, and the worship of a false god only degrades the worshipper. But when power comes, and nobleness and gentleness supreme and ineffable, you may know it did not spring from Thessaly, but descended from above, and reverence and homage are the highest happiness. I wish you could have seen a bug I saw yesterday. I don't to this minute know whether he was one bug or two, but he was green and scaly and very handsome. If he was one his head and tail were just alike. If he was two he had clutched his claws into the tail of the other bug and was dragging him along, will you, nill you.

Before you wax too exultant over your boys remember that the brilliant pupils are never heard of

afterwards. *I* was always first in my class and first in school! and here I am. What I want is that boys and girls shall be so well born and bred as that their unconscious, spontaneous acts and feelings shall be of the highest. I would have my boys so nobly made that they shall not be able to admire narrowness, selfishness, ill manners, small natures. They shall be attracted only to that which is fair and pure and generous and high — whose fruit must always be pleasant to the eye and good for food and to be desired to make one wise. If a man married a woman because he thought she would be a good mother to his children it would be the gravest insult; and if she knew it, and his thought of her were correct, she would reject him with disdain. To the true king the queen is first the queen in her own right. The children may take care of themselves. Yet so sure is law that those children will inevitably be princes and princesses, and no statute or decree could put one more tinge of blue into their blood. The son of Marie Louise was never Emperor of France, but Josephine was its empress.

People are so stupid that nine out of ten think a law of nature must be put through the Legislature before it has any force. They think love is the one thing needful; so instead of enjoining men and women to be lovely when they marry them, they stick into the marriage ceremony an oath to love, and expect you to do it under a penalty. If they ever find out that the mother is the ruling power in the child's character, they will not try to elevate the standard so that men shall love only noble women, and so nature be followed and their ends gained by a sweet and subtile indirection, but they will gabble and enjoin

men to choose "smart" women, and you and I and a few more who love wholesomeness and sanctity will go into caves and cover ourselves with disgust as with a garment. Now I must go and meet my children. I have written in a chink of time, not expecting to write to-day.

Yours,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, MASS., October 4, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I am writing in the midst of my young people, who are here on a visit, and are eagerly amusing themselves with flies' legs and their own hairs, seen under the microscope. As they frequently appeal to me in their enthusiasm you may imagine I am somewhat distracted. There is a fierce storm raging, beside, though the air is as yet soft and warm.

Why do you attribute Mrs. Stowe's theology to Professor Stowe? He is an able and admirable man, a man of both genius and feeling, but I think Mrs. Stowe abundantly capable of producing "Old Town Folks" without any other assistance than the indirect one of a husband's sympathy and sustenance. I think this in some respects her best work. The sense of it is brilliant, the logic of it unanswerable, in my estimation; and it is a pretty good one, Mr. Wood, for you to set up that you have been more orthodoxly born and bred than the Beechers! But you are nothing unless protesting. If you could not put your trumpet to your lips and blow against infidelity your occupation would be gone! We may say of you the old saw, "Blow away! It amuses you, and doesn't hurt us." I don't apprehend the smallest danger

from the intellect and the heart of Mrs. Stowe. When intellect and conscience are divorced there may be apprehension, but if the open mind and the open heart go together, we shall not go far wrong. There is a smell of rye muffin in the air, and I go to breakfast.

Yours truly,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, MASS., February, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD: I came home from Boston yesterday to find your paper awaiting me, and read with interest the account of the Women's meeting there. It seems Grace Greenwood also is in Washington writing for the "Tribune." Mrs. Hooker is spoken of always in terms of high praise, as she deserves, — a bright and beautiful woman. The scraps you sent rather than burn your paper are received also, and, by the way, you must not burn paper. That is wasteful. Save it and sell it to make new paper, and so save nature and art much costly process in bringing it round again! Tea without toast or eggs! What stronger mark of total depravity! People are doing such things about here to a considerable extent and laying it to the weather, the ingrates — when the winter has been surpassingly beautiful. Many days like spring for sunshine and skies and warm air. However, February has come with a new broom that sweeps mighty clean, and we are having a snow-storm that bids fair to redeem the reputation of the winter and hush up all the croakings of sore throats and laboring lungs, so, pray, let me hear no more stories of that sort, and also let me advise you to surcease your song of old age. You

are yet in your prime, young gentleman! You make great account of your gray hairs, but look at your ruddy face beneath them and take shame to yourself for daring to hint of such a thing as creeping out of life on the score of having been long enough in it!

Don't you fret yourself about what you see in the newspapers. Anybody who has been behind the scenes as much as you have ought to know what large margins must be left for newspaper stories to play in. Augusta is in full sympathy with all my doings, and you know her judgment is her strong point. Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Stanton and all the great lights having shone upon you in Washington, I think you can dispense with my taper. I must look to my real estate, which is a very unsettled estate just now, except as the snow settles and beautifies everything. The Stowes have gone south. I went to Boston to the Baptists, and as I had a good Baptist D.D. down to see me last week, I may be supposed to have taken in stock enough of pure and undefiled religion to last till Mr. French comes back. Now, Mr. Wood, eschew tea and toast and chew beefsteak and roasts! Pardon the pun, and believe me ever truly yours,

M. A. D.

FEBRUARY 16, 1870.

My incendiary publication¹ hangs fire in the most vexing manner. When I had a written contract that it should be ready for sale the 1st of February, I thought everything was as stable as this round world. Then "Old and New" stepped in, and I stepped out for a fortnight, but Mr. H. promised to delay their

¹ "Battle of the Books," printed at the Riverside Press, by H. O. Houghton and Company.

own books till mine was ready, so I should be baked in the first batch. Now, he wants to put me off till the 10th of March and come out with his own this month, and says it will be better for me, that March is the best month and it will give them advertising time and all that — and because I don't know what else to do, and because Mr. H. looks honest and talks reason, I say yes, yes, but coming home and thinking it all over it seems to me that contracts or no contracts, these men do pretty much what they please, and I wish there weren't any men in the world — only a few of the good ones — but heavens! how stupid it would be, all women!

When I had finished my proof-reading, I meant to start on a wedding-and-collecting-tour, a Pauline journey to the churches, which will be in Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, and as solids always have a tendency to settle, I have no doubt I should have sunk to the bottom at Washington unless otherwise ordered by the government, acting through its third officers. The 10th of March or thereabouts, I thought I would take up my pilgrim shoon and scallop-shell. I reckoned my book would have been out three weeks and the first flurry would be over — I would loiter along the way, and, if the latch-string were out at Washington I would go there last, and by that time my book would be among the things that were. But now things look blank and black. The book will be out just the very time I want to start, and if it has any run at all it will run in the very places I want to go. I don't care if people and papers talk red-hot bullets and pokers and fire-shovels at me and about me, so long as I am snugly housed in my own quarters, but I cannot *face any-*

thing. I shall be disappointed not to go, and I am scared to go.

I do hate that whole style of writing — newspaper correspondents. It is meddlesome and mischievous. It does small harms and great harm. It does its little all to make people petty, and it is arrogant and pretentious. The merit and the interest of most of these letters is purely and merely in their gossip. There is little wit or sprightliness or good sense — it is mere personality. Undoubtedly they are interesting, for people are always interested in gossip, but whether it is an interest that tends to any good, I very much doubt.

MARCH 3, 1870.

There is nothing to me more wonderful or more significant than the peace which seems somehow to brood over the pathway of death. All the terror, alarm, anxiety, dread, seem to be felt by the living. That a young girl for whom all things combined to make life sweet could lay it down with the calmness and maturity of one who had attained the natural end of life, seems almost miraculous. I was not surprised at mother's death, for her life was always anchored in heaven, but — could have had very little interest or prospect in any other world than this, yet was as calm and unforeboding as the best of them all.

MARCH 7, 1870.

Mr. — sent down my book bills Saturday — about \$600. This is the way I paid 'em :

MY DEAR MR. — : A little girl was once visiting us and became much interested in a sick chicken which my mother was nursing in cotton wool.

"How old are you, Lottie?" asked my mother.

"Can that chicken walk?" replied Lottie.

"Yes — tell me how old you are."

"I want to see that chicken walk."

"Tell me how old you are, then."

"You let's see that chicken walk fust."

So Mr. —, when you send down to me printing-bills for a book which was to have been ready for sale February 1, and which has not yet appeared and gives no sign, I look you in the face and say tenderly, "You let's see that chicken walk fust!"

Very respectfully, etc.

Now isn't that shrewd in me? Think I am going to fulfil my part of the contract when a man has failed in his? I don't mean to pay a cent till next summer and hope meanwhile the book will pay itself, and if it does I think Mr. — perhaps better have the next book. I have been gnashing my teeth over some woman's Washington letter. I think women ought to be abolished.

MARCH 17, 1870.

Judge Huntington called last evening with a Miss Campbell. General Dodge also made a long call. I was much pleased with him. He is modest, intelligent, and unpretending. He asked me about the Dodge genealogies, and I brought him down mother's book for the history there was in it, told him the few pages I thought he might care to read, and made him promise to send it back this morning, but since I began this letter, he has called again, brought the book, and tells me he has read the whole of it, said he got interested in it and could not let it go, — he has shown me several places which he wished me to let him have

a copy of, and I promised to do so, — also gave him a “Battle of the Books.” He invited us both — you and me — very heartily to go to Council Bluffs. When we were all talking about going to Californai last night, he turned to me and said, “Well, I want *you* to come anyway.” He says his wife means to go to California next summer, and if we will go they can get up a pleasant party, and we shall have extraordinary facilities, owing to his connection with the road.

Mr. Nathan S. Dodge, who writes for the “Galaxy,” etc., called on me the other day. He turns out to be son of Parson Joshua, has been much in England, is bright and intelligent, educated at Dartmouth, wife dead, one daughter lives with him, Mary, one son in England, one in Boston, looks somewhat like a Dodge. Grace Greenwood came with him. I have written four papers since I came back — one of twenty-three pages, the best, but I fear too late for publication, as it is a review of “Lothair.” I read it aloud last evening, and it was pronounced the best of anything I have written this long time.

MARCH 29, 1870.

A round table for state dinners looked beautiful, a large round wreath of flowers in the middle of the table, perhaps four feet in diameter, with a floral ornament in the centre of the wreath, high dishes of oranges and nuts, the napkins and rolls artistically disposed on the plates, — four wineglasses to each plate, of different sizes, — in front of every plate another plate with an orange, gay-colored bon-bons, and colored sugar fruit. The table was as pretty and bright and gay as a bed of flowers. The dinner

was perfectly delightful after the first ten minutes or so. The rooms are large, and the window in the adjoining library was open all the time, so that the air was fresh and I was comfortable, and that is much to begin with. Then the table being round you were opposite everybody, and did not have to stretch your neck around corners or confine yourself to your neighbors. Then General Ewing was nice. He is very tall, very handsome, very elegant, very simple, and laughed in the right places. General Sherman is tall, thin, wiry, and spare, wrinkled, alert, quick, with apparently no consciousness. Mrs. Sherman is rather short and stout, good-looking, not handsome, very jolly and natural. Gen. Charles Ewing is not very imposing in appearance, but is said to be bright and really superior. We had perhaps ten courses, though I knew very little of what I was eating. It was just as pleasant as could be. We rose from table at about quarter past nine and they left about ten. We had been previously invited to Mrs. Robbins' party, but had declined on account of this dinner. Several of our guests were going to it, and said a great deal to have me go, but I would not listen to it. Mr. — came up as they were talking, and before I could get in an effective word, rang the bell and ordered a carriage, and Mr. B. and I took Gen. T. Ewing home and then went to the party. It was very quiet at first, there were a few people that I knew. Edward Gallaudet, President of the Deaf and Dumb, who had his young and pretty Hartford wife here when I was here before, — and who has since buried her and married a deaf mute, — was there. Mrs. Secretary Boutwell and Miss B. impressed me agreeably as being simple and sensible women. Mrs. Secretary

Cox was there, — Mrs. Senator Sprague, but I did not see her, — and a host of men whose names even I don't remember, but they were a mob of judges and governors, and by and by Mrs. R. came to me and said she had a host of friends who wanted to be introduced. I turned about and there was a perfect stream crowding up and every eye fixed on me. I was horror-struck. If I could have got out, I would, and have left them all in the lurch, but they were between me and the door, so I stood and took it, inwardly vowing that I would never go to another party in Washington. The Shermans, by the way, said the party was probably given to me. However, I made for the door at the first thinning, and we got home by twelve. I don't mean to go to another, — a jam and hurly burly. We had no chance to talk, you are broken off every minute and have to speak in shrieks, and they bawled and brayed and bellowed Gail Hamilton at me. I think the way of it was that I was there half an hour before it got wind, and then they all came down upon me. Carlotta Patti's matinee was far better than I expected, though I do not think her equal to Adelina. It being the first music I have heard this long while, I particularly enjoyed it. Coming home we found Dr. Nichols of the Insane Asylum. I talked Agricultural College to him a little, but did not go into deep waters. Mrs. Severance, of Boston, called on me that day — as winning as ever — is on her way to join her husband in Tennessee. Have an invitation to a party at Senator Sherman's to-morrow evening, and as it will be quite different from the other — small and select — I have consented to go. Mr. — wrote me Friday the letter which I send you. I have replied expressing

my approbation of the proceedings. There was a large batch of notices. I don't see but that the book has had its full share of attention, but it amuses me to see how constrained and guarded most of them are. Nearly all speak of it as bright, witty, piquant, sharp, etc. Many design to wait and hear the other side before judging, a few question the taste or propriety of such a publication, which, considering the marvellous sense of propriety in newspapers, is touching! Not one accuses me of garbling, misrepresentation, or any false statements. Two or three — one of them from a "religious" newspaper — are coarse and brutal. Otherwise they are not bad, nor more unfair than is to be expected, and some of them are quite fine. The book has gone to a third edition.

April 7. Dressed in blue checked silk, had about forty callers, among them General Badeau, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, who came especially to see me as she said she had only learned my arrival the day or two before. She looks like an honest country woman, plain and plainly dressed, — is said to be remarkably intelligent and accomplished. A Miss Belle Smith, an artist, who has been two years in Dresden, was among the callers, and is very desirous to sketch me!

APRIL 12.

Sunday morning I went out to breakfast — a thing which you know is not in my line, as I am a strict observer of the Sabbath! a point where I differ from you, who only keep it in theory. But the circumstances here were peculiar, and the breakfast was in no sense a party breakfast, I being the only guest. I

was sent for at half-past ten, and we drove directly to church, — or were driven, perhaps I ought to say, to Dr. Newman's, the Methodist church which the President attends. The Chief Justice invited us into his pew, which, by the way, is labelled in tin and brass, "The Chief Justice." I will not dwell on the sermon, but will tell you what will interest you more, — that the President's wife had on some kind of a red-and-black bonnet, and that her waterfall was badly adjusted. They all say she is very plain, but I was not especially impressed by it. She was not so handsome as you, of course. Few women are! Her daughter — fifteen, perhaps, or under — had on a red dress trimmed with red velvet and fringe, and a red velvet sack; white hat. The two boys were also there. None of them are pretty, but they all behaved well. Mr. Chase walked home with us. Now we come down to cotemporary history. General Fitz Henry Warren had been invited to dinner several days before, but General Rosecrans took me out and sat next me at table, and Mr. Ingersoll talked with me after dinner, so that I did not say ten words to General Warren, and he on taking leave wanted to come some evening when he should not be overshadowed (shone?) by greater military lights. General Warren and Mr. Allison, member from Iowa, were here to supper. He was general in the war, was a member of General Taylor's cabinet, I believe, and at any rate is worth while, and as he had the field to himself of course was very interesting, though I have heard better talkers.

Sunday, when I came from church, I found a note for me from Mrs. Sherman, particularly urging me to a lecture to be delivered by Dr. Somebody for the

Roman Catholics. Mrs. S. is herself a Catholic. The lecture was very poorly delivered, and a great deal of it I lost; but what I heard was the very extreme of Roman Catholicism. The Pope's infallibility was laid down at all lengths, woman's suffrage was to be the world's extinction, and we Protestants were generally shut into outer darkness in the most emphatic manner. A pleasant finale to a Methodist morning, was it not? The only devotional thing for the day was the Congregational Doxology in the morning, whereon I concentrated all *my* worship.

At the House they were debating the tariff, and I should have been much interested, but we had not been there five minutes before a Mr. Judd, member from Chicago, came up, and, of course, I had to talk to him. He is a jovial, good-natured, gray-headed man, full of fun and easy to talk to; and after he was gone Mr. Ferry, member from Michigan, came up and begged an introduction on the score of his sister having been my friend. I will here edge in a small compliment to myself, — that motion being always in order, — Mr. Spofford told me that Judge Thomas of Boston told him that he read the "Battle of the Books" at one sitting, and that he considered it a very able legal argument.

Whenever you see the name of Lopez in the newspapers pronounce curses on it, for he is a butcher. His own brothers and sisters he has ironed, and even his own mother, — and put them to the torture. He has had men shot by the dozen; and he is an unmitigated wretch. This man himself who sat telling me the story has been imprisoned, scourged, beaten on the head with swords, and put to the rack, — to make him confess an imaginary conspiracy, which he

finally did to his heart's content. I wish I could remember to tell you the whole story when I come home. It is coming up in the House before long. Mr. Bliss says there will be two sides to it, as Mr. Washburne is concerned in it, and his enemies will be down upon him, — Mr. W's enemies, I mean. Mr. Bliss says his constitution has been undermined by his sufferings during that time. He was four years practically a prisoner. By the way, Mr. Bliss recommended to me Mr. Horatio King's literary reunions in offering his services, and promised, if I would go, to introduce me to many literary people there! Now, I have been inundated with invitations to Mr. King's reunions, which I have never attended, and literary people I shun like the plague! Of course I was delighted with his offer! By literary people here I always suppose newspaper correspondents in search of items.

APRIL 30.

MY DEAR JUDICIARY: There never was anybody that kept up such a flow of spirits into extreme old age as you. You write the best letters of almost any man I know — no body, but a great deal of sparkle. Mrs. — writes me that my pines are growing yellow: "Ask Judge French if that is a good sign?" When you say your hemlocks have half their tops winter-killed, do you mean that half are all dead, or all half dead? I shall not tear my hair if mine are gone, but I shall be sorry.

Do you get the magazine?¹ You need not tell me bad things about it just yet, for I know too many already; but we have a new editor now, daughter of Shepherd Pike, late minister at the Hague, a very

¹ "Wood's [Newburgh, N.Y.] Magazine," of which she was manager for a year.

accomplished and highly educated and widely gifted girl of fine literary taste and culture, and I expect great things, especially the disappearance of many little ones. Also a daughter of J. C. Lovejoy is there, and altogether a new king has arisen, and we hope to be rid of objectionable and to assume attractive features; in a month or so we shall be glad of your criticisms. It is always well to disbelieve what the papers say. If at the end of a year Mr. Wood shall have paid me \$3,000, I shall be glad. He has done pretty well so far. But whether he does or not you may take comfort in the thought that I was never so well off in money matters as I am now.

HAMILTON, June, 1870.

I had a letter Wednesday from Catherine Beecher proposing to come here to see me about some of her projects. A letter from Mrs. Spalding also conveying Ashby's invitation to the Laurels. A. D. Richardson writes to have me notify him if I ever go abroad, or feel disposed to write letters at home on the "Tribune" account. I had a nice letter from Professor Stowe, five or six pages. He offers to shake hands, and says I ought to be shaken all over for flouting at that assembly of *Dry-vines* held in Boston last summer, but writes specially to assure me that the ministers are really in earnest in thinking the fourth commandment, and the things thereunto appertaining, still binding. Another letter also from Mr. Baxter with a portrait of his daughter, one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw, — and the Mammoth Cave for a temptation to visit them in Tennessee. A letter from C. K. Whipple expresses his satisfaction with "Summer Rest," and says he had the pleasure of correcting two

bad errors of the press in it, just as they were sending out orders for the second edition, about five days after the issue of the first. General Howard has acknowledged his copy in a very pretty letter. He promises to read every word of it carefully. Mr. Choate, of Essex, can find no words to express his surprise and gratitude at receiving his copy, but I rather think when he comes to the heterodoxy, words will come to him.

My tank is brim full, and only think of my hemlocks, that tank for which you did not cease to persecute me, and which has been a consolation to me when hemlocks —

There the sun burst out so splendid and the trees sparkled and the grass gushed and the rainbow rain-bowed, and I had to stop and go look at everything. It is superbly beautiful, and I only keep my blind eye on the paper and t'other one out-doors. Even the canker-worms look a ruddy gold in this magnificent light. But it was wild and scowling enough an hour ago. I think there are but three, possibly four, dead hemlocks east of the front gate, no west, but your right hand is east, the geography says, and yet the sun sets in the west, so there 'tis, oppositions of science, — how are you going to reconcile them? Mr. D. is studying up cyclones in my Cyclopædia. We've had 'em here, and I feared another to-day, and thought sad thoughts of my tank. That rainbow keeps at it.

JUNE 23.

What I know about farming and what you don't know would make a big book. Don't you remember those little stand-up things at the tip end of all the branches of the pines that you said would come off, and folks would say they had come off, and you told

me to tell 'em I knew they would come off? Come off you sweet innocent; why, I went out to see the chickens last night and one of the little pines looked odd, and behold, every one of those little things had struck out little tender, green spines like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then in a trance of delight I examined the others, and every mother's son of them almost had cut up the same way! That's the way we fall off down in Hamilton! Now tell me, isn't this the new growth, and is this what you want me to cut off if I transplant any more pines? Because I won't, and you keep off with your old scissors! I know your tricks and your manners. Why, it is the beauty of the tree, makes them look alive. Two of my trees are dead, one stone dead and the other on the way to it. Man said he knew one would die, should have been disappointed if it hadn't, because they broke off the roots or dirt or something getting it out. And my hemlocks lift their heads with pride. All that weren't dead and gone flourish like a green bay tree. Isn't it lovely to see them put out their little green tops? — the darlings!

JUNE 30.

MY DEAR JUDGE: To this complexion have I come at last — while the Originator of the Universe rules it in a manner which allows so much evil, I cannot make myself miserable by attempting to remove the evil. If I had set the world spinning as it does, I should feel bound to improve the working at "all costs and at every hazard," but I found it as it is. I had no hand in the matter. I shall try not to introduce any more evil. I shall do all I can to remove what is already here, but I shall not make myself uncom-

fortable over much I cannot help. Enough if it makes me uncomfortable. Is that a cold-blooded theory? Not a bit.

All my publishers are everything that is civil and obliging. I have plenty and plenty of money, and no end of a good time. Of course, a great deal has come to me that would have come just the same even had I stayed on with —. Still it is much better to be away, and they seem somehow to have become a dissolving view. We have had Nilsson here, and Cary and the Thomas concerters, and did anybody “claw the ivory” like Marie Krebs? And Cary lunched with us, and told us lots of opera gossip, and Annie has been here kicking up her little heels in the jolliest manner; and I have a new gown, the prettiest you ever saw, — gray, trimmed with blue, too gay to wear to Concord, — but when you come to Hamilton I will show it to you. Do you remember Captain Herndon, who went down in the “Central America” fifteen years ago? His widow is in Washington. The distinctive Southern type seems to be passing away, and will presently become as the dodo, but while it lasts it is wonderful. Would you set out any more pines, or let them stay in their woods?

HAMILTON, October, 1870.

I went down to the Peabody funeral the other day. Have I told you about the copyright? Mr. Houghton will take it out in their name at my desire. I don't want my private owny-downy name to come out in print anywhere. In Boston the other day I went to see Blanche Butler's portrait by Ames. I think it wonderfully fine. The figure is beautiful, the attitude striking, the draperies admirably managed and

admirably painted; there seems almost to be motion. The hair is exquisite in color and disposition, the face is pretty, not very effective or particularly expressive, but agreeable. Altogether I think it a very charming picture.

Prince Arthur was visible to the naked eye, — visible as to his shoulders to my naked eye, but I was not near enough to see the expression of his face.

NOVEMBER 1.

You are not your husband, and not of much account; but I should think even a woman might see that a drain with a nine-feet (60?) fall would let off the pipes, especially when we consider that water has a natural tendency to run down hill. We are getting on famously, piped and plastered and nearly dry; and I have a Scotch woman who has seasons of withdrawing from the world, which, I think, she devotes to smoking; has lived with the most partiklerest people, and they *prefer* to have their onions boiled with their potatoes; and the spoons are sticky, and she is so good-natured and poverty-stricken, and happy, and thinks she is settled here for life. But I can't keep her, and don't *you* want her? Did you buy all you wanted? I haven't had anything new this summer, except a patch on my black silk, which adds a good deal to my self-respect. I caught my carpenter to-night in the very act of sawing the platform of my well-curb. I saw at a glance it was not æsthetic, and rushed out to stay his hand. He has promised now to look into architecture and spruce bean-poles. He is a very fine musician, plays the organ in Mr. Campbell's

church, and composes, or improvises, exquisite interludes, wedding the music to immortal verse as he goes,—and then comes up and hews timber and heaves coal for me. Isn't it wonderful? You don't know how I shall miss these men! They are handy for everything. Don't see how I can keep house without them to call on. I am chaotic still, but the dawn reddens. There's a mixture of figures, but you can cipher it out.

1870.

MY DEARS: If you wish to taste happiness in solid cubic blocks let the White Mountains alone and put a bath-room and other rooms in your house. As I survey from day to day the process of turning lumber into life I feel an inward joy which has hitherto been a stranger to my bosom.

But why I am writing now is to say that we must go and hear Christine Nilsson. Theodore Thomas is giving concerts in Boston, and I shall go—I went once in Hartford and was very much pleased—if my carpenters don't rampage too much. It is not that they don't know how to drive a nail without me to tell 'em, so much as it is that I don't like to leave the house when they are driving through it. Of course they go off and leave doors open and everything free, and I feel that some one ought to be on the spot to attend to it. But when they are at work out-doors I can fasten up and go off, as I now do to your great relief.

Yours always,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, October 27, 1870.

MY DEAR: Mrs. Patrick is here, fat and pleasant and Scotch; haven't the least idea whether she will do, but she seems to know all about cooking. I have not washed any dishes since I heard she was coming, and I have set her at it, and to clean out jugs and casks, and make bread, etc. She has washed out the refrigerator and has swept the cellar round the stove. The zinc is there and I shall have it put down at once. Plumber is going to put up the stove next week and set it going to see if all works right. I told him he must stay and do a baking, too, and he said he would. It is cold enough to-day for snow, I should think, and I mean to send for my coal to-morrow and have a fire in the furnace soon. I spoke to Winnie last night about her house. "Oh," she said, "it is splendid — they have fixed my hogshead beautiful. I did nothing but fight 'em the first two days, and now I like 'em first-rate." I asked Mr. Evans what he had done, and he said "only went right on working." Brown was here a minute on his way to and from Mr. Dane's on Monday, when he and several others spent the day and gave Mr. D. a gold-headed cane. We sat last evening in my room, as thick as two thieves, as mother used to say. She wants me to call her Jane, which reminds me of A. Ward or somebody who reported Washington as saying, "Don't call me General — call me George!" The biscuit were very good. I have eaten better, also worse, and considering the cellar and that she only came at noon, I don't think it was what you could call quite a fair trial. Here comes my breakfast on a tray upstairs. She is a good creature, I am confident. If she knows how work ought to be done she will be pleasant to have

round. She was burnt out in the Portland fire, her husband died a week after, has lost four babies, and one son of twenty-five was stabbed in California. Her mother is still living in Rhode Island and an aunt in Groveland. When the mills were first started in Salem thirty years ago, she came on from Pawtucket to teach the operatives, and was there, I think, three months.

HAMILTON, November 11, 1870.

MY DEAR: I got your letter that morning, but as it was not addressed in your handwriting I did not open it at the office, and so failed to acknowledge it. Do we go direct to the church or go to the house and thence to the church? ¹ I shall go over to Ipswich Monday and find out about what kind of affair it is, and if it is not too formidable I guess we will go. I will send to you in season to select such of your rags as will flutter best by gas-light. I have a lace ruff and cuffs for you. If you have cream-colored gloves they are just the thing. There is a very good pair here,—white ones,—only a little hole in the back of one, and if you had the least knack you could throw your handkerchief gracefully over that and make it ornamental, but you won't, you will hold it straight out to the whole congregation all the way up the broad isle. Mother Patrick left with her goods and chattels this morning. I gave her five dollars, a Boston ticket, her fare to the station, a flannel petticoat, and package of paper and envelopes, and she departed in peace, as dirty a heap of good nature as I ever saw, and if I ever get the flavor of onions out of the dishes I shall be glad. She said the doctors

¹ To Mr. Edward Stanwood's wedding.

ordered her to smoke because she had water round the heart, and if she didn't smoke her heart would be "drowned." Have gleaned the swill out of the refrigerator and washed the dishes I found in it, but shall leave the refrigerator for Winnie's elbows. Mrs. Gen. Sherman has sent again for me to go on to Washington during the fair. I met Lucy Larcom in the train, did I tell you, and she knew of a good housekeeper, but I don't want any one yet. I want the kitchen floor to be well dried before it is used. I had planned just as you did—to have Thanksgiving at Christmas, and not try to do anything now. I am saving coal like fun by having no fire in the furnace, and saving wood by burning old boards! I build my fire in the strict sense of the term. Why should not I trip lightly, after I had got all that beautiful paper to lighten and hearten my rooms, and left only one little bit of dingy brown paper in its stead? I think I cheated the man awfully.

HAMILTON, 1870.

I went to Ipswich Monday night and to Danvers Tuesday night as I intended. Molly Watson came Wednesday, and is an amusing little imp, as old as the hills and quaint, very trig and neat and quiet and pleasant and well-behaved. We have fire in the small furnace, which warms parlor enough so far. She is quick and very docile. She sits with me evenings in the dining room when there is no company. L. W. & Hull sent down their bill asking prompt attention. I told them I gave it prompt attention every time it came, always went to the drawers and gave them another jerk, should not pay them till those drawers were open, except through a law-suit.

Yesterday a man came down and adjusted them so they go like clock-work. Have sent for the money to pay them.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

Dan French came off in flying colors, got the commission, and they put materials up to five hundred dollars. At P.O. Nice letter from Harper's, \$131. Scribner's, Alice, and Henry Ward Beecher. Lah!

HAMILTON, 1870.

Went over to hear Mrs. Livermore preach Sunday. Mr. Livermore in the afternoon. Gray mare the better horse.

IX

AGAIN IN WASHINGTON

1871-1873

IX

AGAIN IN WASHINGTON

1871-1873

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 19, 1871.

MY DEAR : Here I am safe and sound. I had a very nice journey indeed, alone nearly all the way. From Ware a few miles on, an old lady shared my seat who was eighty-five years old and had been to a family celebration. She was very wrinkled, but bright and full of talk. At Hartford were Lilly and her husband, her father and Professor Stowe. I had written her to tell Professor Stowe that if he loved me as much as he pretended I should think he would come down to the station and see me, and so he did, all in good spirits — does not know that he shall go to Florida at all, thinks perhaps he shall come to Washington to take care of me. Mr. Storrs came into the cars before we got to the city, and would have me go home with him. Horace Greeley, Colonel Cross, Mr. Hooker of the "Tribune," and one or two others were there in the evening.

Mrs. Grant was very desirous to see me, and read my books, and had regretted exceedingly that she did not know who it was when we called on her last summer — inquired if I had been at any of her receptions — said she was afraid I had been there and had slipped past and she had not seen me, but was

assured I really had never been there, but of course I shall have to go now.

JANUARY 26.

Yesterday P.M., at two, was the reception. I put on the buff and brown poplin, which is very nice, excellent fit and elegant dress, very becoming, and very much admired. Lady Thornton was here and several of the diplomats, Baroness Gerolt, and Anna Dickinson who is to lecture to-night. I was not especially impressed. She displayed no brightness whatever — Mary Clemmer Ames, who said she came on the same train with me from New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bristed, whom I quite like, Mrs. Fremont, Judge Huntington, and in fact crowds of people from half-past two till five, and Mrs. Cox and Jane after five. I got along very much better than I expected, only I kept retreating into a corner before the press. I don't mean that I voluntarily went into retiracy, but could hardly help it there were so many people. Some of my admirers were very outspoken, but I stood fire like a veteran, and did not even get up a flush the whole time. In the evening I went to the opera — splendid music — evening before to Miss Kellogg's concert, pretty good, but not very good. Yesterday morning we had here Harlan of Kentucky to breakfast, looks like a bishop — this morning General Franco and Mr. Huntington, the Pacific Railroad man — talked of Indian and frontier life — very interesting.

FEBRUARY 4.

I sent a letter to you which takes my biography up to yesterday when I went to the Capitol a little while. Mrs. Bartley, a sister of General Sherman, called here — she is the wife of a judge whose father was a gover-

nor, and she is a superior woman and a very agreeable one. It was President's reception. I wore my lavender. We had a nice time, saw quite a number of people I knew — the Buckinghams, Boutwells, Fishes, etc. The Vice-President compliments me on my "Independent" articles. The Mexican Minister and his beautiful wife, Madame Mareschal, pressed to see me and declared themselves my admirers. By the way, Madame Catacasy said at the dinner, the other day, that she felt more embarrassed than we did at our call.

[TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.]

The dear! Why I am away down here in Washington! What a wound it is to my self-love to think you don't know it. I took a sudden start — put out my fires, drained off my pipes, packed up my handmaid, and turned my back on Massachusetts the 17th of January — and you never missed me! Was it not too bad? And I was so comfortable at home. But then I am also comfortable here; and besides, after three months' steady house-building and house-furnishing I grew tired of clapboards and carpets, and was glad of a change. So my house is in a state of *antithesis*. Thee must rub up all the hair on thy dear head to tell what that is. It means an elegant border carpet on the dining-room floor, and an old table-cloth pinned up to the dining-room window. It means a marble and walnut side-board, and window-blinds unpainted in the garret. But then if I had completed all my improvements wherewithal should I amuse myself next year? Imagine the

dreary, stale, flat unprofitableness of a life that has no chairlessness or curtainlessness in it that calls for removal!

Dearly beloved, how I should like to see thee! I am doing all sorts of fine things, and seeing all sorts of people, — fine, superfine, and not fine at all. And we have come to the conclusion here that people who are decently happy ought to consider themselves supremely happy, because there are so many wretched folk extant.

And I have been to the opera, and I have seen Fichter with great pleasure and admiration, but not with rapture, and have heard the Thomas concerts with unmitigated delight. And have dined and *partied* three deep, and to-night we have a Dodge family party, — the Evangelical Dodges of New York, — to whom, as they have a two hundred million or so income, I shall be very civil, but to whom also, as they have been greatly pampered by the churches, I may find it necessary to be severe. And after they are gone we attend a party at Mrs. Secretary Delano's, and to-morrow dine with Secretary Fish and party at Mrs. Secretary Pomeroy's and Mrs. Montgomery Blair's, and after that comes a miz-maze of parties, and I don't pretend to keep the tally, but dress when I am ordered and go where I am taken. But we have Dr. Webb of Boston here staying a week, so you may know we are not without hope. I mean to stay till Congress adjourns, and their lingering chills the lap of April, but with May and sunshine look for me. And mind you come over and help me select curtains, and tell me what color will be best for my house, which now looks, outside, like Joseph's coat of many colors. Anna Dickinson has

been here, and I have met her for the first time. I was not especially impressed, but I like her better off than on the stage. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker is here fashioning herself with the suffrage, and doing all that a bright, good, and beautiful woman can to make herself a bore. So now good morning to you, and call me cross, if you dare, when I love you so.

FEBRUARY 9.

MY DEARS: I have not forgotten you, nor do I have so many things to think about that I cannot think about you. Indeed, not a day passes that I do not think of you; but I am so busy the whole time, and am always behind at that. It is very different from what it was last year, because I am here now in the height of the season. Then, I did not come till after Lent. I am now in the Speaker's private room in the Capitol. I came up this morning with Professor Barbour, who is spending a few days here. He made the opening prayer in the House this morning; and if it is ever proper to criticise a prayer, he did it admirably. I am ever so sorry that he cannot preach here Sunday, but he is engaged in Brooklyn, N.Y. I had my black poplin made up into a walking-suit. I had a buff poplin, pearl silk, and white silk, new. The buff poplin is trimmed with brown, the black with velvet, pearl silk with ruching of the same and lace, the white silk with satin and fringe. You may remember that I did not go to the President's at all last year. This year they inquired very particularly for me. So I went to Mrs. Grant's reception the first day after I came, and was treated with great civility. Afterwards we had the President to dinner. The President looks fairer and fresher than you would think from

his pictures; is small, modest, and impassive,—talks little, but when he did talk on foreign matters was intelligent and intelligible. It is only in the touch-and-go talk of society that he is deficient. He is quite simple and unpretending; so is Mrs. Grant.

Sunday was rainy and snowy; but Dr. Webb was to preach, and we had a carriage and all went to church. Dr. Webb went home with General Howard, and did not re-appear till bed-time, when, alas! he kept us up till half-past eleven. He is a genial, agreeable man. I have heard nothing about Colonel Baxter; but if he has sued I hope he will get every cent of it. It is some of their political squabbles, I reckon. The Aspendale notice is mine, but I am provoked enough at its being out in the "Journal." I have not seen it and know nothing about it; and in the course of a few days shall write and ask for the MS. ! If there is not the jingling of the guineas to help the hurt that honor feels I shall cuff him. Never mind the "Congregationalist." If I get \$100 from the world I can afford a slur from the church. Charles Astor Bristed and his family are keeping house here, and have been very friendly. They call every Wednesday, and I have been there once to a party. Last night we went to the Thomas concert — forty or more performers fiddling like one — the very perfection of instrumental music, to my apprehension.

Thursday morning I walked to the Capitol and back again alone, shopping a little on the way. To General Sherman's, and had a very lively and agreeable evening. Old Mr. Ewing is spending the winter there; and Gen. Hugh Ewing, late minister to the

Hague, was also there. Saturday I wrote my \$25 worth before lunch; then drove out to General Howard's and General Whittlesey's. In the evening a long table dinner, — that splendid Professor Pierce of Cambridge, — Mr. Judd, now M.C., former minister to Berlin; Professor Hilgard, very learned and nice; then Mr.——, a gentleman of wonderful cultivation, and a wretch of the first water, I suppose, whose father-in-law said to him, "You have married my daughter, and you are the father of my grandchildren, and I don't want you to go around begging, though you are a scoundrel. Here are \$5,000, which I shall furnish you every year, but never speak to me, nor darken my doors." The address rather startled him, and had a good effect on him, for he has somewhat reformed, and is on terms with the R's. Old Mr. R. was so fond of him that during his last years he never wanted him out of his sight. Professor Pierce was very gay over the article I wrote about him in the "Bazaar," which I never dreamed of his seeing, and had quite forgotten. You will seldom see more brains at one table than were there. Heaven help me if my letter should be intercepted! Be sure it does not lie around anywhere, if you do get it safely. I don't think I ever indulged in such a strain of glorification before. After dinner we talked poetry and astronomy, and Professor Hilgard read a poem, which he had asked permission to bring, translated from the Sanscrit and 5,000 years old, a wonderfully fresh and natural and charming poem, in the metre of "Hiawatha," and then Mr. D. recited a little impromptu poem of his own, and we had the brightest and best time in the world. Mr. D. said he had a very valuable book on Astronomy, which he would

send me around to read if I would not let it go out of my room, and would promise to give it back to him. I told him I would, if I must. He said it was the only copy, so this morning it came, and I see he has put my name in it, and also a copy of a volume of his poems.

Will you believe Professor Hilgard sent his Sanscrit poem to the "Atlantic Monthly," and they were such geese as to send it back, because they made it a rule never to print translations? As if anything five thousand years old was not an exception to all rules. Professor Pierce says he came home from Europe with a stronger faith in Puritanism than ever. He says the educated young men of England are growing up atheists and infidels, and he blames the priesthood and the clergy for it.

FEBRUARY 23.

Monday was the silly carnival. We drove up and down the Avenue at noon for an hour, and after dinner I walked down the Avenue, which was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and looked very bright and gay, but there never was anything more foolish than this attempt at a carnival. Tuesday night I went to Mr. Bristed's, a small party, among them Mr. Faere, of the English Legation. Mr. Bristed handed me out, and they put before my plate a very pretty reticule of bon-bons. Wednesday I had a letter from one of my California correspondents, containing a Tahitian pearl. In the morning at the Capitol Mr. Allison, Judge Schofield, Clarkson Potter, etc., came up into the gallery, and Fernando Wood and Mr. Townsend got into a scrimmage about Gen. Howard and the Freedmen's Bureau, — and the session was not over till after six,

and I did not get home till half-past, then rushed into my lavender and went in to Gov. Buckingham's and had a very lively time. Gen. Pleasanton, Gen. Howard, etc., were there, and of course Gen. Howard was extremely interested in my account of Congressional proceedings. I sat at Gov. B's left hand. Rev. Mr. King, the Irish clergyman, took me out, and the Buckinghams were unbounded in their gratitude to me for coming, and between you and me and the post, as father used to say, I think I did perhaps about as much as any of them to make the dinner go off!

MARCH 3.

I have seen about — lecturing, — all of a piece, — I should think he would get the dead bodies of Dickens and Thackeray pretty well coined up before he was done with them, and now that Mrs. Hawthorne is dead he can have full swing there. Monday was very clear and pleasant. Lunched at Mrs. Morrill's with a dozen or so ladies — the wife and daughter of an ex-Governor of Maine, one sister of Eastman Johnson, the painter — one, his brother's wife, a native of Chile, who was very interesting and whom I pumped unmercifully about Chile. To-day Mr. Todd, of Newburyport, called. We have been to the House, heard a resolution of thanks to the Speaker passed, with a eulogistic speech from S. S. Cox. Mr. Hooker was in Speaker's parlor, and scolded me for the "Independent" articles, and Mr. Bowles, of the "Springfield Republican," praised them — so it goes.

MARCH 13.

Tuesday we went to the President's, had a very nice time ; talked with Mrs. Grant, and was introduced to all the clique. The Sunday paper says among them all none more distinguished than your sister ! charmingly petite figure, graceful in manners as in essays, king of thought, etc. How is that ? Monday morning Horace Greeley called before I was dressed, but I slung on my clothes and went down. Last evening went around to see John P. Hale. He is a perfect wreck, one of the most melancholy sights I ever saw. The sole satisfaction is his own unconsciousness of his condition. The High Commissioners are to dine here.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

APRIL 10.

Sunday Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren sent round an invitation for us to take a seat in her pew at Saint Matthew's (Catholic), and as it was Easter Sunday, and something very fine in the way of music might be expected, I went and was very much entertained. Mr. Justice Hoar called, and a very agreeable evening. He was as jolly as you please, and offered to call and take my autograph book for the High Commission's signatures. Donn Piatt was in, and wants me to write for his new paper, "The (weekly) Capital," printed here in Washington. With "Bazaar," "Independent," and a book in July, my hands are about full now. The High Commission dinner was a gentlemen's dinner, and I did not expect to be present ; but at the last gasp they insisted that I should come, so I rushed into my white silk and pearls, with a little

bunch of flowers in front, and appeared on the scene extremely nervous at first, but I got over it in ten minutes. Besides the Commission were Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Gen. Sherman, and one other I don't now recall. Sir Stafford Northcote took me out. Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John Macdonald near. Gen. Sherman whispered to me before dinner that he knew where he *wanted* to be; and when he was placed next to me, he very strongly intimated that he had found it. Lord Tenterden was next to Gen. S. Secretary Fish was at the right of Earl de Gray, and Montague Bernard at his right, — the best-looking of the English, and I suspect the best, or at least the most ready talker, but not one of them has the snap and sparkle of our Americans. Sir Stafford has yellow hair and a florid face, and told Scotch stories, but was so Scotch that I could not tell where his dialect ended and his English began, and their English is all "Punch," — and something seems to be the matter with most all their eyes, and I am sure that the general judgment last night would have been on the American side. There were Mr. Blaine, Morrill, Fish, Schench, Sherman, Davis, all men on a grand scale, and some of them handsome, while three of the English were short and stubbed, and the others not massive, and none handsome. Sir Edward looks altogether best and most American, good complexion like Horace Greeley, and fine abundant white hair. Montague Bernard comes next. Earl de Grey is short, pock-marked, with small eyes and red face, but good-natured looking, and with a smile rather appreciative and mirthful. Lord Tenterden is also short and stout and dark and homely, and his face as red as fire, but he said he had a bad headache, and when the finger-

bowls came on he just washed his face, — or, I might say more delicately, — bathed it and looked as if he felt better, and they were all on the best behavior and very nice.

APRIL 20.

Monday evening we went to Mrs. Fish's, a very brilliant and beautiful party. I went out to supper with Mr. Secretary Boutwell. The Earls and Lords were out in force. Among the people I saw were Miss Swain, daughter of Justice Swain of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Secs. Fish and Boutwell, Lady Thornton and Lady Macdonald. I had quite a talk with Lady T., who said all the girls were throwing themselves at the feet of Lord Goderick, Earl de Gray's son. He is nineteen years old, has his tutor here, and works for his father on the despatches.

HAMILTON,

DECORATION DAY.

I went to Boston yesterday and saved sixteen dollars on curtains thereby. Bought bread, sardines, strawberries, oranges, and a Holland cheese. Met Mr. Todd first thing, who toted all over town with me, and carried my basket — that hot day! said he only regretted he was not in to hear the Blaine-Butler affair, that people who heard it told him it was the first time they ever saw Butler cowed! I have stopped out-door work, it is so hot and dry. I have on my white dress. It was so hot yesterday I had a bread and milk, custard, strawberry, orange, and cheese dinner, though there was plenty of steak in the ice-chest and plenty of ice. We are awfully comfortable. The bath-room is the perfection of luxury, and Mary is a treasure, if I do buy bread.

HARTFORD, CONN.

MY DEAR: I reached here last evening. I was weather-bound at Fifth Avenue Hotel, and stayed there Thursday night. Friday morning Mr. Storrs called, and said they had accepted for me an invitation to Mr. Bowen's to dinner that evening. We went at about half-past six. They have ten children of their own. There were four of us, and Dr. Eggleston, a Mr. Edwards and daughter, descendants of the great Jonathan, etc. House very grandly and richly furnished, table company very enjoyable; home at half-past ten. Mr. Bowen took me out to dinner.

JUNE 6.

AUGUSTA DODGE: You sit there in your easy-chair and I feather your nest. Well, I am used to it. It is what I have been doing for years, and I suppose *shall* do for years to come if we live. Two men came down with the curtains Saturday. Now I don't suppose that you and S. S. ever saw in all your born days anything so handsome as the dining-room curtains. Mary laments they are not in the parlor, but the parlor is handsome enough, only the old lace does not of course look so handsome as the new. I made them put up every curtain in the house, old and new, so that every window has some sort of a rag with a tassel hanging thereunto. Yesterday I worked myself "the during day," putting up and taking down pictures, and putting things generally to rights. The curtains in my room are very handsome, too, and I am so glad I saved my twenty-two dollars. The new picture frames are very handsome, but I forgot to tell them to bring cord, so they have to stand on the floor as yet.

My hemlocks stand it better than I expected. With nothing but mulch to encourage them I should not blame them if they died, but a good many of them still live, and the pines appear to flourish. The canker-worms are eating trees hereabouts, and life is hard; but look at the dining-room curtains and the bath-room! A little bird has built a nest under the well-roof and laid four little eggs therein. Now I have got those birds to keep out of the well in addition to everything else.

JUNE 23.

It rains — splendid for my trees; but of two hundred hemlocks I have lost about twenty, which I don't think is bad. The rest look finely. The pines are all alive but two, and most of them have started growing. The grape-vine also has up and budded, and the honeysuckle is full of bloom, — and the pear tree has twenty-five pears, so there!

Being asked to write something for a fair in aid of the cause of the dumb animals, this note is a reply to Miss Whittier:

HAMILTON, November 28, 1871.

DEAR MISS LIZZIE: None of the dumb animals have asked me to write for them, and don't you! I like the poor creatures ever so much, but I am like the man Mr. Whittier once told about, who always thought it was a good object and was glad some one was taking it up, but never could do anything himself. The fact is my blatant brethren take all my time to the exclusion of my dumb relations. But it is all right for you to ask — so you need no forgiveness. And I mean if possible to run out to Amesbury some time next

month — though etiquette strictly forbids it, because none of you ever come here — at least not oftener than Encke's comet. Always truly yours,

M. A. DODGE.

[TO MR. FRENCH.]

JANUARY 25, 1872.

I sent you "Woman's Worthlessness" some time ago. Her worth you have been experiencing, lo! these many years, and if you heed not Pamela and her blandishments neither would you be persuaded, though I appeared before you with my India shawl on. Tell Mrs. French mortal eye never beheld the peer of my wonder of Indian looms. For fineness, it is like the garment of spun gold that the old fairy shut up in a filbert. For color, it is the brilliance of June softened by the haze of October. It would make her turn green with envy, and she knows how she felt last summer when she changed color. As to intrinsic worth, tell Sallie I would a great deal rather have it than the Bartlett pear which is about to drop into the Gallic mouth! I have the most elegant black silk you ever dreamed of, and a brown poplin like an apotheosized russet apple.

WASHINGTON, D.C., February 14.

Monday I went to a great dinner at Senator Chandler's — the Pres. and Mrs. Grant, Sec. and Mrs. Fish, Sec. Robeson, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, etc. I did not want to go alone, but I had a most delightful time. When I first went into the dressing-room I found Mrs. Fish, so I went down with her and the Secretary, and then I was taken out by Gen. Sheridan and on my left was Sec. Fish, on his left Mrs. Cresswell, then the Pres. and Mrs. Chandler — on my right Gen. Sheridan, G.

W. Curtis, Mrs. Hale, Sen. Conkling, Mrs. Fish, Mr. Chandler, Mrs. Grant, Sec. Robeson and so on, but you see I was charmingly situated. Gen. Sheridan talks mighty good sense, no foolish compliments, not even the ladies' talk that a great many able men think they must use — but he told me all about his battles, all modest and simple, and only as I asked him, — says Taylor's poem of Sheridan's ride is not exaggerated, — the Chicago fire, the freshet at Rome, and all about his observations in Europe through the Franco-Prussian war, Bismarck, Louis Napoleon, the Emperor William, etc. He had every opportunity for observation, has recorded all, but of course cannot publish anything, but he kept me interested the whole time. I think he is a genuine man, seems more like a soldier than any of them, hard-looking at first, but with bright speaking eyes and no nonsense about him. Then I had Sec. Fish for a side-dish, and him I always like, and he joined in often both as listener and talker, and it was one of the most interesting evenings I ever spent in my life.

MARCH 2.

MY DEAR: We have had the great snow-storm of the season, if not for many seasons. It really seemed like a wild N.E. storm. We went upstairs and played billiards awhile after lunch, and I wrote one article yesterday and another to-day. The Swaynes I like very much. Judge S. is a gentleman of the old school, full of information and poetry and old-world lore. His wife is very plain and very interesting. Some years ago a daughter of Mr. H., a steamboat man, made a very poor match, ran away at fifteen with a miserable fellow, had one child, and finally found

the man so bad that she got divorced from him by Judge Williams of Oregon — whither they had wandered. Subsequently she married again and went to California, kept a tavern in Austin, — a regular miner's inn, — did the work herself, sometimes made forty beds in a morning for those rough pioneers. Then her husband's partner failed, and the firm not having been legally dissolved, he became responsible and they lost the whole they had made — about \$7,000. Then her first streak of luck came in the death of her husband. She went to Boston, I think, first, then to Portland, Oregon, where she gave music lessons, — had fifty scholars, — and Judge W., having in the meantime lost his wife, married her and she is now Mrs. Att.-Gen. Williams of Grant's cabinet. Mrs. Dawes is rather bright and droll. Gen. — went out to dinner with me, is worth a million, but not unexceptionable in grammar. Mrs. Carl Schurz, who is a very pretty, bright, pleasing woman, Mrs. Sen. and Gen. Logan, who is bright and Western. At the Capitol Thursday evening was Sam Ward, Julia Ward Howe's brother, and had quite a long talk with us, and was so charmed that he pressed a banana into my hand at parting, and the next morning came up a box of candied fruit, — a pound or so, — which I am going to save for you, you ungrateful wretch. Mr. Colfax has, I think, acted foolishly about the V.P., but there are streaks of folly all through him. I think he will be V.P., though, spite of that. Miss Welling, daughter of an old friend, called on me this morning, pretty, modest, and intelligent. Her father is quite ill. I am busy from morning till night.

MARCH 7.

Sumner and Schurz are able men, I don't doubt, and perfectly pure, for aught I know, but Sumner is a theorist, and Schurz a revolutionist, and I *guess* Grant will be renominated. I don't have any good of my money because Mr. B. watches every dollar with an evil eye, having set his heart on my accumulating \$15,000 before indulging in any latitude.

Sec. F. had his programme all arranged, and a diagram where all were to stand, and instructions for the Japanese and all.

Later. — Everything went off well, only one of the Japanese' hats came off when he bowed. They wear their hats as a matter of etiquette. A young fellow from Maine acted as interpreter. He has been in Japan since he was ten years old. The President received them in the big east room, and then he gave his arm to the head ambassador, and the Cabinet and the rest came in order and brought them to the inner room and presented them to Mrs. Grant and the rest of the ladies. Mrs. G. appeared beautifully, told them how glad she was to see them, congratulated them on their arrival after so severe a journey, and hoped the young ladies would come and see her at the White House. The President said afterwards she did better than he, for his knees trembled under him. What! a brave man like you? Yes, he said, his knees shook as they never shook before, and he had his words all written out beforehand, too, like all the rest. It is the first time we have ever had an ambassador in this country from any country whatever.

Gustavus Pike is taking nine pupils of Nashville University (colored) around the country singing — very sweetly. He was at our church yesterday, and

I went to Lincoln Hall in P.M. and heard them perform. He spoke very briefly.

Friday evening we were at a party at Mrs. Bryan's, — very pleasant, large party, but the house so large that the rooms were not crowded. I went out to supper with Judge Olin, saw Gov. Bross, of Chicago, father of that Jessie Bross, promenaded with Att.-Gen. Williams, Gen. Dunn, Mr. Hale, Judge Olin, etc., talked with Judge and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Wylie, Gen. Banks, etc., so you see I saw plenty of people. Mrs. — of Chicago was there with diamonds not quite so large as hens' eggs!

Mrs. S. was introduced to me at her own suggestion. She had read all my books. She must have some sense, but she scarcely opened her lips, and is very plain. Mrs. Williams is bright, shrewd, lively, chatty, and is very handsome and has a musical voice. Mrs. Robeson is gifted and musical, but looks to me as if she might cut upon occasion. Mrs. Delano is as good as gold. Mrs. Fish is a lady *par excellence*, intelligent, elegant, *au fait*. I should think Wilson was a good man to run, but neither tanning nor cobbling have in and of themselves any tendency to fit a man to grace the chair of state, though he may fill it very acceptably in spite of them.

General Porter was very interesting; told me about the final surrender of Lee to Grant, and Sheridan's ways and feelings, all of which I reserve to pour into your deaf ear when the sunshine shall have thawed it out. Seven or eight gentlemen to dinner. Three Mr. Hales, and Charles Hale was invited, but was out of town. Two of them were brothers, handsome, bright, delightful gentlemen.

MAY 9.

MY DEARS: You do not perhaps remember so vividly as I, the close of this day four years ago — a bright sunset. At the evening time it shall be light.

MAY 17.

In the evening, by special request, went in to see Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gough, who were staying at Gov. Buckingham's. Got talking on Temperance, and talked him all to pieces. H. said she never heard me talk better, and I was so eloquent she hated to come away. He hasn't an ounce of brains, but is a consummate actor. Can't argue or look at the other side. She, too, has been going in one rut. She looked very plain and common as I first saw her, but comes out a sweet-voiced, pleasant-mannered, and really charming woman. Thursday we went to hear him lecture in Dr. Rankin's church. Next morning we gave him an elegant breakfast — mutton-chop, fish, broiled chicken, fried potatoes, pineapple, strawberries, waffles, and I don't know what — Miss R. and Gov. B. and Mr. and Mrs. Twichell, who had been intimate with the Goughs. It was the most entertaining breakfast in the world. Gough told stories, and we laughed till we cried. G. is a solemn, good old owl, and his wife a solemn, nice, homely little sparrow, with the twitter gone. The Goughs told Miss R. they had nominated *their* candidate for the Presidency. They have just been in this morning to bid us good-by — leaving for Philadelphia to-day. I think they are delighted with their visit. They are really very pleasant, kindly, and agreeable. Seem suited to each other, and remarkably harmonious —

he nervous, sensitive, moody ; she calm, gentle, and serene, and thoroughly believing in each other.

MAY 23.

Gov. Swann was superlatively polite — begged me to go all over his house any time and see everything — “My house is yours.” Sec. Boutwell called last evening. I had him to myself and he was so interested and charmed, and generally glorified, that he stayed all the time instead of saving out a part of the evening to go to Sec. Fish’s as he intended. Well, there !

Last evening we went to the observatory, but it was too cloudy to see much of anything but the instruments — which are indeed well worth seeing. Prof. Harkness says if we will come next winter he will show us the stars in their courses, and all the moons that are known in good society. Wednesday evening went to the President’s to make a social call. They were having a Cabinet dinner. Waited in the red room and in a few minutes the President came in leading Mrs. Fish. Sec. F. followed with Mrs. Grant and the rest of the Cabinet. The President gave me a handsome bouquet from the table. I sat on the sofa and talked with Mrs. Grant a long while about the White House. She said she should like to have me come and go over it some time.

JULY.

MY DEAR: I should be glad to come up Wednesday, but I believe I must *dig*. I have been so much hindered lately. My account at Harper’s on “Woman’s Worth and Worthlessness” shows not quite \$700, which is not much, but better than nothing.

5,000 is said to be great success with essays, and as this had been all printed and paid for, I suppose I came off well.

[TO JUDGE HENRY F. FRENCH.]

OCTOBER 4, 1872.

MY DEAR: The grapes are here, and their purple bloom and their fruity perfume make a big bouquet of my dining-room, where I kept them last night, shut up tight, spread out on a platter. But that doesn't matter, and this morning I've made a final deposit, on a big broad shelf in the north room closet, and I mean to have a bunch every day at lunch. And even my breakfast may muster a cluster. And rather than find myself growing unbecomingly thinner, I would surely bring down a grape or two for dinner. So you need not wonder if they go like dew before the sun. And in order to get the greatest possible happiness Out of the mess, Not a single mortal elf, But myself, Shall suck one purple grape Out of shape, For 'tis perfectly plain to see, Dear Henri, That nobody could enjoy them like me!

Well now, dear Judge, I must go. But you know 'tis more blessed to give than receive. Wherefore seek the highest bliss, In ways like this, And believe me always wishing you best wishes, Without the least regard to loaves and fishes.

Ever faithfully,

M. A. D.

The 8th Reg. camped down by the railroad Saturday. They marched up the road as far as the church with music and made a very pretty sight. Friday afternoon I went to Newburyport to hear Mrs. Stowe

read. Found I had been promised to tea with her at Rev. Mr. May's, son of Samuel J. May, a great friend of Mrs. Spalding's, — Unitarian minister in N. Mrs. Stowe's reading was better than I expected. She looked beautifully, was richly dressed in black satin Venice lace — hair in double rolls, arching her forehead, black lace draped about her shoulders. At Mrs. Stowe's request I went back with her to Mrs. May's after the reading, and we had a nice chat.

OCTOBER 21.

MY DEAR: Rena Runner sent her letter to Abigail Dodge,¹ so I will avenge the insult by sending it to you, postage-stamp and all. I think Jamie might do better than read the Oliver Optic books, but then I suppose he might do worse. Can't you make his trousers sort of half long, coming down small around the calf. Georgie P. and S. have come out in long trousers and look like plough-boys. Have you seen that Prof. Stowe has had a paralytic stroke. I have not heard from him. Dr. Smith and wife have called twice since I saw you, and I am intending to walk over there to-day. I have a fire in the fire-place, which is more comfortable than a furnace fire this mild weather. Saturday P. M. Augusta came in and we went to Saugus Centre and spent Sunday with Joann (Mrs. Tenney). She is very comfortably situated and seems contented and happy. Mr. Tenney is a gentleman with some property and quite up to the average of ministers. Mr. George Phillips, a brother of Wendell, is their parishioner, and called on us in the evening.

¹ Letters with this address were seldom answered.

HAMILTON, MASS., November 5.

I find on my return that all the Hamilton horses are sick. We may be a little slow in following the fashion, but we followed them. The fashions may bet their hat on that! I am going down to breakfast — sausages and brown bread and chocolate — a dish fit for a king. You remember Mrs. Bannister who was Miss Grant. Her husband left his property to the American Board, which was to pay Mrs. B. \$1,200 a year during her life, and Miss Frances Bannister also an annuity. They refused to receive the bequest on such terms, and a compromise was effected by which Mrs. B. received \$13,000 outright. This sum she put into the hands of Mr. — of Boston — and he through old age or some other weakness, let an unprincipled person have it in his business, and Mrs. Bannister has lost every cent of it, and is very much straitened in her old age — lives, I take it, from hand to mouth. I don't mean epizootically — that is foot and mouth, isn't it, or are they two different diseases? But is it not too bad for Mrs. Bannister?

WASHINGTON, January, 1873.

Well, well, Augustard Dodge — here I am after all and my telegram ought to have gone this morning and reached you long before this, but I will begin at the beginning. I got along very nicely on Thursday — did not feel very tired and did not leave my seat till we had nearly reached New York — but I think it would have been better for me if I had, for I then suddenly found myself very tired and had that catch in my back where the neuralgia was. However, it was nothing very serious. Mr. Storrs met me at the station and it was a fierce snow storm — one of the

worst they have had. We went to Fifth Avenue, which, by the way, instead of being just across the square, as it used to be, from the old station is now twenty blocks off — so we had a long cold ride — but I kept my shawl well up around my head. As I caught up my shawl to put on, it came all unfolded and I had to wab it around anyway, but wherever I felt shawl, I grabbed and got along finely. At Fifth Avenue they had assigned me a room in the third story — and the elevator was not running — so I dragged up on Mr. S's arm. The fire had just been lighted and it was chilly cold, and we went down at once, as Mr. S. said, "to put some beefsteak down me." Had an excellent dinner, roast beef, turkey, tomato, baked potatoes, apple sauce, cranberry, boiled custard, oranges, grapes, and candy — that is all I ate — but I ate that heartily. Then the waiter came up and asked me if I would not like to have some molasses candy in a paper to take with me and he did me up a good big horn of it, and then I took an orange and two bunches of grapes and we went upstairs again. In a few minutes a clerk came up and said Mr. Griswold (the proprietor) sent his compliments and there was a room downstairs for me, so a porter came and we went down. They were drenched with water after the fire and have been wholly refitted and re-furnished, elegant velvet carpets, silk curtains, etc., bath-room and all, with coal fire in the grate — so we were not only comfortable but magnificent. Mr. Storrs stayed till half-past nine. The storm was so severe Mrs. S. did not come over. Before he went he made all arrangements for next morning and wanted to pay my bill. I did not know he had any such design, but they told him they should not charge anything for me!

FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

MY DEAR MESDAMES: Deafsanadder I suppose before, and now lame and stiff. Well, hop-and-go-forward, try it again! Yesterday at dinner, Gen. Garfield and Senator-elect Allison, with three or four others,— began with raw oysters, which I could not get in Boston or New York, and which I began to devour eagerly, but they were so cold they made my teeth ache, and I lost my oysters and soup, and thought I was going to have a sorry time, but soon got it over and it was very merry. I don't know that I was particularly tired. I have a little cold-sore on my lip which I am vigorously trying to keep down with camphor-ice, but am otherwise well. Mrs. Conkling begged to introduce her brother, Gov. Seymour, and we had quite a talk. It seems he was on the "Damsel" going up the Mississippi River when we were—he said he looked at me ever so much and manœuvred a great deal to get a chance to make acquaintance, but none offered. Afterwards he heard I was on the steamer and concluded *I* must be *I*.

FEBRUARY 6.

I am not surprised at hearing inquiries for my health. I have furnished topics for at least two receptions! I had a very urgent invitation to a lunch yesterday at Gen. Dunn's. Mrs. Fanny McKey (the daughter) came down herself to invite me. To appease their disappointment I sent a note—"My dear Miss Fanny, this lovely day is stormy for those who stay away—If it only would rain or snow or blow, and a poor pneumoniatic couldn't go! Oh! why must you needs set out your lunch, your oysters and salads and Roman punch, on the very day when I

cannot come, because I am sworn to stay at home? I can only hope for my own good cheer, your feast will be fearfully dull and drear — your ices warm and your coffee cold, your wines all new and your biscuit old — that the Ripleys and Hales will all be dumb, and ‘that pretty Miss Jewett’ will fail to come. For the matter of that I believe there are two, but ‘pretty Miss Jewetts’ make such an ado — in this busy and buzzing social hive, there ought at least to be twenty-five, for there’s never a party but when they are through it I hear of ‘that pretty and bright Miss Jewett’ — I asked Mrs. Chipman yesterday, to convey my love but she said me nay, for she thought in this Credit Mobilier, you can’t be too careful of what you say, but any man will tell you outright, unless he is blind to the inner light that although it isn’t quite Orthodoxy, he finds it easy to love by proxy! Ah! well, good-by and be sure next time, not to pounce on my day for your frolic and fun, unless you wish to be punished in rhyme before your frolic is fairly begun. For there’s very little of joy to be had, when your humblest of servants is really M. A. D!”

Mrs. Chipman and one of the Miss Jewetts whom I had not seen, called after the lunch was over — in great glee. Mrs. C. declared they were all going to have a copy of the letter, and Miss J. said she had not been so set up by anything since she had been in Washington as that! You would have thought I was a weak-lunged woman if you could have heard my clack yesterday! I guess there were nine Californians standing around me in a regular circle, — men and women, — I told them it was like a class at school. A son of John G. Saxe was there, and stuck like wax. Mrs. Mason also called. I had a real good time, I

will say. The Spanish Minister was here and I had quite a talk with him—in English. Some literary bores also graced the occasion. A daughter of Prof. Finney was here and I pitched into her father. Also the head of the Female Department at Oberlin. I saw the widow of Ex-President Tyler and she gave me the whole story of her marriage in connection with that excursion on the “Princeton” when the gun “Peacemaker” burst and killed her father and five other men. She is a very young-looking, bright woman, and thirty-five years younger than her husband.

FEBRUARY 17.

Mr. Evarts, the great lawyer, is a thin, sharp-featured, keen-faced man, quiet, but so calm and clear and acute. Horace Clark, Vanderbilt's son-in-law, thought I should not be interested in the law and politics they were talking, and kept half-apologizing in side remarks to me, but if the wretch could but have understood how much better I liked it than the gabble of common small talk!

Gov. Cook's party was really one of the most elegant ever given in America. I was invited, but of course did not go in my state of health. They were talking about it next day, Yankee fashion—flowers cost \$1,000, supper without wine \$5,000, etc., and wines in galore. I have an invitation to the French Minister's party next Tuesday evening, and hope to go as it will be the affair of the season. The Marquise de Noailles is the real old French blue blood, than which there is nothing in France older or better,—and perhaps I shall go to Lady Thornton's. Yesterday morning I wrote an article for the “Independent,” and in P.M. we had our reception, and I wore my

blue-gray, and stayed through the whole of it. We had an immense reception, began before the hour and ended past it. I felt as if I had talked a hole straight through my lungs, and did not go to sleep till one o'clock. Don't speak of Sabbath-keeping — after the developments of this winter, even *I* have doubts. The sinners have stood fire so much better than the saints that I am not sure we shall not have to change our flags. Here is Mr. —, who has been doing the virtue, temperance, and Sunday-school of the nation for years, no sooner hauled out of one fib than he seems to be into another — and it is not so much the fibs as their folly, weakness, and lack of dignity. On the whole, suppose we let forms and ceremonies take care of themselves for a while and give our attention to leading a manly life with no nonsense about it. But you understand that Mr. — keeps Sunday and goes to Sunday-school, and drinks only cold water, and has been the great beauty-spot of all the namby-pamby ministers for years, and it looks now not only as if he had lied like the old Harry, but has done no end of mean things all along. Mr. — was not opposed to Stokes not being hanged, thinks it was the of society more than his own. Judge — thought fault it was the fault of society, but that Stokes could be spared from the world.

FEBRUARY 22.

In the evening Judge Huntington and a Miss Anderson called. He has resigned in Washington and is going home for good this week. Yesterday I went to church for the first time. Pretty good sermon, but full of holes. Friday a Mrs. O., of Lynn, whom I knew a little, years ago, said Miss Emily Faithful

wanted to see me—had asthma and could not come then, but would like to come Sunday if I would name the hour. I said three P.M., and she came, and Grace Greenwood and Mrs. O. and a Mrs. Ames and a Miss Patterson. She is a big, burly, homely woman, short black hair, etc., but pleasing voice and address, and ladylike. I should much have liked a talk with her had we been alone. I suppose this will be a rather exciting week, and I shall not probably do much writing of any kind, so if you get no letters don't worry. I have no cold, nor soreness of lungs, mind, body, or estate.

FEBRUARY 23.

At Lady Thornton's, Thursday, I was introduced to a Mrs. Schuyler of N.Y., who immediately believed we had some mutual friends. She had heard of me. It was a very pleasant party, as parties go, which you know I care nothing about. Had a pleasant talk with Judge Swayne of the Supreme Court. Did not go into the supper-room, but had ices and champagne brought by various swains. Mr. B. said my dress was the handsomest there. Friday, a very large and exceptionally pleasant reception. Went to Gen. Sherman's to dinner. Daniel Dougherty, the orator and lecturer, was the special attraction. He is a lawyer of prominence in Philadelphia, but lectures a little in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia because he loves to. He is a great wit and mimic, and gave some stories and recitations very amusing and admirable. He is very handsome, elegant, and entertaining. As soon as we were introduced he sat down by me, and we had a little sparring and sauce—in fact when dinner was announced, I said: "Fare-

well, Mr. Dougherty, I shall see you no more" — and regretted the separation, — but it was no matter, for I had said all my bright things, and should have nothing left for dinner. I went out with Judge Sherman, brother of Gen. Sherman. I threw my bouquet to Mr. D. after one of his recitations, and he declared he should press the flowers.

I started out to make calls yesterday P.M., but riding, though I was in a close carriage, and with shawl and furs, I was so cold that I had to come home after leaving cards at a half dozen places, or rather, stopped at Mr. Buckingham's, where I drank two cups of hot chocolate, and got thoroughly warm, and saw a Mr. Sessions, M.C. from N.Y., who assured me I had a great many friends in Western New York, and gave me messages from Baptist ministers, etc., also Miss R's Norwich minister. Mr. Merriman was there. I forgot to say that Judge Sherman assured me I had a great many friends in Cleveland, where he lives, and said he should not go home till he got a promise from me to pay him a visit in Cleveland, but as he expected to see me three or four times before he went, he would not exact the promise last night. I think I got a little cold yesterday. I sneeze a little, and my teeth ache a little, but I do not cough, and I have no pain, and do not faint, and am not miserable. I have resumed work to-day for the first time.

FEBRUARY 28.

I have been attending Congress very assiduously this week to hear the discussion of the Credit Mobilier. It has come out very much as I hoped it would. Oakes Ames is a man of not very delicate moral perceptions, perhaps, but of unbounded and undisputed

integrity. The course of the House is in accordance with the course both of law and justice, and I am thankful it has had the courage and independence to act against the cry of the papers. The House has pronounced its condemnation of such doings, but it has no right to punish a member for what he did before he was a member. There are plenty of rebels and traitors who on that ground deserve expulsion as much as Oakes Ames, who is an honest, homely man, and meant no wrong. No more, I believe, did the others, but they lacked courage and consequently candor, and must suffer in our estimation. The cry against them is more for political than conscientious purposes, and that is why I am glad a deaf ear has been turned to it. I am very well — perfectly well, so far as I know. I shall go to Philadelphia for a few weeks until warmer weather.

Was ever anything so thoroughly absurd as Prof. Stowe coolly setting you on to watch and see if I wouldn't die, for the sake of showing whether there was anything in clairvoyance? I suppose it is of no more moment to him than seeing whether a cat will lick her paw first or her tail. As to the seeds of disease, I will merely remark with mother's friend — "My liver and lights may be both gone, but if they be I don't know it!" And what are you screeching about?¹ What am I to do or refrain from doing? I am as well as I ever was in my life, so far as human eye can discern or human body feel. I am tired after a three hours' steady rattle, and so would you be, you old Chattanooga humbug, you. And what do I want to jump out of the window for? As for chloral, I am

¹ Becomes explosive over very frequent anxieties, entreaties, and expostulations regarding her health, and turns the tables against me by referring to a little episode in our journey South. ED.

no longer sick and I won't be bullied. I am going to have a tunnel, and force it down your throat. It is a Divine gift. I have taken it twice since I came to Washington. I have been at the House every day this week until to-day, — in steady attendance, — sitting in the galleries without leaving from ten or eleven till five, and in the evening from eight till after ten or thereabouts. Let us see *you* do better! And not a bit of headache or backache, or anything of the sort, or even a buzzing in my ears. Beat that if you can, Miss Clutterbunks! Night before last I went to bed at midnight, tired of course but excited, with all the case undecided. Just before I got into bed I took the chloral. Instead of thinking over everything for two hours, growing every moment more and more awake and sleeping fitfully, and waking at five to tremulousness and fatigue, I went almost immediately to sleep, and never woke till long after seven, and was as fresh all day as possible. Last night again I was at the House till nearly eleven, and did not get to bed till after twelve, but my nerves had been so tranquillized by the sleep that I did not feel any unusual strain upon them, so went to bed without chloral, fell asleep at once, had as good a night as before, not waking at all till nearly eight, and as a natural consequence I feel just as thoroughly refreshed. I am a thorough convert. I don't believe in quacking or tampering, but a prescribed dose under the directions of a physician has science on its side, and I have my own experience. If I had the power of sleep which some have I would not use it. There would be no need, but not turning into a log as soon as I am in the position of one, I will use chloral according to the statute for such case made and

provided. So now stop your caterwauling, and unplug your own ears, and cease travelling about the bed o'nights, and lemme alone! I have got out of your reach, and what is the use of being mealy-mouthed. I did not go to the French Minister's party after all, being too much interested in the Credit Mobilier. The New York papers are down on the legislation, but I think the conclusion is about right. Oakes Ames looked very much pleased, and I don't believe he had the slightest notion that he was doing anything improper. They say that in business circles his financial reputation is stainless. Mrs. Fish and her daughter Edith, Mrs. Bancroft Davis, and Mrs. John Tyler have tended out as assiduously as I. William Hays Ward, of the "Independent," has been here watching the debate very closely, and I had a talk with him. Mr. Ward asked me if I had any idea how glad they were to get my articles, and how much he and their readers enjoyed them, and I said I hadn't!

Now, just you stop worrying and fuming. I am just as careful as there is any call for. Do you suppose I want to be sick any more than you want to have me? I have just been down to lunch, and eaten something less than a quart of raw oysters. You may as well forget I have been sick. I may be so again, but it will be a new illness, not the old one.

Affectionately, M. A. D.

MARCH 1.

I am quite well. You need not worry in the least. Nothing happens but the unexpected. It only remains to take things as they come.

My dear, there never could be anything truer than that scripture which saith — "Resist the devil

and he will flee from you." So long as I parried and palliated, you bullied, but when I up and fisted, you run. Your last on chloral comes down to the meek and perfectly reasonable remark — "I would not keep taking it!" Before that, nothing would satisfy you but my jumping out of a three-story window. Of course I don't keep taking it, have taken it but thrice since I came here. Miss R. sent in a note after dinner that she had the Chinese Education Commissioner, his wife and daughter there dining, and wished we would come in the last of the evening and see them. I went upstairs to get ready, when Dr. Rankin called and I invited him to go with me, but he declined, saying he had just come from evening meeting and did not care to mingle in gayeties, etc. I told him he might perhaps convert the Chinese — good chance. He said if I would promise to convert one, he would go! but I am afraid he thinks it is six to one and half a dozen to the other. He was very bright and genial, and we skipped over a dozen things in as many minutes that I should have liked to talk about by the hour. He said if I would promise to read it, he would send me a little Scotch song-book which he had just issued. I promised not only that I would read it, but that you should, so consider yourself booked, for it has come around this morning. Our Chinese call was very interesting. Chinaman (Lasure) spoke excellent English, was dressed in cap and cue, dark quilted silk petticoat and black satin short nightgown, American boots. Ladies in similar garments but lighter colors, and splendid with silk and gold embroidery. The young lady was at the ball with Mr. Mori. She was very gentle, lady-like, self-possessed, and agreeable and

quite pretty, so was the mother. The boy was about four, asleep on the sofa. He kicked very much like an American boy.

Yesterday I wrote letters. In fact, the income I waste in letter-writing is something appalling. At dinner a note came from Mrs. Fish and I went with her to the lecture by Mrs. L. Rather small potatoes, but a distinguished set to dig 'em — me and Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Cramer, the president's sister and Judge Wylie, etc. Nothing agin Mrs. L., only for getting us out there to spend an evening in hearing what you could read in Peter Parley's geography. But if Mrs. Fish could stand it, I could. Coming home, I found a letter from —— containing a thousand dollars in a check, and nine drafts on a bank — the drafts maturing successively each month, so if he does not fail, I shall come out very well.

MARCH 11, 1873.

Sunday we all went to church. Dr. —— repeated by request a sermon he preached three weeks before, and I followed, protesting every step of the way. Dr. ——, poor dear, is as wrong-headed as he is good-hearted. Oh! if these ministers would only keep out of the pulpit, how well I should like them!

MARCH 14.

You are great to go showing my letters around to the neighbors! Tell Mrs. Albee my letters are strictly for private consumption. The Stowe letters are the old ones. Certainly I did write the professor and gave him a good scolding for standing off with arms akimbo to see whether I would confirm or refute his theories by dying. I have just sent two "Illustrated Child-

Worlds" to the Fishes and the Bristeds. I have nothing against Mr. Bacon if he has gone to Heaven. That is all I ever did want of him. Yesterday we made calls at the arsenal—in the very house where Mrs. Surratt was confined, and before whose windows she was hung, and 'neath whose windows Booth was buried. M. said last night, "J., play you are a doctor—my finger pains me. Can you tell me what is the matter?" J. examined it very gravely. "It is the epi-zo-ot-ic. Lemme feel your 'puls!'" Evening we all went to Mrs. Livingston Barton's. I wonder if I ever told you about her. She is the blue blood of New York, daughter of the real old Simon-pure Edward Livingstone, is sixty-eight years old,—stately and hospitable, has two nieces with her and receives every Monday evening. Met Judge Aldis of Vermont, consul at Nice, now connected with some of the claims commission, very entertaining and flattering,—also had a long talk with the Marquis de Chambrun. Sunday was a warm, sunshiny day but very windy, dusty, and disagreeable. What with my weak lungs and my clean petticoats, I felt that duty called upon me to sacrifice my inclination and stay at home. Mr. Crounse called—he is correspondent of the "N.Y. Times" and a very active member of — church. He was in pursuit of news for his newspaper letter. I tackled him at once on the wickedness of going around news-hunting on Sunday. He said his minister had preceded me and he had laid his argument before him, who said he hoped he would make out as clear a case to Heaven as he did to him! which is equal to Mr. F. buying the Sunday fish on the ground that the fish weren't to blame. I shall go to Philadelphia to-morrow if I can

get away. There is talk of California again. I put little faith in it, still it may come true. If I should go home by way of San Francisco, I should not be in Massachusetts before June certainly. If I go for my health, what can you say? I have had a slight cold on my lungs, which has nearly disappeared. No soreness whatever, but one or two nights I was kept awake by coughing. I met Marquis and Marchioness de Noailles — she is a short, fat, little Polish widow. She has twelve chignons, wears two at a time, besides immense braids, and makes her husband think it is all her own hair, — never lets him into her dressing-room till every corset, petticoat, etc., has been tucked out of sight, never lets her dressing-maid go to bed till three o'clock in the morning, and makes her be up and dressed by half-past seven, — in short, is an iron woman.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 2.

I SENT you a letter last Sunday — written, however, on Saturday. I went to church in A.M. with A., who had great difficulty in keeping awake. Mr. — preached, I suppose, — anyway, he was in the pulpit, but I did not hear much that was going on ; walked home with Judge Allison. Monday I wrote and read all day. Tuesday was charming. I wrote all the morning. At two, a rich neighbor sent down her carriage and driver, and Ellen and I went over into the park and had a nice drive. I did not get to bed that night till nearly twelve, and as I found myself still awake at one, and remembered my nice spoons in my trunk and some lumps of sugar in my pocket, I arose and took all there was left of my chloral, and had a most refreshing sleep till after seven next morning. Ah ! chloral is a great thing.

Sunday morning I went to church. Walked home with Mrs. Blake — her brother is visiting her, Dr. Perley, a naturalist, very odd, learned, and brusque. Mr. Rollins was with him ; said, “ Very good sermon, Dr. Perley.” “ Yes, good enough, but your minister is a shallow-pated fool.” It was one of the prayer-

gauge sermons which had better not be preached by a ninny before a naturalist. Have got six papers in "Bazaar" hands and five in "Independent;" so I guess the world will run a spell longer, — tell Soffy, if I do take a breathing-spell.

After I got home we had a call from Mr. Horace Binney and his daughter. He is a gentleman of the old school, of the very best the country affords. He is ninety-three years old, and his face is as fresh and smooth as many a man's of fifty. His eyes are bright blue, and the only sign of extreme age is his mouth, which seems to have only one tooth, and his speech is therefore not quite distinct, but he is hardly deaf at all, and his mind is as clear as a bell. He says he has an impression of being awakened in the night by the watchman crying, "Past twelve o'clock, Cornwallis is taken," and the whole house in an uproar. "But mind you now," he says, "don't say that I say I remember it, only I have a very strong impression that I remember it." He was born here, and remembers Philadelphia when it had but 25,000 inhabitants. He was educated at Harvard, and was an intimate friend of Ashton's mother's father, Simon Jackson, of Newton. His daughter is very bright and agreeable. I told him I was convinced he was an impostor, setting up to have been born in 1780, — but he asserted his genuineness. He was just as quick to catch a joke as he ever could have been. Ellen gave him a black silk skull-cap to put on his head while he was here, and when I came into the room, he removed it as instinctively as if he had been twenty-three instead of ninety-three. I was extremely interested and delighted. Mrs. Blake said Judge Williams and his wife were much pleased with the call we made on them,

and he particularly with a new idea I gave him — that men's business was to work on the world and women's to work on men, — but la! I am so used to giving ideas that I make no account of it. Rev. Mr. Dana called till half past ten, and we had a long talk on ministers' salaries, and Ellen wanted him to recommend a dancing-master for Lucy and Louise, and as he did not oppose, she declared that silence gave consent, and she should say she did it with Mr. Dana's approval. Then I went to bed and slept like a top, and got up well this morning. So now — where are you? Speak up now and let us know all about it.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 9.

Saturday P.M. we had a carriage, and I went to Rubenstein's concert, Wiemeawski on violin, and Theo. Thomas' orchestra, magnificent. I walked back. Mr. Dana joined me near home, said he had been to one the evening before. I asked him what music was played — "There you have me." I said, all right, only the next time we could not remember the text of last Sunday's sermon, not to be hard on *us*. Sunday morning no sermon, but communion service. Mr. R ——'s boots squeaked, and Lulu says her father ought to have a pair of communion boots. E —— "Ashton is too fat for an elder," so altogether the poor man finds Jordan a hard road to travel.

Slept like a top last night and strong as a moose to-day. I thought of you, poor dear, yesterday when I was walking from town and one of my ears sud-

denly closed. I manipulated it and kept trotting, and it presently snapped open, — woke this morning with it closed, but treated it to cold water and it opened a northwest passage while I was dressing. My plans at present are to remain here till about the last of April, or early May, and then go to California, to be gone about two months, returning in late June.

I say all the time Mr. Beecher may be guilty, but if he is — Good-by, church, pulpit, and the whole machinery. I hold faith with nobody if he is not good, for a chain can be no stronger than its strongest link, I suppose, any more than it can be weaker than its weakest. If Augusta is re-trimming her old hat, Cambridgeport people won't need any comic opera.

APRIL 15.

I walk nearly every day after dinner — write all the morning, dine at two, ride into town in horse-car, and walk back. Friday, letter and accounts from Harper, and check for \$412.00, etc., which I immediately sent bodily to the bank, and remain penniless. Sunday morning it was pleasant, and I went to St. Clement's — high church, procession marching in, singing — white-gowned bearings, etc. Evening, went to hear Dr. Todd preach; text, "His mother made him a little coat," — crazy on mothers, or, rather, cracked, — and brought in the Fields family on stools around their mother's feet; but it was a sermon easy to listen to, and does not sound like preaching, and is in that degree interesting, but of no mental force. Still, I would far rather hear him than Dry-as-Dust.

APRIL 24.

In the evening, Mr. Rollins and I called at the Comeses', — don't know how they spell it — jolly Presbyterians, — where Dr. Todd is visiting, but he had gone to Wilmington. Mr. C. is a banker, — preaches at Girard College sometimes, — says he is a born Presbyterian; but Mr. R. would not come in till they gave him an office. Phillie says to me, when Lucy wants him to go upstairs for something in the evening, “No! cauth I may thee a bur-ga-ler on the thtairth walking down — or a rattle-thnake!” He has a new sailor suit — blue flannel, white trimmings — and looks like a picture. Ellen is in distress, because she has made all his trousers gathered, and is afraid the style is to have them straight. I tell her to gather Ashton's, and say it is the fashion. Dr. Todd has the great advantage of not having a commonplace manner in speaking. I dare say I should like him if I “sat under him.” I have sat *on him*, and liked that. We returned Mr. and Mrs. Binney's call. He lives in the house he built himself sixty years ago — large — elegant — wood fire, etc. His daughter said after he was here that day, she got out “Country Living,” and he was much amused and interested, and she wanted him to tell me the story he told her. After a while he brought it up himself — said if he knew the lady that wrote the paper on Boston, saying she knew no moral right Boston had to be so crooked, he should like to tell her his experience. When he was a boy twelve years old he went to Boston by water, — with his father, I think, — landed at Long Wharf, and went to his father's friend's house. After dinner he went out alone to take a walk, and became interested, and took no note of

where he went. Presently he bethought himself that he did not know the way back; and as he knew neither the street nor number he wanted, he would not ask, thinking every one would say, there was a silly Philadelphia boy, who did not know enough to find his way home, or even to know where his home was. He was ashamed to ask where Mr. Lucas lived; and the farther he went the more crooked it grew. Presently he remembered that as he came up from Long Wharf he could see a high monument, and he asked some one for the monument, and they told him it was on Beacon Hill. He went up on Beacon Hill, therefore, and, remembering that he could see Beacon Hill from Long Wharf, soon found Long Wharf from Beacon Hill. He took his bearings, made direct for Long Wharf, and, once there, remembered the way back to the house from there, and found it, having asked no question except about the monument. He said he thought if he ever saw the lady he should say to her that if she ever printed another edition of that book, she might put that story of his experience in it. Saturday afternoon Mr. R. came home and drove us to Cheltenham, to return Mrs. Butler's call. She is a daughter of Jay Cooke; lives in a house her father built for her. She has one baby, and is very pretty and girlish, bright and agreeable, — has a gentlemanly husband. They made us stay to tea, and we drove home in the evening, reaching here soon after nine with Mr. R's "frisky horse," — which I will say is the most intelligent horse I ever saw. In the day-time he seems all fire and fury; but that evening he went as carefully!

MAY 7.

Ellen gave her first dinner-party yesterday to Mr. Clark. Mr. Rollins has had gentlemen to dinner. We had Mr. Clark, his sister, Miss Fanny, — widowed sister, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael, Mr. and Mrs. Morehead, — twelve in all. A new \$50 table, which was to be here by three, did not come till 6.15, and the dinner at 6.30; and we had a fine and elegant dinner, though a somewhat breezy time beforehand, with Lucy poking her head out of the window and hallooing at every furniture or other wagon that went by, whether it contained a feather-bed or a pump, — “Mister, is that a table for 235?”

A few calls to-day — very pleasant. Mrs. Barnes is a very pleasant old lady. Somebody, trying to comfort Charlotte for the loss of her father,¹ said: “You would not call him back.” “But indeed I would!” was the answer. I told Mrs. Barnes how sorry you were not to have seen Mr. Barnes, and that if you ever came here you would give yourself the pleasure of calling on her. She said she could not hope to be of any interest to any one, or that any one would take the trouble to know enough about her to care for her. I told her I had got far enough for that already; and we parted amicably. She is really very attractive to me — so quiet and old-fashioned. Is it not sad about Oakes Ames’ sudden death, though not surprising? I thought last winter there was danger in that direction. I think the poor man was put to too great a strain, and is a much better man than many who accuse him. The world is savage and unjust.

¹ Rev. Albert Barnes, D.D.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N.Y., May 9.

MY DEAR: This is an anniversary which you will remember.¹ I came to N.Y. yesterday, sent you a letter last night. When I went downstairs to get the envelope, saw Mr. B. and Mr. C. coming in. Mr. B. stayed to supper, sat next me, and when I was helping to the butter in little plates, somehow one of them slipped from my hand, snapped over upon Mr. B's cup of hot chocolate, upset it, broke the cup, and spilled the chocolate all over the big, clean table-cloth, his new travelling-suit, and my black poplin. However, I believe all damages are repaired. Why did you not write to me here? If there is not a letter at the Sherman House, Chicago, I guess you will catch it!

CHICAGO, May 11.

I arrived here safely an hour ago. I sent you my last letter from the Fifth Avenue, New York, which we left about eight Friday night in a storm. I did not sleep much that night—lost my pocket handkerchief, slept on my hat and broke my arrow-head, which was a very good beginning. We breakfasted at Altoona, dined at Pittsburg, supped at Alliance. We had a very comfortable car and easy riding. Last night I slept much better, and I feel as fresh as need be this morning. Weather very pleasant coming over the mountains. From Altoona the scenery was wild and grand, reminding me of the Hoosac region and last summer. Illinois and Indiana are as muddy and flat, and tame as they were when we traversed them six or seven years ago.

¹ Mother's death in 1868.

MAY 12.

After lunch we took a drive about what they call the burnt district, but there are few signs of fire. In the evening several people called on us, and they are so desirous to have us stop over that I rather think we shall stay till to-morrow. We are invited to drive to-day, and to the theatre in the evening, and as we are very comfortable here, I see no reason why we should hurry. You may know I am as well as ever, by the way I have stood this journey so far. Junius Henri Browne is a real man, was a friend of A. D. Richardson, — married a Miss Gilbert, sister of the Mrs. Calhoun — now Runkle — who writes so much for the “N.Y. Tribune.”

DAVENPORT, IOWA, May 14.

Monday forenoon Mrs. Senator Logan drove me around Chicago, and in the afternoon Mr. Henry Field and his brother's wife's sister called by appointment with two carriages, and took us all driving. We stopped at their house on the way home, and in the evening they took us to the theatre. Chicago is wonderfully built up. It seems impossible that we could be on the spot where such a fire had been. The ruins of the Court House, right opposite the room where you and I were at the Sherman House, are still standing. The Sherman House has been open but a few weeks, but there are other houses nearly finished, which they say will surpass it by far. We had many calls and invitations in Chicago, but left on Tuesday morning. Mr. Horace Clark, President of the Union Pacific, and Mr. Augustus Schell, of N.Y., Duff, etc., were along and had a director's car, which they insisted we should enter, and at lunch we all sat down to table—oysters,

meat, doughnuts, sardines, pies, champagne, etc. They have a parlor with arm-chairs, big windows, a dining-room, etc., and a railing around the rear platform so that it was very comfortable and good for seeing. We reached Rock Island before dark, and as Horace Clark and his party were going to stop there, and were very desirous we should join them and visit Colorado now, we concluded to do it.

OGDEN HOUSE, COUNCIL BLUFFS, May 16.

Here I am with clean clothes, my black silk, and in my right mind, at the extreme west of Iowa. I have not seen my trunks before since we left Chicago, and of course I was extremely glad to get into them. You see I don't get on to California very fast. At Rock Island an old friend met us at the station, and insisted that we should all go to his house, which we did; and the next morning drove over to the Arsenal on the Island, where the rebel prisoners were kept, — took tea at Mr. Hawley's, an M.C., — slept at the hotel, and started next morning at quarter before six, breakfasted very poorly at Davenport, dined at Brooklyn, and reached Council Bluffs at ten. Here lives Gen. Dodge, formerly of Danvers. The weather in Chicago was delightful — since then, cold, dismal, and rainy. I am perfectly well.

U.P.R.R., JUST WEST OF SIDNEY,
NEBRASKA, May 18.

I sent a letter to you yesterday mailed on the road. Keep my letters, though they are not worth much, they may be worth while as reminders. We were detained on the road, and so we stayed at Plum Creek all night, — were switched off on a side track, —

stopped till six the next morning. We had dressing-rooms, and everything as nice as could be, and I never awoke till the train started this morning. We ran to North Platte, where we breakfasted, and to Sydney where we dined. At Kearney we saw an Indian and squaw, a fiend with black, bushy hair and the scalp-lock on his head, a blanket, and his nasty trousers constantly slipping down, a string of red beads around his neck, and his calico rag of a shirt leaving his bare brown neck all open. He had a bow and arrows and shot a five-cent piece off a stick a few yards away, two or three times. We have seen a few emigrant wagons, some of the company having just pitched their tents, and others gathered in a circle round their cooking fires. To-day for the first time we have seen a herd of buffaloes, though some say they are only spotted cows; also the little prairie dogs, several antelopes, and one coyote with his long, loping gait. At two or three places where is now only a station, there were three or four thousand people when the road was building. One of these was Galesburg, where they used to say there was not a man in the cemetery who was not buried in his boots. The men at the stations are usually intelligent and manly looking. The houses are very scattered; a few log-cabins, a number of sodded houses built of piled turf and called adobe, but the settlers are generally of a better class. At Lodge Pole we had to wait some time, and several of us were weighed. I went at 113, which is more than I ever weighed before. Mr. and Mrs. S. have been married only four weeks—have been engaged about twenty years. I don't know what was the stumbling-block. He is worth some \$8,000,000! so it was not poverty. Mrs. S. is bright and agreea-

ble. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop are from Connecticut; Mr. Clark is bright and an interesting talker. Everybody is polite and well-bred and good-natured. Mr. Sickles, chief engineer, and Mr. Davis, land-commissioner, are along and delighted to give all curious, historic, and interesting information. On Sunday Mr. Clark was particular to say that he should never start on a journey on Sunday, but being on it, he thinks they might as well keep going as to wait out on the prairie. His father was a good Orthodox Massachusetts minister, and it might be considered, therefore, that an expert ought to know. But *I* think those wide wastes are as great an aid to devotion as houses made with hands.

U.P.R.R., JUST BEYOND GRAND ISLAND STATION,
150 MILES WEST OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA,
IN THE PLATTE VALLEY.

MY DEAR: I sent you a letter yesterday from Council Bluffs. In the afternoon after it was written, we drove about the town, and in the evening I put on my blue-gray and went to a party, made for us. A very large and very nice party where, among others, appeared Mrs. Bloomer, the original costume woman, a modest, well-dressed woman, also Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Dodge, brother of the General. From the top of one of the bluffs we had one of the finest views I ever saw of the Missouri River and Nebraska and Omaha. All day we have been riding through a plain as level as a floor and as wide as you can see, walled in sometimes by distant hills. We left at nine this morning, joining the Horace Clark party at Omaha.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO, May 20.

MY DEAR: This is said to be the highest inhabited town in North America. It is over 8,000 ft. above sea level, considerably higher than Mt. Washington, and we are in a comfortable hotel, with good rooms, piano, etc. All the food has to be brought here — not a blade of grass is visible. We spent Sunday night at Cheyenne, a flat town with more churches than church goers. There we left the U.P.R.R. and came down to within a mile or two of Denver, then to the right-about, to Golden, then changed to a narrow gauge road, open car, and came into the mountains to Central City. Soon after leaving Cheyenne, we came upon our first sight of the Rocky Mountains. Long's Peak was splendid shining solid silver three peaks, and long ranges of silver tops above blue ranges in front. Pike's Peak is as far from Long's as New York from Albany, yet one eye-sweep took them both in. Coming hither the scenery is the wildest and grandest I ever saw. There are no beauty spots as in the White Mountains, but great, rough, rocky mountains, through a cleft of which, called Clear Creek Canyon, the railroad runs up a grade of from 170 to 212 feet a mile on a three-foot wide road, hauled by an engine invented for the purpose. The mountain sides are honey-combed with miners' holes — places where they have dug for gold, or lodging. Many of their huts seem to be just dug out and stoned up in front. They are washing gold all along the Creek. The view from my window is as rough as the top of Mt. Washington, only covered with cottages — many of them painted and blinded. There are soda springs six miles from here, and other interesting objects which we shall not see, as Mr.

Clark wishes to go back this morning. When you come we will take a survey of the whole, but the ride up was as remarkable — every foot of it — as that one cliff of the Saguenay. One place is called Tough Cuss Pass. The hotel is a four-story brick house. There are three cities near together, Black Hawk, this, and Nevada. People come over the mountain in winter on snow shoes by night, when the snow will bear them up. We are planning to be in Salt Lake City next Sunday.

LARAMIE, WYOMING, May 22.

MY DEAR: Yesterday we passed through Sherman, which is the highest point of the Rocky Mountains that we pass over, and the highest in the world. We have one more summit to pass over, and we are now between the two on the Laramie plains, a vast high-up plain 200 miles long. Yesterday the Governor came out with carriages and gave us a drive around Denver. I drove with Captain Gray, brother of Helen Gray, an Ipswich girl. To-day we go to Green River and sleep in the cars.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 24.

I sent you no letter yesterday as we slept in the cars Thursday night and we were on our way all day. We stopped at Green River on the siding — ran eighty miles or so before breakfast, then to Evanston, where we went three miles or so on a branch road and then got out and went into a coal mine, 1,000 feet — vein 26 feet thick and extending for miles — dined at Evanston, then passed through Echo Canyon — magnificent — then into Weber Canyon — also magnificent — passed the Devil's Slide and the Devil's

Gate. At Ogden, Bishop Sharpe, Representative Hooper, John Young, Brigham's son, and John Taylor, his second in authority, met us with a special engine and escorted us to Salt Lake City. The morning had been wet, but the P.M. was lovely, and the ride delightful. Every one said the mountains were looking their best. The freedom of the city was tendered, and we were all invited to the theatre during our stay. Carriages were provided to take us to our hotel. It seems to be an excellent one, good food and good service. We went to the theatre and saw a row of Brigham's daughters, twelve strong. Mrs. John Young also called, and we saw one of Brigham's wives.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

Before Breakfast, May 25.

MY DEAR: I sent you a letter yesterday from this place. Pretty soon after, Mrs. John Young called, and took me to drive around the town. It was rather rainy and muddy, but we saw Brigham's abode, and his wives' houses, the Tabernacle, etc. Then we went an excursion by our train, some thirty or forty miles south, to Utah Lake and by River Jordan. Brigham Young and some of the leaders accompanied us, and we all went in and were introduced. I talked with him a little, and as I went out he called to me and said, "I wanted to talk with that young lady some more." An hour or so afterwards Mr. Davis was taking me through the car to see the scenery from the rear, when Brigham vouchsafed to express his desire; so I went back, and was seated in an armchair by Brigham, and we had it out for a half hour or so. I said nothing about his sixteen wives or sixty children.

On our way home we stopped at the museum; had one or two Gentile callers in the evening. We are to go to the Tabernacle to-day.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, May 28.

Safe and sound so far. I sent you a letter from Salt Lake City. Went to walk in the morning with Mr. Davis; in the afternoon to the Tabernacle, where Brigham Young held forth to eight thousand or so people. When we came out the people formed a path for us, through which we marched to the cars, Brigham himself standing close to the car, and shaking hands with us as we passed in. We then went to Ogden, where we parted company with our royal entertainers, and they went home, while we went, by invitation, with Mr. Pullman, his wife, two children, three servants, and her mother, into his new car, which waited for the regular train. As we had the car to ourselves, we were very comfortable. We travelled constantly, arriving at San Francisco last night. The first day was alkali dust; the second, yesterday, on the Sierra Nevadas, very interesting, only the snowsheds spoiled many of the finest views. At Sacramento the Pullmans left, but sent us on in the same car. Passing over the bluffs and the bay, and approaching the city, which in the darkness looked like an illuminated hill outlined against the sky, was very fine. A female reporter has already called. I sent word that I was not up! You shall come to California! and with a great deal more advantage than for us two to have struck out alone and inexperienced. I shall know now just what to do and how to manage.

Charles Warren Stoddard — the man who sent me

the pearl — called last evening, and stayed two hours. This morning Judge Field called, and took me to drive on the hill to see the town and the bay.

MAY 31.

A note from you this morning, dated May 21, for all which the Lord make us truly thankful. Thursday afternoon we took a walk in the Chinese quarter — looked over and through a few shops of curiosities. In the evening Captain Codman, of Boston, or Roxbury, or some of those places, invited me to go to the Chinese Theatre with his family, but when we got there the theatre was closed on account of the illness of the principal actor. Yesterday morning we started about seven, by invitation and special train, — Mr. Rallston of the Bank of California, Senator Sargent, Mr. Mitford, a young Englishman, etc., — on the Southern Pacific Railroad. At Belmont we had to wait ten minutes, and Mr. Rallston scared up two teams, and we took a rattling drive round the hills past his house; then train to Gilroy, through lovely wooded valleys; then back to San José, where two carriages awaited us, and we drove all through San José to Santa Clara; then train again to Fair Oaks, where a four-in-hand awaited us, and we drove to Menlo Park; then train to Belmont, and another drive over Mr. Rallston's place, and a walk through his house and garden; then train to San Mattao, where another four-in-hand and drive nine miles or so to Milbrae, and elegant dinner with Mr. Mills in an elegant house; at half-past ten train again, and home.

Mr. Rallston has twenty-six bed-rooms in his house. Mr. Mills' house is one of the most elegant I ever

saw. San Francisco I do not much like, and feel rather disappointed in, but the California country is beautiful beyond dispute or comparison. It overflows with flowers, and fruit, and greenery. The climate, too, is lovely, while San Francisco is cold and windy.

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 2.

I think it a little doubtful whether we go to the Yosemite. I should be extremely sorry not to go if I did not count on going some time with you. Yesterday we went to church at Mr. Stone's — a fine church, and a poor sermon on "Family Prayer," a subject in which I felt interested, and squared myself to listen, and was thoroughly disappointed; sentimental and trite; not a sentence or a sentiment in it that was worth the writing or the hearing of a thinking person. In the evening we read the "Christian Union," and Judge Field was in. A Mr. Baumgras, of Washington, artist, has left his card for me four times. At half-past ten we went on a government boat sailing around the bay, stopping at Alcatraz, Angel Island, etc., and seeing the Golden Gate, and the water front of the city. I am going to see Mr. Baumgras' picture in his studio. If, as soon as you receive this letter, you send one to Sacramento, I think I shall get it.

JUNE 4.

Miss Carpenter, of England, is a woman of note and activity, and I think has been connected with, or interested in, prison life or Sunday schools, or something of the sort. This morning we rose early, and rode out five or six miles to the Cliffs, and the great

Pacific Sea, which was my first real view thereof, and of Seal Rocks, up which the seals are constantly flopping and wobbling. This afternoon, Bierstadt, the artist, called with his wife, — a pretty creature as ever was. He came in this evening again to get the autograph book, and stayed quite a while. I liked them very much. To-morrow we go, by special train, to and through the San Joaquin Valley, and back to Merced for the night, whence we shall probably go to Sacramento. Sacramento is 120 miles nearer home than is San Francisco, so we may then consider our faces set homeward.

FRIDAY, June 6.

We went on our trip down the San Joaquin more than two hundred miles, but it was very different from the San José, and from what we expected — being excessively warm, dusty, and I must say uninteresting — very little cultivation, but a dry plain, fifty miles wide and two hundred miles long. We had two cars, and elegant breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We slept on the train and got back here about seven.

ARCADE HOTEL, SACRAMENTO, June 10.

I sent you a letter last Friday, while resting at San Francisco from our fatigue of the San Joaquin valley of the day before. The next day we rose early and went by boat across the bay to Vallejo, thence by ferry across to Mare Island, where we called on Capt. Russell, an old acquaintance, who made us stop to dinner, — then carriages to drive around the Island, then they gave us the little government steamer and we went up to Benicia by ourselves, then back to Val-

lejo, where we took train to Calistoga and stayed all night in a little cottage away from the hotel, then a stage coach and six horses over the mountains to the Geysers — about the best Sunday service I ever attended, and on the strength of which I think I could stand twenty-five sermons. There we rested till Monday morning, then took our stage-coach back again, dined at Calistoga, and reached Sacramento last night at nine. We dine with Gen. Redington to-night, and I see no reason why we may not start for home to-morrow noon. The Napa valley and the Geysers you must see, if I have to go out washing to pay your expenses! But we will not come out till there is a railroad to Yosemite.

THURSDAY, June 12.

Gen. Redington's people called Tuesday morning with two carriages and drove us all around Sacramento, and to the Capitol, which is very pretty, and on the outside much like the National Capitol. Yesterday we went by special train to Redding, the farthest railroad point in North California — in full view of Lawson's Peak and Shasta, of which we had a remarkably fine view. This morning two carriages came and drove us about five miles out to a breakfast at a little nest of a hotel among the trees, and home again at half-past eleven or so. To-night we drive with Mr. Malone, call at the Redingtons', and leave in a special car, provisioned, with two servants, for the summit, where we expect to pass the night.

ON THE ROAD, STOPPING TO DINE AT BATTLE MT.,
MONDAY MORNING, June 16.

MY DEAR: We drove with Mr. Malone Thursday evening some eighteen or twenty miles, and were set down at Gen. Redington's in the evening. They had a little party, twenty or so. Next morning we left Sacramento in a special car attached to the regular train. We went as far as the Summit, where we slept in car on a side-track. Next morning took four-horse team and drove down the roughest road I was ever on to Lake Tahoe — lunched there and had a row on the lake, then back to Truckee, where our car met us and took us to Carson, where we found ourselves Sunday morning. After breakfast we went to Virginia City to church, and heard a sermon that would not convert a miner's little finger, then back to Carson, stopping at the Comstock Lode by the way. About half-past six the train went back to Reno, and there Mrs. R. and M. left us to await a return train, and ours was taken up at midnight by an Eastern-bound train, and we are thus far on our way homeward.

Tuesday morning. We had a dusty, warm, and very disagreeable ride through the alkali desert. We had plains all the first part of the time, and crumbling hills the last part. I keep my letter along, as I am on the mail train and carry it as quickly as they.

Wednesday morning. We had a lovely day yesterday through the Church Buttes, green fields, no dust, but curious flat hills — very interesting. We are now past Lookout Station — hope to reach Cheyenne about noon and Denver to-night.

HAMILTON, July 2.

I should like to know how you can expect water in an absence of rain like this, though the sprinkling yesterday shows green this morning. I find Hamilton quite another California, as I always said, especially for parchement. However, I flew round, and have my grass all cut and my garden in full flower, which, as it was only set out yesterday afternoon, is saying a good deal for the soil of Massachusetts. I might add that my garden is in a tub, save one solitary vine which is girdled for the race on an old trunk or tree-stump.

XI

THE HEART OF THE NATION

1873-1887

XI

THE HEART OF THE NATION

1873-1887

HAMILTON, MASS., Aug. 26, 1873.

SATURDAY was very warm and we had Asahel, Mrs. P., and Miss Marsh here to dinner, — very pleasant visit. They walked up about five and stayed till nine. Sunday, no meeting, vacation, and we enjoyed staying at home. Tuesday, Mr. Dexter, the sculptor, of Cambridge, and his wife, came down and spent the day. We had dinner at 3.30, as they had to go at five, and after dinner we took them through Backside, Camp-Meeting and Wenham, to the station. After they were gone we had a fine drive around the beach road. Wednesday, Mrs. Gen. Dodge came down to spend the day. Gen. Dodge was expected, but received a summons to go to New York. Mrs. Sickles came with Mrs. D. in a two-horse carriage, colored coachman. Mr. Sickles came later in cars — all here to dinner.

SEPTEMBER 9.

MY DEARS: So you are all together again and well, for which Heaven be praised. We had a call from Mrs. Choate, the nurse, in a gown made thirty years ago, and it looked wonderfully well. Thurs-

day Mr., Mrs., and Miss Rollins came. We all drove over to Ipswich in P.M., and home by Camp-ground. Mrs. Rice and daughter, from Meriden, came to spend Sunday. They went at eight on Monday and I to Salem to surprise Brown, M., and A., who were to start in express for Corinna and Bangor. Accompanied them to Newburyport, called on Mrs. Spofford and Spalding, came home at noon, found Miss P. here to stay a week, and your card. Contemporary history being thus brought up to date, I bid you good morning.

AUGUSTA, ME., October 13.

MY DEAR: Your letter was forceful but unnecessary, as I had plenty of winter flannels and wore two at a time yesterday.

HAMILTON, December 29.

I shall go on Thursday night, hoping to reach Washington Friday night. I had another attack, similar to last year's, a week ago Saturday night, but as I knew how to manage it better, I stayed in bed only one day, and though rather burnt up with mustard, am now as well as before. The doctor says I shall not get over the cold while I stay here, but W. is the best thing for me. We have had a very nice time at home except for this, and a very nice time anyway.

HOFFMAN HOUSE,
N.Y. CITY, Jan. 2, 1874.

Had a very comfortable ride; whole section, car warm. Perfectly well. No trouble at all.

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 3.

MY DEAR: It is Saturday night and I have just left the dinner-table to tell you how well I am. Mr. Sickles came into the car almost as soon as I did and stayed, perhaps, an hour. Next day was very pleasant in travelling. Admiral Alden was in the car. We lunched at Wilmington—I on raw oysters; reached Washington before dark. Here it is warm and mild as May. I am apparently as well as ever. There is no sign of cold in the head or lungs—except a little hoarseness—no pain or soreness whatever. I have to be particularly careful, though, because this weather lures you on to warmth and perspiration before you know it. Mr. C. was in this morning and says Ashton is sick; has been confined to the house more than a week; thinks he has overworked, and I am afraid he has. My pears and peppermints and pills went like dew before the sun. My back is almost well. Now lemme alone and look out for yourself, Chattanooga.

JANUARY 15.

It has been cold and windy all the week and I have taken a little cold—not at all on my lungs—but I have the spice-bag, and the thickest piece of flannel by way of precaution, and have my mustard-box ready to hand. Every one here says how well I look. One says, “Why, you look more blooming than ever.” Prof. Hilgard alone says I do not look as well as usual. Mrs. — was at the President’s to dinner, Tuesday night, and he told her he met me in the street one day and never tried so hard to speak to any one in his life, but I looked as if I was saying—Don’t anybody dare to speak to me in the street.

She told him she thought that was my usual look in the street.

JANUARY 19.

Thursday P.M. went to Mrs. Bryan's, to a reading. They are rich and live in elegant style, and are very nice. Mr. Bryan read some selections and some composition of his own, and Judge Drake read a parody on "Romeo and Juliet," and a dozen girls dressed in costume came in and sang. The President came in course of the evening. Refreshments afterwards. The company and the circumstances were brilliant. Friday, I sent my "Sermons to the Clergy" to Mrs. Fish and a note to Mrs. Bristed. In the afternoon I went to the funeral services at the house. He had been very ill for a fortnight, but I think no one but himself thought the end was so near. He looked wonderfully natural, only far younger and more peaceful than in life. In the evening, the President came late after the guests had mostly gone, came straight up to me, and stayed by me all the time until he left. I told him he would be the ruin of my walks, as I should henceforth be always looking for a President of the U.S. and never find him. Sec. and Mrs. Fish were here, and I had him and the Vice-President and Mr. Hawley and a Colonel Winthrop in one line. Governor Campbell came up once and said he must beg pardon for interrupting (when I was talking with Donn Piatt), but he had been waiting ten minutes to say good night. Colonel Piatt said that was nothing — *he* had waited half an hour to say good evening! Saturday, I sent "Sermons" to the President with a note saying, "Dear Mr. President, if I *had* met you this is what I should have said. I send it that you

may see how kind Fate was — to you.” Miss R. said she called there Saturday night and they were full of it. She did not know another book was out, but was determined not to be behind the times, and so would not “let on” that she did not know all about it, but begged — to send it in to her. While I was writing this, a letter came to me from the President — “My dear Miss Dodge, — I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your note of Saturday evening and the book accompanying it, and to thank you for both. My anxiety to find where in New England any one can get ‘Twelve Miles from a Lemon’ is so great that I shall hasten to read the book and if the place is equally distant from a post-office or a telegraph station, I think I shall visit it. Very truly yours, U.S. Grant.”

I have been out making carriage calls to-day, black silk and velvet bonnet. The latter is considered very becoming and the former is much complimented. Indeed, I am amazingly complimented this winter. Judge Lathrop spoke casually of “all he had heard of my increasing beauty.” Of course I understand that it might increase a great deal yet, without being perceptible, and I am not set up because thirty people have spoken of not being able to get at me because I was so surrounded, but then perhaps you may be imposed upon by it. Have been to the Navy Yard to-day, and to Judge Swayne’s and Admiral Porter’s, etc. I wore my big blanket shawl and left it at the doors. My cold seems very nearly gone. I think I took it by going out after the weather changed and not knowing how cold it was. I wore my India shawl without furs.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

JANUARY 24.

I have not used the mustard at all, nothing but the flannel and batting, and have had no pain. As to chloral, not a bit of it, and have slept well besides, better, I think, than I have ever done in Washington. I think it must be partly owing to my having been so lazy. Yesterday it was very warm, and I stayed at home all day just reading. In the evening a party at General Dunn's, one of the best I have been at. I talked with the President, though I do think he is the hardest man in the world to talk to. Nellie Grant is engaged to a young Englishman, Sartoris, son of Adelaide Kemble, nephew of Fanny Kemble Butler. Met him on shipboard returning from England. He was without fortune, but his eldest brother has since been killed by being thrown from his horse, and this one, at his grandfather's death, comes therefore into eight thousand pounds per annum. He went back after his brother's death. Some one said, what was the good of his going back? A reply was made — "Probably to buy the horse and give it to his grandfather!" The President feels very badly about it — said last night, all he would ask was that Nellie should be an old maid. He would be glad never to have her marry at all, but if she did marry, he wanted her to marry an American. The President spoke to me again about the book.

FEBRUARY 6.

Bancroft Davis is son of Honest John Davis of Worcester, and nephew of George Bancroft, the historian. His mother died a year ago, past eighty, bright, keeping fully abreast of the politics of Amer-

ica and Europe, a Latin and Greek scholar. He is Assistant Secretary of State, and was in the British Arbitration at Geneva. His wife is daughter of late Hon. Mr. King, well known in political history,—Rufus King,—an intimate friend of Christopher Gore. The table-cloth at her dinner on Wednesday was woven by hand and was seventy-five years old, very handsome. We had a delightful dinner. The “Independent” and I have had a little bout. They say they raised the price from twenty-five to thirty on expectation that I should write for no other religious N.Y. paper, and must go back to twenty-five unless I write only for them. I tell them to go — all pleasant enough.

Rothery is an Englishman, Special Commissioner of her Majesty to settle up the Fishery Claims. He sent me a very nice note in acknowledgment of my books, wishes he could send me as good a letter or as good a gift as mine! I suppose you would tell him to try. Mr. Gillette, Lilly’s father, called that P.M. He came down to meet Willie, who has been making a jaunt around the country ever since last September. Monday evening Mrs. Severance and her son were here. She inquired particularly for you. Always thought of you as Rebecca (at the well), so dignified and stately and full of repose, and yet so careful of me. Did not see how you ever got through my sickness! I told how you relieved your feelings by washing my face! At nine Gov. Buckingham called for me and I went with him, his brother, and Miss R. to Senator Morrill’s to a very pleasant party. Sunday I stayed at home and rested on the Sabbath day as the Lord commanded Moses. In the afternoon I walked up to Mrs. French’s and dined with them

and their guests, and made great mirth, for the day was holy unto our Lord, as Nehemiah declared. *Vide* Nehemiah 8, 10, 11, 12, and Judge French walked home with me, and we had to supper Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, of Dr. Todd's church; Mr. and Mrs. Frye, of Dr. Rankin's; Mr. Charles Nordhoff, a Methodist brother; Mr. Phelps, of the Episcopal Church, and Col. Van Vleet, besides their host and hostesses, all in good and regular standing, and we did all and also eat the fat and drink the sweet and send portions, and mourned not, nor wept, because we understand the words, — so shut up! Mr. Nordhoff says I am getting stout, and Judge Wylie said Saturday night that I looked so fresh and well, no one would ever imagine it was the close of a season. I must say that my appetite was never better than it is, and has been, this winter. Yesterday I walked almost steadily from half-past ten till one, rode around from two till five, and in the evening walked to Gen. Sherman's and back again without stopping — about two miles in little over an hour.

I am glad you enjoyed the union meetings so much. At *our* unions the sisters don't squeak — they speak right out. Would you pay four dollars to go to church? I would not, unless I could preach myself. Dr. R's sermon yesterday was well intended, but fairly *squawked* with fallacies, — wanted fashionable parents to ask themselves which gave them most pain in their children, a lie or breach of good manners at table. I thought of the way — sprawled over the table at breakfast, and marvelled. Your account of Mr. Clough was very interesting, none the less so because you turned away from the gates of the kingdom which he had just entered, to declare without loss of breath

that — ought to be tarred and feathered! I think so too, but the juxtaposition was decidedly funny. What pure selfishness it was in them! If we are to take the Bible literally, I don't know why Dr. Cullis was not right in his anointing with oil. Saint James is as plain as a pike-staff. Only Mr. Clough did not get well, — so you see there must be a screw loose somewhere.

[TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.]

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 3, 1874.

DEARLY BELOVED: Mr. Gillette was here Saturday and engaged me to lure you to Hartford, but I said I would not. I had lured you to Hamilton, and the result was that you were always running in upon me at odd hours, breaking up my time, consuming all the eggs intended for breakfast, interfering with my visitors, and being generally disagreeable. He put on a long face, and said that being the case he should not press the invitation, as their patience was not like mine, inexhaustible. Now if you refer to him you will find this a verbatim report of the conversation — nothing extenuate nor set down in malice. . . . I have your last living picture transferred from Hamilton, and standing before me on my mantle-piece, — a thing of beauty and a joy forever. You know, you know you are handsome; that is what spoils you and makes you take on airs and stay at home all the time, because no one else's house is good enough for you. . . . Since the new *régime*, the publishers of the "Atlantic" have found grace to send the "Atlantic" to me. So I shall read your reminiscences of the præ-Raphaelite world. Mrs. Severance, of Boston, was here last night. She is a very sweet, lady-like

woman. Her son is a librarian in Congress. The Woman's Congress has been in session here, and some of them called. (Mrs. Burr, of Hartford, rather horrid; Lillie Devereux Blake, rather horrid, too, descended perpendicularly from Jonathan Edwards, — think of that, Master Brooke. Miss Phoebe Cozzens, quite bright and handsome, and dressed like other folks, which is an excellent thing in women; has graduated at law school, but does not practise much, because she likes lecturing better, and does not like to come in contact with the court circles. John Whittier, don't you see how that upsets the dish completely? The Boston Jews have no dealings, I believe, with the New York Samaritans. Gen. Pope is here with his wife, a great little girl, fresh and handsome and attractive; and Mr. Rothery, the English fish-erman, tall and gushing and full of talk and love of talk, very nice; and his little Scotch wife, gentle and bright and charming, — and, O my dear, Washington is just full of stacks of people, any one of whom would drive Amesbury and Hamilton wild! There is no place like it, and nobody like you, only yours always, M. A. D.)

FEBRUARY 26.

We had the President's dinner as foreshadowed. Mrs. Grant wore black, low neck, short sleeves, and her own black, glossy hair beautifully smooth and shining, done in puffs, and with a high comb. She does not wear a wisp of false hair. The dinner was not of the best. The man who furnished it did not market well, and it was far inferior to the dinner of Saturday. Mr. B. "blew him up" for it Saturday morning, telling him it was a salt fish and corned beef and cabbage dinner, but the man did not understand

English very well, and I think he thought Mr. B. was complimenting him; but I had a royal dinner of it. Mr. Rothery drew Mrs. Grant out to talk more than she was ever known to before, I think, about her early life in Missouri. Gov. Shepherd is a big, quiet man, a native of Washington, a plumber by profession originally, wears no beard, but is a rather good-looking, solid, plain sort of man; talks deliberately and naturally in a deep voice and rather homely way, does not mind the talk against him, but refers to it without levity or bitterness, and says he shall keep on improving the city as long as he has the power — seemed to be very much struck with the beauty of the round table, never had seen one before, wanted me to come out to his country-house, and I guess he thought he was as comfortably bestowed at the table as there was any call for. I told Mr. Rothery I thought he and Sir Edward better take out naturalization papers and settle down here. Mrs. Grant said there was an Englishman at her house that she wished would settle down here. She felt dreadfully about it. I told her if she would keep Miss Nellie here, I thought the Englishman would be sure enough to stay. She meant Mr. Sartoris, who is here on a visit. I wish that match might not come off, for I don't think it is a good one.

MARCH 4.

MY DEAR: If a year ago to-day had been as warm as this, it would have been far more comfortable for the President to read his inaugural bareheaded, and for the Cadets and others to stand out and see him do it, — let alone me shivering at the ball in the evening. Saturday I called on Mrs. Van Buskirk, the

niece of C. C. Parmelee, of Lansingburgh. Her cousin, Mrs. Peebles (Lynde Palmer), author of "Burning Lamps," etc., — used to write for "Congregationalist," — has lately lost her only child, a boy of nine. A baby, a year old, died some time ago. Sunday we went to three churches before we found one to stop at — so full. That is the way Washington goes to church. Alas, when we did stop, the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed with anything but husks! I don't know about your taking my letters to Mrs. A. They are exclusively for home consumption, and I fear will not make much figure alongside Dr. Rankin's.

Judge Wiley called in the evening. Charles Dudley Warner came pretty soon (from Hartford, the "My Summer in a Garden"), and stayed till the carriage came to take us to Mrs. Hutchinson's musical. We had some fine music and a very pretty party. The Hutchinsons are the second generation of the original H's. The supper was not till nearly twelve, and we did not get home till near one, — too late, and I feel the loss of sleep this morning, which I hope to make up by going to bed early to-night. Mr. Dawes took me out to supper. — said she heard some one say, "There goes G. H. with the leader of the House!" Declined the Spencer Bairds for Monday, but have accepted the Fishes for Thursday, which is to be a farewell reception for the French Minister. I have managed to send off two articles this week, and think I shall set to work next week a little more sedulously. Thus far I have chiefly made and received calls and read novels. Am saving

my blue dress fresh for dinners at home, but suppose I shall have to Fish it out for next Thursday.

MARCH 13, 1874.

I have just returned from the funeral of Charles Sumner at the Senate Chamber. The body was lying in the rotunda. There was a procession or file three or four deep extending from the coffin around the outer circle to the door, waiting to take a farewell look. As we were with a Senator we were allowed to cross directly to the coffin without waiting. It was loaded with flowers. The face was far more natural than I feared to find it. We went immediately into the Senate Gallery, where I had a front seat by Mrs. Senator Kelly of Oregon and a perfect view of all the proceedings. What met the eye was very impressive — what met the ear was less so. Nothing of the latter was so forceful to me as the subdued manner in which the unanimous *Ay!* was pronounced by the Senators when the few motions of adjournment were put. The Senators and M.C.'s were all in badges of mourning. The Speaker and the escort wore broad white silk scarfs across the shoulder and breast falling behind. When the President *pro tem.* announced "the House of Representatives" all the Senators arose. Mr. Blaine and the clerk, Mr. McPherson, headed the procession. Mr. Blaine's look and bearing were very fine. He is always dignified upon occasion, being naturally so. He mounted to the side of the President of the Senate and the House filed in, then the Chief Justice and the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court were announced and walked in with their floating heavy silk gowns, then "the President and the Cabinet." The poor Presi-

dent never can have any dignity to show ; whatever else he may be, he is a poor figure-head, and he shuffled in, head down, and took his seat, and then, preceded by the ministers and the pall-bearers, Charles Sumner came into the Senate Chamber for the last time. Although the whole coffin lid was glass, the flowers chiefly covered it. As I looked down from the gallery I could see the lower part of his face and his folded hands. The greatness was in the man and nothing could 'minish aught thereof, but Dr. S's minute figure and voice and soul did what they could, I suppose, and Sumner lay there undisturbed and grand. When "the Senate of the United States consigns the body of Charles Sumner to the Sergeant at Arms, etc.," Carpenter's words were good, though his manner was not weighty. I could not help thinking how Sumner's own voice would have spoken like the voice of an archangel. Then they filed out as they had filed in, except the President, who slipped through a side door followed by the Cabinet. I suppose you heard that a great man had fallen in Israel almost as soon as we did. A servant came up and told us that Mr. Sumner had been sick all night and was thought to be dying. From time to time reports of his death came, but they proved to be false till the last one at about three P.M. In the forenoon he lay with his eyes closed, the muscles of his face much contracted as if he suffered, breathing hardly and every now and then clutching his breast over his heart. They sent for Carl Schurz quite early in the morning. He went over, stayed awhile, then came back and told his wife it seemed so sad to have no woman there, he wished she would go over, and she went back with him directly. They found the parlor below full of black

women crying, the only white person being Dr. Mary Walker, walking around in her infernal old trousers. Before Mrs. Schurz's arrival so many gentlemen had come down from the Capitol that it was not thought best for her to enter the room and she went home again. Mr. Hooper and Judge Hoar were in close attendance. Crowds, many of them colored people, surrounded the house during the day. One of the most touching sights to-day was the long procession of colored men, shabby, but all decent, five deep, following immediately after the hearse to the station, of their own free will and gratitude. The hearse was drawn by four milk-white horses. Do you remember seeing that almost his last words, often repeated, were, "I am so tired, I want rest." Mr. Hoar said his brother, looking over his papers after his death, found one of his earliest papers, a college oration for aught I know, which said how should a man have rest or why should a man ask rest except in the grave. Sumner was in the Senate only the day before he died — remaining long enough to be present at the presentation of the vote rescinding his censure. Won't Whittier be glad? I suppose it is chiefly owing to him that the censure was taken back.

MARCH 23, 1874.

Admiral Porter I saw in the Senate on the day of Charles Sumner's funeral. Mr. Hooper dined here last Friday night, sat on my left and talked the whole time, so I think he cannot be *very* ill.

MARCH 31, 1874.

I asked a friend this morning if he liked me as well now as he did forty-one years ago, and he said forty-

one times as well as he did five years ago! I don't mean that I go around proclaiming times and seasons, but I have understandings with those who are worthy. The *cross* [a birthday present] has just come in season to be acknowledged with many thanks. Lor! I can wear it anywhere — hair, velvet, ribbon, anything will answer. Letter another time.

APRIL 4, 1874.

Your Fast-day has come and gone; we call it Good Friday here. The little cross is just what I want to pin my velvet on my wrists; my gold cuff-pin answers for one, but I had nothing for t'other, and I have worn it once in a bow in my hair, and, on the whole, I don't know how I could keep house without it! It doesn't seem quite the thing to put off the saving of souls in Beverly till after the Fair. I don't need to hang my hat on a gate-post to talk to it. *You* are just as good as a gate-post! and I defy any gate-post to maintain a profounder silence under provocation.

I went to Senator Kelly's for two hours to see Mrs. Beatty, an old lady who reminded me of Mrs. Faulkner. Her first husband was an M.C. Her father, Governor of Kentucky. She is very handsome, has been presented at almost every court in Europe, had a long interview with Pope Gregory XVI., Pius' immediate predecessor, has breakfasted with the Duke of Wellington, and seen Madame Recamier and Chateaubriand. She is very interesting; and as she expects to be in Boston next summer, I invited her to come and see us. Mr. Chandler was in in the evening.

He says Mr. Rollins can be easy for a year without work. He has such a reputation for integrity that he is sure of a \$10,000 salary whenever he is ready to earn it. Dr. W. brought me his last article in "North American." After I had been eloquently gesticulating for two hours or so, and just as he was leaving, I discovered that I had slipped my arm in between my under sleeve and outer sleeve, which is not the usual way of dressing. Have you preserved the letters I wrote you from California? Sunday afternoon Mr. Phelps called, and we went over to see Mr. Sumner's house before it was dismantled. It is full of books and pictures, many rare old engravings, but it looks like the home of a lonely man. No woman could have lived and left it so. The chamber where he died had such a mannish look about it. How unmistakable it always is!

APRIL 21, 1874.

Thursday I dined at Col. Rathbone's. They are very rich people, and have a superb house and table, candelabras with epergnes (?) and flowers, and smilax twining all around them, silver as the sands of the sea-shore, and beautiful old china. We had a good dinner and a beautiful evening, bright and pleasant.

Mr. Maynard (of Tenn.) says Col. Baxter is in town trying a case before the Supreme Court, and that Elisha Baxter, who is having so much trouble in Arkansas, is his brother.

MAY 8, 1874.

Mr. Rothery was up this morning, and brought me a copy of Shakspeare — each play bound in separate volumes — a very nice edition. Yesterday

Mrs. Dodge came round with her brother's carriage, a very handsome establishment, and we went driving from two till five. Then, as her brother was to have company to dinner, and she was to dine alone, she wanted me to go to Wormley's and dine with her, which I did, and went to her rooms afterwards, and had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Dodge's husband is a minister. They spent four years in Syria, where he dealt with the college of the mission. She lived much at Beirut. Have come home now "for good." Newman Hall was out there with his brother a while ago. His wife ran away from him three times, and each time with a different man. Pleasant for Newman, but he was very fond of her, and they thought there was some aberration of mind. Mr. Rothery informed me this A.M. that his right eye was put out by a knife, so then I up and told him my left eye was put out by a fork — quite a coincidence. Mrs. Dodge is a very pleasing, quaint woman, looks as if she came out of an old annual, — delicate, lady-like, pretty, richly dressed, and old-fashioned. Her brother says, however, that he is getting quite encouraged about her, as she is becoming quite worldly.

MAY 15, 1874.

Mr. H. was here last week, and Mr. W. gave a long account of his history from his small beginnings to his present grandeur, and Mr. H. was taken up to the Speaker's desk and introduced to him, and he inquired for me, and had the face to say he published a book for me once. Mr. B. said he longed to say, "Yes; I saw the accounts," but he refrained. Tuesday we drove out to the Insane Asylum, to lunch at Mrs. Dr. Nichols'. Mrs. N's grandmother was there,

on her way home from New Orleans, where she had been to visit her son. She lives in Pittsfield, Mass., is seventy-four years old, and her face is as smooth, and her complexion as soft, and her interest as bright as at twenty-four — made the journey with only her grand-niece, says she is not, and never has been, very strong, has her breakfast brought to her room, as she cannot get up and be dressed by seven, which is the Nichols' breakfast hour. It is people's health that kills them. Nelly's wedding is to be next Thursday, at 11 A.M., and she leaves at 1 P.M. The match will be sure not to turn out well.

MAY, 1874.

The wedding you will see all about in the newspapers. I reckon the Sartorises will be back next winter. She is very much in love and very happy. Sir Ed. Thornton at the wedding said the idea of this child, who had been petted and indulged more than any child he had ever known, going into dull English life, so different from what she had been accustomed to, he thought she must be very unhappy, and all he hoped for was that she would find comfort in her mother-in-law. Rather cold comfort for a bride. There was no allusion by words or flags to England — as was very proper, though I was afraid there might be. The President seemed to feel badly, and Kitty says Mrs. Grant does nothing but sigh, and I don't wonder. A Mr. Sawyer, M.C. from Wisconsin, said he knew Sartoris very well when he was in Wisconsin. If he comes into his estates he may settle down into a respectable English country-gentleman. Sir Edward thinks Nelly will be too homesick to stay, and will come back home. "Buck" Grant was in

Sunday evening, the second son, senior at Harvard. He is the most outspoken of the family, a pleasing young man, a little nervous, but rather winning and gentle. Mr. B. dined with Sartoris at Mr. Ward's Tuesday eve, and was better pleased with him than he expected to be, said he seemed modest and quiet.

OCTOBER, 1874.

I lived through the storm very handsomely, considering the state of the thermometer, closed up the evening by sitting on a cricket before the register with my head in the rocking-chair, hearing Susan read. Her elocution is somewhat monotonous and, combined with the slight warmth, soporific; I yield, and finally the regular routine becomes a shout from Susan at the beginning of each word, "Miss Dodge, are you awake?" Yes, Susan, I am awake — "S-u-" I am bright so far "p-e-" I begin to grow drowsy and the rest of the word is an inaudible hum, if there is any such thing, till Susan shrieks — "Miss Dodge, what does that spell?" I shake myself up like Mr. Smallweed, try to piece out the orthography from my moral consciousness, but am forced at length to disgrace myself by confessing that I was asleep, and she begins again, "Miss Dodge, are you awake now?" — and so we go.

"Dearest, loveliest, charming lad
 Awake and come to me,
 Visit once more your only love,
 In pity set me free!
 Doomed as I am to pass my days
 And not thy face to see,
 Nor ever to pronounce the praise
 Due to no one but thee!"

This, dear, is the beginning of an acrostic which Aunt Eunice wrote when she was a mischievous young girl and David A. was trying to court her elder sister. I have forgotten the rest, but you will observe I was roused to the poetry of it by the sight of your handwriting, which shows by its unwonted elegance that your sickness has been blessed to you!

HAMILTON, NOV. 16, 1874.

I went to church and heard . . . an abominable sermon on forgiveness with the element of repentance entirely left out, and I could have shaken the preacher, and came home raving. Mr. D. called afterward; he had not been to church but thought repentance was not at all necessary to forgiveness between man and man—not in the Bible—but I found verse and chapter for him there quick. I read through Mark and Luke yesterday, and it was an immense relief after that sermon. The fact is that there is very little gospel preached, but we teach for doctrine the commandments of men. I go with Matthew, Mark, and Luke. How John and I shall agree remains to be seen.

JANUARY 15, 1875.

I wish we could all go to Florida or Bermuda to spend the winter. The northern cold is unfit to live in. Did I ever tell you about my girl who came from Bermuda to Ipswich to school? I imagine the journey would be the chief cost, and that the living is very cheap. Would it not be nice to have a house in some of these places and go there and sort of camp out through the cold weather?

JANUARY 21, 1875.

Wednesday, a large reception. Mrs. George Bancroft, the historian's wife, a very pleasant old lady and quite in the dark about me, said, "Why, see all these people waiting around you; are you a belle?" "Not a bit of it. No one has fewer claims to it than I." She told Mrs. — afterwards, "Had been fascinated into staying a great while; that Miss Dodge was so bright, so agreeable, very clever, disclaimed being a belle, but was one, etc., etc."

Charles Ewing is Mrs. Gen. Sherman's brother—all Catholics. His wife was a Presbyterian, but since last winter has become a Catholic. She told me all about it. He had never tried to proselyte her, and she had never been troubled by the difference in their religion, but last summer, as the procession passed by her in the church, carrying the host, she had a sudden conviction or revelation that it was the real Christ. She said nothing of it to her husband, but read and investigated, and in consequence joined the Catholic Church. My opinion is that she was a good, sweet, pretty, gentle woman to begin with, and will go to Heaven anyway, and is much better off to be of the same religion as her husband.

JANUARY 29, 1875.

We went up to hear Mr. Conkling—a man of ability, injured by unswerving fidelity to and flattery of the President, and an orator of grace and power, marred by mannerism. I object to him as to Schurz—that, on different sides, they are discussing the same subject, Louisiana, before the facts are in.

FEBRUARY 12, 1875.

Dr. W. was in Tuesday evening. Said he heard Beecher, Sunday, on his way hither—could detect no diminution in his force, energy, or spirits, had a crowded congregation, and showed no symptoms of trouble, and held his hearers by as strong a spell. This seems to me quite phenomenal. I should think the mere sitting, day after day, in that crowded court room would depress him, apart from his personal interest in the case. Friday evening I went to the Theatre, saw John T. Raymond in “The Gilded Age”—Mark Twain. Raymond’s acting is admirable—full of nature and very funny. He said afterwards he did enjoy seeing me laugh. Saturday I made a few calls at the Arlington alone, and had a horrid time of it waiting in windy halls and at the doors of the elevators, and trundling up and down, over and over; but saw a little Brazilian monkey, — a cunning little thing, not so large as a rat,—which Mrs. Marcy, Mrs. Gen. McClellan’s mother, held in her hand the whole time. Gen. E. told me that when he married, he made his wife make over all her property to her mother (a widow) during her lifetime, but invests all his money that he has to invest in his wife’s name,—a good thing for Catholic or Protestant. Dined at Sec. Fish’s; went out with Mr. Nordhoff, had Carl Schurz at my left—an elegant and very pleasant dinner. I was extremely well seated and had a gay time. In the parlor after dinner, Mr. Bancroft and I had a little sparring—I have forgotten entirely what about—and in response to some little repartee of mine, and in token of subjugation, Mr. Bancroft very courtierly kissed my hand, which made a good deal of fun. “If dese gen-tle-men,” said Mrs. Carl Schurz, when the

gentlemen had withdrawn, "were asked what lady dey would rather take out to dinner, six of dem would say Mees Dodge!!" Yours respectfully, M. A. Dodge. As for dress, we all wore what we had worn before. High necks are much more common than they used to be. I have not seen Mrs. Fish in a low dress this winter. Mrs. S. was low and nearly frozen. Mrs. E. high, white silk and black lace, a very pretty, winning sort of woman, fond of art, gentle, large eyes, travelled much, but so poorly dressed that she looked absolutely homely—not poorly but unbecomingly. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond came to tea. Mr. Raymond seems to be a very frank, innocent, enthusiastic, child-like sort of man, and real good, says he never ate a vegetable in his life, and never uses tobacco or wine in any shape. His wife is a regular stage beauty, simple and pleasing manners, and absorbed in him. I send you our dinner-plate cards, some that I have saved just for mementos.

MARCH 4, 1875.

Judge Poland has won laurels by his management of the Arkansas report. His speech was one of the most effective ever made, and was listened to with the utmost attention; and, more than that, he carried his measure by a handsome majority, and the President will have to keep his hands off Arkansas. On Wednesday night the understanding was that General Garfield was to have the floor for his Appropriation Bill, and presently yield to Judge Poland for Arkansas; but Butler tricked him out of it, and brought up his *habeas corpus*. So General Butler got his *habeas corpus* in, and carried it. The Louisiana matter went better, and the Arkansas best; and Judge P. said

next morning if the *habeas corpus* were to be voted on then, we should table it by fifty majority. I did not hear Judge P's speech; it was at a night session, and we had been up so much; but he came up into the gallery to us the next morning, and said he must hear what we thought of it. You may be sure I did not "damn with faint praise." He was much gratified and elated, as he had every right to be. I suppose he has lost the Vermont judgeship by it, — that being a Presidential appointment, — but against his own preferment he has rescued a State from impending ruin, and a *minority* of his own party he has turned into a *majority*. It was a great personal victory, and he may well be proud of it. Vermont suffers a real loss in his displacement, and I fancy she thinks so herself now.

MARCH 8, 1875.

Yours came to me yesterday, and so far has been read only three times. I want not another motto, but the same one, and I supposed Will was hard at work on it all winter. Never mind, if he gets it done by the time I get home. I should like to see you squeeze into a dress of mine! I have brought a forty-horse power to bear on you several times, and though I have nearly reduced you to pulp, I have never succeeded in making both ends meet! No, dear, the trouble is not that you are not bright, but that you are big. If you would disembarrass yourself of the idea that your brains are within your corsage, and let your waist contract and your head enlarge, I doubt not I should find your letters as entertaining on the fiftieth reading as they now are on the twentieth. Don't you want to go to Concord Apr. 19th, and see Dan's statue set up?

MARCH 10, 1875.

I had to go over to Mrs. Bancroft's yesterday morning, and make our excuses for the dinner, much to my regret. Mrs. Bancroft refused to excuse me, and as there was no especial reason why I should not go, I went, and had an extremely pleasant dinner,—only eight. I went out with Mr. Bancroft, being the only lady besides Mrs. Bancroft; Mr. Spofford, librarian, on my right. He is a quite wonderful man, very plain, soft voice, large mouth, and large loose-set and somewhat infrequent teeth, thin hair, carefully plastered down on both sides, but amazingly full of knowledge. Next him Senator Anthony, and opposite me Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian, — good-looking, quiet, a little deaf, — Colonel Bliss, Mrs. Bancroft's son, pleasant and gentlemanly, and Judge Swayne, — a little out of the beat of ordinary dinners. Three of them, at least, I had never dined with, besides the host and hostess. We had an elegant dinner of courses, and a great deal of all sorts of rambling talk about literature and life; very little of politics. We left the table in foreign fashion, Mr. B. accompanying me to the dining-room door and Judge Swayne Mrs. B., and leaving us. Mr. Bancroft complimented me, and kissed my hand again; and I saw Senator Anthony looking straight at me all the time, and, I doubt not, bursting with laughter internally. J. S. came to accompany me home before the gentlemen came in again, and I thought it would be nice for him to see the Bancrofts, and the room, so I had him come in. We looked at all the pretty things. The parlors are covered with a big pattern Turkey carpet; the front parlor has red silk furniture, and curtains, with circular divan; the back parlor

green, with centre-table, carved and gilt, and many pictures, — among others a portrait of the Emperor William, of Germany, painted on purpose for Mr. Bancroft, and presented by the emperor on his departure from Berlin, — also a portrait of Mr. Bancroft himself; also book of photographs of the great folk abroad. Mr. H. R. Brown, the sculptor, called upon me late in the P.M., and we had an interesting talk, verging towards Spiritualism at the end, in which I found him a sort of believer. The Montgomerys of Oregon, Burleighs of Maine, and Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania were here, the latter a very interesting talker. Later in the evening Mr. Pike called; also Mr. Kasson, a very gentlemanly and agreeable M.C., from Iowa, I believe; also Judge Hoar. Monday called at Dr. Rankin's. He is always bright, frank, agreeable, and interesting. Had at dinner Charles Francis Adams' youngest son, Brooks Adams, one of four clever sons, a gentlemanly and intelligent young man, worthy the name he bears; Cabot Lodge, son of a merchant who used to be a friend of Eben Stanwood's, a very promising young man; Mr. Lamar, M.C. from Mississippi, formerly rebel general, now a Democrat, but a gentleman, and apparently candid and patriotic; Mr. Roberts, editor of a Utica paper and M.C.; J. S. Pike, to whom I gave a *N.Y.*; Mr. Bowles, editor of "Springfield Republican;" Mr. Haskell, editor of "Boston Herald," and Mr. Bowles thinks one of the most talented men on the press, and who is trying to bring the "Herald" up; and Carl Schurz. It was an excellent company. Lodge and Adams were athirst for political talk. Adams said he never enjoyed a dinner so much in his life. They are enjoying their Washington visit with an

almost amusing enthusiasm. It is a great deal for an Adams to be enthusiastic about anything. Tuesday we called at Georgetown, at Ben: Perley Poore's. They live in a very old, old-fashioned house, in which, I believe, Mrs. P. was born. You know she is daughter of Francis Dodge, and is her husband's cousin. They had all old-fashioned furniture, and looked sort of respectable and ancient. She and her two daughters are bright-looking, rather handsome women, altogether above the ordinary, well-bred, unaffected, and easy. The Bancrofts were very flattering of me, and appear to have read most of my books since they first heard of me this winter. Next summer one of the things we must do is drive over to Major Poore's Indian Hill farm, which is well worth seeing.

MARCH 29, 1875.

I shall simply put a chain-bolt on the back door, and perhaps on the chamber doors, but everything goes to show that we are in no more danger in the country than in the city, and that barred doors and windows reduce that danger to its minimum, — and another thing I am resolved on, that whenever a tramp asks for food or money, I am going to make him stand up and let me write with pencil and paper a description of him first. He shall know that he is an object of suspicion, and I think moreover that there should be a law passed that every able-bodied man asking alms should be put into the state prison. If he has got to be supported by charity, he should relinquish liberty.

APRIL 8, 1875.

MY DEAR: It is cold and gray here, though the grass is splendidly green, and the shrubs and trees

are budding. We went out to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum yesterday and made a few calls. One call was on Mrs. Sam Randall, whose husband is prominently named as next Speaker. He is a man of talent and undoubted integrity, and a very good parliamentarian. His wife is a good-looking, domestic, easy-mannered, and rather bright, attractive woman.

HAMILTON, June 24, 1875.

I am to dine at Dr. Smith's to-day at five P.M. I went to Ipswich yesterday at noon, — they took me up at station — wagon with four horses, — we drove to Newburyport, then by open horse-car to Amesbury, called a few moments on Whittier, then by steam-car to N., then drove to Major Poore's Indian Hill farm, then back to Ipswich, supped at Briar Hill, and then home at eleven o'clock. A splendid day and a splendid drive, but I was dead-tired when I got home, all right this morning. Lovely warm weather. Look out not to get overheated. Eat strawberries, but better than all, give up school and come home. Do you want to take a trip to Maine after you have rested at home awhile — a sail along the coast? I think we will.

Affectionately,
M. A. D.

NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

I know that even your flinty hearts will congratulate me that I have at length ejected all my dress-makers and stand once more, Maria, amid the ruins of my Carthage, monarch of all I survey. In this dread hour one star of memory rises, that I have

never inveighed against the exorbitant charges of dressmakers. I have bemoaned fraud, lack of promptness, lack of skill, failure in understanding obligations and keeping engagements, but never has this breast swelled with indignation at what they ask for their work, and never shall while life and health and being last and immortality endures, and I hope that will be a good while, for "the Unseen Universe" which I have been looking at o' nights brings up the law of continuity to bulwark St. Paul and gives me great hope. The one thing I want, and without which all the world — even love — pales and palls, is eternal life, is a real old-fashioned God who looks after you and follows you up and knows all about you. There is no sort of comfort in thinking of yourself, just only a protoplasm floating vaguely around the Universe, and if science has anything to say for herself in that line I am very glad to hear it. Well about my dressmakers, they are all very nice — the chief of the clan is a Conway girl, transported from her native hills to Boston — a handsome, pleasing, good-hearted, stout-hearted woman who throws herself into her work, and hurries at the last and is just as eager to get things done in time, and to have them look well as if she were going to wear them herself — and how such unselfishness puts us to shame — you and I who just do what we like for ourselves and never mind grammar! Number two is my own brother's wife, whose great perplexity in life is that she can't do everything for everybody, but who approximates it about as closely as any one I ever knew. Third is my neighbor's wife, gentle, lady-like, low-voiced, tranquil amidst all this tumult of silk and stuff, — and then my Maggie, who hurries

through her washing and cooking that she may sit down and blind-stitch, and kilt-pleat, and all that infernal trash, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven, and me a cumberer of the ground who oversewed thirty-five minutes and left the field in fierce disgust. My dears, who are the good people if not these who patiently do your work for you — not just enough to get your money, but heartily, as unto the Lord and not as unto men? Why, the very sight of it tires me, — so that I am thankful to have them gone, — and I think any world here or hereafter that does not recognize the rectitude of quiet, unconscious fidelity to indifferent duty is founded on wrong principles, and needs an amendment to its constitution.

Meanwhile, I have my Turkey rug to look at and I can sit at the breakfast and get a slant light on it, and the colors are so rich, and soft and cheerful, that they set my whole soul aglow. What a wonderful thing color is, after all! Have you pounced upon your rug yet? As I sat sipping my chocolate, I thought how nice it would be if you were all coming down here Thanksgiving-day! I want you so much that I would even take in the L. B. rather than miss you—and Augusta is very much disappointed. We would have all the furnaces and fire-places alight and even the kerosene lamps should only smoke incense. But you must go to Chester and it is all right. Pretty much the only people in this world who are worth while are the people you can't get all you want of. But I make of Fate such modest demands, I think I am a *little* more likely to get something than you. I don't flaunt my flag in the face of the amazed gods and say "come down and stay all winter after Thanksgiving" — but I beg timidly for just a day or

two. However, the amazed gods would not escape me by the skin of their teeth if I were not holden by cords. Let us thank Heaven that we are all well this fearful fall. Has not the weather fallen from grace, Unitarian though you be? I fear for you in that flat and unprofitable Concord. As the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain said, though your inward man be renewed day by day, I fear your outward man may perish. My honeysuckle is transplanted, my grape-vine set out, my tin traps refilled, and all the sky and the earth is as gray as a rat.

My freedom from dressmakers is only a recess, not the prorogation of Parliament. They will all be back on my hands after Thanksgiving. Had you any idea how long it takes to make a gown?

M. A. D.

DECEMBER 16, 1875.

MY DEAR LITTLE INNOCENTS AT HOME: I think of you by day and dream of you by night. As I write—in the parlor—I hear overhead the stealthy tread of cunning women still busy with bows and ruffs. I think I am having, or they are having, their last “rastle,” as “The Luck of Roaring Camp” says, with my gowns, but at the very least they will not be done before Saturday night.

Your peaceful Concord looks heavenly to me, not only in being the repose and charm of goodness and sweetness, but also in being the land that is very far off. Do not think that I do not appreciate your frank and generous and long-suffering hospitality. You have been kindness itself, and when I saw you in Boston that day, although my fine gentleman persistently ran away from her, my fine lady was so cordial

and clever, and altogether large-hearted and delightful, and my languid blonde was so comically self-satisfied and tranquil in her new cloak and coming dinner, that I thanked the gods and took courage. But I am Holden as with Cords. Mr. F—— asks with ill-concealed contempt—Aren't your everlasting gowns done yet? and I do not fly at his throat, because, until the fall's experience, I should have had the same scorn for such a long process, but though I shall hardly care to try the same again, I am not sorry to have had this experience. A sort of new working-world has been opened to me. Do you want to know what we have done? White silk flounced and puffed, and swept around with scarfs of sewing-silk brocade, Valenciennes lace in front, crimped fringe behind, and both on waist and sleeves—navy-blue, puffed and pleated, and flounced and fringed and laced with cord and tassels—velvet basque, etc. Camel's hair dress made wholly, another camel's hair partly—a new brown silk skirt—a new navy-blue cloth and silk costume—a black alpaca—the pink silk, that you scorned, freshened and refurbished generally—the apricot silk that you bought re-ruffled, and renewed with an old muslin overskirt and bretelles—a morning wrapper of Turkish towelling, made with navy-blue velvet collar and trimmings generally—two circulars with fur—a bonnet retrimmed—two suits complete of scarlet medicated flannel, a new felt and satin skirt, and many other little things which I do not now recall. In view of all this, doest thou well to be angry with the “everlasting clothes,” and I am going to have a reception on Christmas Day, and I have had my town-folk to dinners, and altogether I am surprised at seeing what a busy and useful member of

society I am. Now, my dears, don't give me up because I seem to have put a higher value on the pomps and vanities of the world than on your saintly society, but come down and give me a ceremonious call on Christmas! and drink a cup of coffee, and eat a bit of cold tongue made warm by the welcome we shall give you. Next summer, if all goes well, we must plan better — I must plan better — and give over thrift and industry, and you come down here in summer when the days are long — oh! blessed summer — but I do not complain of the winter — I have discovered that, given a basis of furnace, the true mitigator, comforter, and softener of winter is an open fireplace and a blazing wood fire all the time. In my chamber the fire on the hearth has not been out for many days, and it sweetens the mornings and the evenings wonderfully. Who was Virgil, I should like to know, that you should weary the midnight oil for him instead of giving the world a piece of your own mind? Still, if you like it, Heaven forbid I should say you nay, but as for me, give me liberty or give me a very silken servitude with Valenciennes on one, and point on t'other. Don't imagine I have had a horrid season. The evening of the first day my workwomen were here, I was silently frantic, and would have given much to have felt at liberty to sweep the whole rubbish outdoors, but since then I bowed my shoulders to the wheel and have had all sorts of interesting experiments, and then you know you can touch nothing without finding life under it.

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 7, 1876.

MY DEARS: After you went down the steps and the big house swallowed me up, I went upstairs into a

big room with dressing-room whither Mrs. D. ushered me. The house is very large, with large halls, long drawing-room, and everything about it spacious, dark and rich—old too, nothing new, no shams to the beds, but the sheets hand-embroidered five inches deep, muslin lace-edged frills to all the toilet mats, etc., sounding-board over the bed, upholstered furniture, pictures, etc. For family, Mr. P. and wife, and daughter about seven, — the two older boys are at school in Newburg, — Mr. P's sister and her husband, David Stewart Dodge, son of Wm. E. Dodge. They have been missionaries in Syria, and he is now engaged in N.Y. work for the poor; also their five children, Ada, a dark-eyed, fine-looking, silent girl of fourteen, then Walter, Guy, Frank, and Hervey, the baby. The mother and grandmother died in October, I think, and they all live here in the town house, which was hers, in the winter. Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the "Tribune," with his niece, was in in the evening, also Dr. Bliss, president of a mission college in the east, Mr. John Phelps, a cousin, and some others. We had a very pleasant evening. I found them all very agreeable. Mrs. Dodge, the sister, is very intelligent, thoughtful, and gentle, devoted to her brother. Her husband is Dodge in color and contour, and even size, very good-natured and pleasant. Yet with all their wealth and their social position, and goodness and affection, and not having to make any one sleep on the floor, Mrs. D. told me that when she thought of her daughter, and what life might and would probably be to her, she felt willing to bear all the pain of missing her. Mrs. Dodge sat up in my room after we went up at ten, till nearly one. She has thoughts of her own, and is really very interest-

ing. I came away with a very warm feeling towards them.

JANUARY 21, 1876.

Will you tell me what you mean by the boys' courage? I should like to know what courage it requires to live your life when you are as full of life as a nut is of meat. Here is Dan chuck full of creative genius, and Will chuck full of critical genius, and you, their demented ugly duckling of a father, sitting in your office and crying out, "Oh! where *do* they get courage to quit sucking their thumbs?" Do you not see, sweet imbecile, that there is no call for courage? They do but live after their kind. The flowers which your beneficent hands have been too busy to train in your own plat will one day crown your brow from their grateful gardens, and will none the less be the seed of your own sowing, the plants of your own watering, and great is your reward in heaven and earth. As for me, I see that Gill has failed, and I expect to be as poor as can be this year. Still, I dined with the President last night. He has never invited me to dine with him, and as my clothes are all paid for, I hope to go on comfortably even without much money; though I have just received a call from a gentleman whose daughter is reputed to be worth eight millions, still I feel quite able to bear it.

I was at your friends, the Boutwells', yesterday, and they showed me some fans which Judge Richardson brought home to them from China, and they informed me that they bring their butter and apples and potatoes from Groton, and make their own dresses and sacks and all things thereunto appertain-

ing. Now, I have put on my old apricot — as old as the blonde's lavender — to drive with some Virginia gentleman, who won't know it is old, and it looks very well too.

JANUARY 27, 1876.

I have a very friendly suspicion that my poor little Gill meant no harm, and is simply without "faculty," and unfortunate, and I hate to bother him now when he is in trouble as if I were thinking about no one but myself, while his necessity is, like Sir Philip Sydney's, greater than mine. I am very sorry, for I think the book promises well, and would have a good run if it were properly published, but then as Job, or which of my old friends was it, who remarked: "Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And I have had an extraordinary run of luck in my long and eventful life — thanks to you, partly, young man; so I think I will make a thank offering by letting Gill go on awhile, and trusting that my virtue will be rewarded by good sales in spite of him. I see several notices of the book since yours appeared, which looks as if it were still going on. If anything comes to your knowledge which you think important, you will acquaint me, or do whatever is necessary without me; and if I see anything that I think ought to be done, I shall immediately summon you to the front, and think I am doing God service by supplying you with needed occupation. But I am only not surprised at your kindness and thoughtfulness, because you are always chin deep in just such tricks.

I will tell you one thing the President said. He had Gen. Sherman's book, read to the beginning of

the war, had to lay it aside then till he got to Long Branch. Meanwhile the critics got hold of it, and belabored it. He was angry with Sherman, for he loves him better than any one in the world perhaps, sat down at length to read it with pen and paper before him, determined to make a note of every inaccuracy, and have it out with Sherman. Result, he did not make a note! The narrative and statements were unexceptionable. Miss —, the Rev.'s daughter, is to dine with us next Monday. I have only had a glimpse of her, and she seemed a little prunes-and-prisms sort of woman, Bostony to the death. I believe she is very learned, but so is our blonde, who is neither prunes nor prisms. The old apricot, yes; but you should see the white floss and the creamy silk, and your best friend!

FEBRUARY 1, 1876.

I have read all your notes with a microscope. When I only read them with my eyes they seemed not only faultless but harmless. By the aid of the glass I think I detect the points that punctured dear D's delicate epidermis and even matronly M's more robust tissue. Neither man nor woman should see in it anything but such pleasant badinage and gallantry as they should enjoy. I suspect when the iron entered into their souls was the allusion to the publishers, as if that could influence the great advertiserial mind, and your little scratch at the art critic undoubtedly drew blood. People are sometimes omnivorous rather than dainty. They do not see that discriminating censure is often far higher praise than indiscriminate praise, and as in both cases you hint a little want of pluck in this organ of respectability, they are

shocked. You touched them on the weak spot, and they wince. But don't mind it. You cannot expect always to lie on the roses and feed on the lilies of life. Sometimes the winds will not roar you gently, be you ever so gentle yourself.

M. I think more highly of than do you. She is not only a talker, but a picturesque talker, and I like to listen to her, but there is a vein of something in her that I do not so much dislike as that it repels me. I have seen its shadow myself, and through you I have once or twice seen its substance. Any person who will be seriously vexed at such a note as yours is too exacting for smooth sailing in this world.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 23, 1876.

MR. W. H. FINNEY:

DEAR SIR: Miss C. L. Tallant has advised me of her application for the position of School Supervisor in Boston, and has asked me to send to you my opinion of her fitness for the position.

In response to which, permit me to say, that, from a very thorough acquaintance with Miss Tallant and a very close inspection of a very small part of the school system of Eastern Massachusetts, I judge Miss Tallant to be eminently unfit for the situation; and from the esteem in which she is held by those whose judgment is valuable, that she is a careful, wise, and thorough teacher; that she is a woman of ideas, of executive skill, and of *executive* conscience. She has a soft voice and gentle, quiet manners, but her eyes are as sharp as a falcon's, and in that part of the school system which has come within my vision she would instantly make trouble. She would

know exactly what was good work and what was poor work, and who did the good work and who did the poor work, and what money was well expended and what money was wasted, and how much of an educational reputation is sound and fury, signifying nothing; and instead of trying to make things go smoothly, she would give herself wholly to making them go right. You can see for yourself that she would be a very awkward person to have as supervisor. She has so much practical knowledge, so much of the instinct of a teacher, that it would be impossible to mislead her, and she is quite above cajolery.

As things are there is good teaching enough to keep the ship fairly afloat, and as long as people generally do not know or do not concern themselves about the difference between good teaching and poor teaching, why should incapacity be disturbed?

I think the few—or the many—real teachers would, if they knew Miss Tallant, welcome her coming; but the shams and the supernumeraries and the incapables generally might well wish her the other side of the world. On the whole, it would be much safer not to elect her out of private life.

Very respectfully.

APRIL 24, 1876.

I shall by no means send you my “First Love is Best.” At *our* time of life what have we to do with regrets? Let us take the good the gods provide us, and not look over our shoulder for more, like Lot’s wife! When I have anything to say that is essential to your welfare I shall see that you have it, but when we degenerate into sentiment, and silly sentiment at that,

the best service we can do our friends and dependents is to keep them out of harm's way.

There is not much to tell about the books. Another firm bought them whom I hear everywhere well spoken of. They seem to be frank and honest and they make no pretensions to magnanimity, or culture, or literature, so I think they may wash. Gill has gone down in the flood, and gone out in the flame, and all my infants fell through the floor and were melted, scratched, and otherwise reduced to their original protoplasm of old iron. An elegant Essay, which would have turned the world right side up instantly, and Held the Fort everywhere without Federal Bayonets, is unavoidably delayed and you must fall back on your own good works for the present. The spring is opening as fair and sweet as a rose-bud and as slowly. There is infinite deliciousness in this coy delaying and the certainty that it must come at last. The meadows are under water, but the hills are green, and there I perch in the sunshine and sing roundelays. Be glad you are not forced to listen to them. Mr. D. flourishes like a green bay tree, but evidently looks with suspicion upon all first love as reflecting upon him! I have given you fair warning. Don't waste your money upon frivolous literature!

If we could have the civil service reform which is talked about, it would be an immense relief to the Heads of Departments and to M.C.'s, but we never shall have it because it is a reform against nature. It is very odd that the one feature of Civil Service Reform, which is the representative feature with our reformers, is the one feature which the English government recommend for retention, viz.: giving power to the recommendations of members of Parliament.

Well, I do not know this young man, but his sister is an angel of goodness, whose brilliant writings are sparsely interspersed with what some consider questionable sentiment, but who has led a life of saintly patience and beneficence and well-doing and unpretending heroism, and more than saintly brightness by a long shot! and I have no doubt every word she says of her brother is true.

Farewell, thou much beleaguered saint, and sleep the sleep of the just not yet made quite perfect.

MAY-DAY, 1876.

The Sec. of War and Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, Judge and Mrs. Poland took tea with us last night. Mrs. T. is bright and handsome, quite fresh to the situation, and with some positive notions about society that will soon get knocked out of her. He is slow-going, simple, and good-hearted, a little odd and nice — how clever I can't yet tell. I rallied him a little on receiving Dom Pedro, which he took very good-naturedly. Between his last visit and this, he had evidently found out some important history about me! The Polands were in excellent spirits, and Mrs. P. much pleased with her reception and very appreciative of the charms of Washington. Tell Mrs. Albee we tooted our horns in praise of her, and it would be hard to tell which tooted the loudest. Dr. Rankin preached a very good sermon, and I hope he is recovering from the Hammond contagion.

4000 SPRUCE ST., PHILADELPHIA,

May 7, 1876.

MY DEAR: I went to the Exposition yesterday. Mr. Rollins' Bank is just at the entrance to the

grounds, and all the money taken at the gates is brought to him in tin boxes about the size of cracker boxes — all in fifty-cent pieces. Each box is emptied upon a table, counted and sorted. When we were there at five they had counted about 8 boxes and there were 73 in all. On the platform we had plenty of room — lovely day — did not hear a word of prayer or speech, but the music I enjoyed much, though even then I lost a good deal of some parts. The crowd was immense — well-dressed and well-behaved. After the opening was over we strolled around. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hoar were there and he brought me a glass of champagne — I drank his health. We went into the Exhibition for a few hours, and I think it is wonderful. You must not fail to see it, but it will be much better time next fall than now. There are acres of packing-boxes outside, and a great deal is not yet unpacked, and a great deal has not yet arrived. The display of China and Japan ware, Bohemian glass, jewelry, silks, etc., is most beautiful.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

MAY 8, 1876.

Mrs. Fish had been to Mrs. Grant's to help her receive Dom Pedro. He had requested the President to receive him in morning dress, as he wished to wear one himself, which I think was an impertinence, as it was for the President to say how he should dress. The Emperor wore the clothes he left Brazil in, and he must have worn his necktie from California—dusty and awry, with a good deal of his shirt exposed. Mr. Fish was both amused and indignant at Dom P.'s reception of himself. The minister, Borges, had

accepted the programme, and the Emperor should have felt himself bound by it. Even Mr. Fish's short speech he kept interrupting him. His man said he spoke English, but people did not usually understand him! Mr. Fish was very cool when Borges said Dom Pedro would visit the President on the 8th of May. Mr. Fish said doubtless the President would be glad to see him if he were at home. How would he come, as Emperor or private citizen? As a distinguished citizen of Brazil. Mr. F. said the President was not in the habit of making an appointment with private citizens, and at last Borges had to ask especially for a reception, when, of course, it was granted.

MAY 29, 1876.

Saturday, we were invited to pic-nic at Gen. Beale's farm, five or six miles out, in Bladensburg, where the duels used to be fought. Gen. Beale is the prospective minister to Austria, a very rich and highly accomplished gentleman, very fond of farming, has bought this old farm of six hundred acres, with an old house on it, papered with views of Paris, Rouen, etc., no furniture except a table and a few chairs. The farm people live in cottages outside. All the summer houses and walks are overgrown with weeds and grass, and lovely roses and syringas—that won't grow on my pebbles with any coaxing; horses chiefly on his farm. His wife is a beautiful woman, looking scarcely older than her daughters, very refined and attractive. I think they will be a good family to represent us abroad. Gen. B. speaks all the languages of any account, and is a fine talker. Gen. B. took the Russian minister, Shishkin, with his horses, Mrs B. and Emily with another pair. The

rest of us in an open omnibus with four horses—the Nordhoffs, Kate Hutchinson, Madame Shishkin, the Italian something, Count Lita, who is one of the real noble old Roman families, etc., M. and J., the two Russian boys, eight and five perhaps, and their English governess, the Nordhoff nurse, and myself. It started out to be a children's pic-nic exclusively, but turned into a mixture as you see. The President goes out there two or three times a week to sit on the piazza and smoke where no one can get at him. We just lay around and talked and lounged and strolled, and enjoyed it much, lunched at two or thereabouts, in all sorts of chairs,—the children on the floor, and the low window seats, with their plates on the floor, table spread with inverted dishes, and those of us who had rocking-chairs using them at intervals. Milk and butter and eggs from the farm, likewise broiled chicken, sandwiches, cake, etc., hot coffee and claret. After lunch the gentlemen strolled out on the piazza, and Madame Shishkin took out her box of cigarettes and smoked as naturally as any man of them all, besides giving one to Mamie Beale, whom she has taught to smoke and who pretends to like it; but I think it is more to be foreign and sensational than from real liking. I should think the Shishkin smoked half a dozen cigarettes during the day, two in the carriage going home. It was odd enough to see her lighting her cigar from Count just like a man. She is stout, hearty, dark, homely, plainly dressed, looked as if she had made butter and cheese all her life and got a good living by it. The little boys were extremely clever and interesting, and well-bred, perfect little gentlemen, yet boyish and frolicsome withal. Judge

Allen was in—a Maine man—now Judge in Sandwich Islands.

[TO JUDGE FRENCH.]

AUGUST 5, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY: I heartily rejoice that you owe the opportunity to your own self and character solely, and to the best part of yourself, your constant, unproclaiming kindness, your goodness, your loyalty to duty, your chivalry to weakness, your goodness that tries to conceal itself under badinage. I hope you will not need to go on quite yet, not till you have had a chance to look at Dan a few minutes, who I suppose is at this instant setting foot on Boston wharf, or Concord soil. Pleasant news rather to greet him. I don't see why he can't go on to Washington and spend the winter and sculp with you. I am heartily glad you have made up your body to do the thing which you had already made up your mind for. What the country wants is such men as you, and no Pecksniffian reform which is infinitely blacker than the guilt to which it is applied, as much as hypocrisy and malice are worse than mere self-seeking.

AUGUST 25, 1876.

Your letter was very nice. There are some things, mind you, I say *some* things, I am not going to flatter you, in which you are just perfect. In many others you need much severe but salutary discipline. But it seems to me that you are making rather long hours. To be sure, it is good enough for you, because you have always been complaining

of not having enough to do. I am glad the five hundred women are given over to you, though I fear even your patience will be sorely tried. Don't. Even if they are numerous and unreasonable, their necessity is great. It was pitiful always, because there are always so many more persons than places, and a woman begging for a place to work is so out of line with the Universe, when men were made to work for them. But last winter it was infinitely worse than I ever knew it before. Men and women both were in trouble. And there are so many who seem to have no self-controlling power. They shine only in borrowed light and move with borrowed impulse, being in themselves merely opaque and inert. Two African missionaries never, I suppose, went out to Hottentot with more blameless motives, or more just purposes, than you and Mr. Morrill went to Washington. And why may we not suppose that other office-holders are the same? Of course when responsibility is so remote, there cannot be quite the same sense of it in each individual, but allowing for that, I believe you will find throughout your department as much fidelity as is to be found in any private workshop.

We went to the Asylum last Saturday, a dreary pile of wasteful brick, whose only merit is that it gives my nephew steady employment in civil engineering for two summers. The dismantled house is anything but pleasant to look at. Nothing is left there of age but its deformity and squalor. To-day we are going to the camp-meeting, by a lovely walk across the fields and to pic-nic in the vicinity with some friends. For the camp-meeting itself I have the smallest admiration. A dusty, crowded, swampy

vulgar religion seems to me no better, — to say the least, — than a clean and courteous immorality. But that does not mean that you should choose either. Our own grounds are given up to Roman wormwood, and I think we shall have to take strong measures, probably a cow. You would never think it, but farming is my strong point. It has hitherto been rather jostled out by politics and literature, but wait till Diocletian and I betake ourselves to cabbages! Let me thank you again for your friendly and most reasonable letter and assure you that, whatever comes, I know that you are all right. I don't know anything that I think of with more satisfaction just now than you. I have not felt so jubilant over you for many a year.

[A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.]

This will be handed you by —, the young gentleman of whom I wrote you. I have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance; but his sister is brighter than any twenty-five men in the Treasury below the office of Assistant-Secretary, and good enough to cover a multitude of sins, though this young man, to the best of my knowledge and belief, has never had the reputation of committing any. Whatever service you may be able to render him will, I think, be to the country's advantage, and will be very gratefully appreciated by your sub-Assistant-Secretary and Friend-in-chief,

MARY A. DODGE.

HAMILTON, MASS., Aug. 30, 1876.

HAMILTON, Sunday night, 1876.

MY DEAR: There is no use in blinking it out of sight. It is Sunday night, but I know it will be impossible to write you to-morrow morning before 7 A.M., when I propose to start for the station to see Miss —— and give her the cider which I propose to rise early enough to put into some bottles if they will by any means be induced to go into Mrs. Chaplin's basket. H. W. P. went with me to station and got the fruit. Pretty soon after we left the station a benevolent looking old gentleman came along with a covered wagon, and I asked him if he would take the baskets and leave them on the sidewalk at the first house beyond the school-house. Miss P. feared we should never see them again, but when we got home, there they were safe and sound. They are delicious. This A.M. by previous arrangement we went to Ipswich. When I heard the rain pouring in the night, I thought we should certainly be detained from the sanctuary, but about half-past eight it cleared, so we breakfasted and dressed leisurely, and at about ten A.M. we started. As the horse was turned that way and I did not like to turn him, we concluded to go backside way, and though H's man came out before we got in, I thought it was not worth while to change our minds, so we *went* backside way. The white horse and Edna's phaeton. The day was lovely, just enough to screen us from the sun, — water-proofs against splashing. Miss P. took the whip and I the reins — the air mild and clear, the woods and fields beautiful, and we had a most delightful drive. H. was exceedingly interested in the old family and local history of the Backside, had always heard of

Backside of Hamilton, and thought it was some forlorn place. We reached Mrs. Cowles' about ten minutes before twelve, before any one had come from church, but S. came before we got into the house and took the horse to their stable. We talked all of us till dinner — Mrs. Cowles seemingly just as bright and happy as possible. Mr. C. interested and alert, and all went to church at half-past two — even S., who said to me in an aside that her chief objection was that she did not wish to establish a precedent, as she had hitherto not been considered equal to walking up that hill! After church, we sat and talked and S. insisted on giving us tea, and bread and butter, and cake, and squash pie, which we ate, though far from hungry, and started for home about five. It was heavenly clear and beautiful, and we reached home about six, feeling that we had had a most wonderful Sunday, and if this be treason make the most of it. Mrs. Cowles wanted us to come Sunday, as Mr. Cowles is occupied with his pupils most of the time, and I concluded that what Mr. and Mrs. Cowles wanted us to do it was quite safe to do, and the event certainly looks as if Heaven smiled upon us. You should have heard us discussing school matters to-day. Mr. Cowles would set the superintendents down in a way that would make them lame for a week.

I don't think they will ever directly pay the Southern debt, but they will bring in all sorts of claims, or try to. Now here you see is where my religion comes in — what little I have. Having done all to stand! I *think* there is a Power outside of us

working in us and through us, so the best way is not to fret, more than you can help!

I suppose I have a hole in one of my teeth, but it has been twice filled, and I think now it will last as long as the rest of me, and I think I shall let the Union slide. I went to church Sunday — certainly, to the church which is in my house. Do you think I am going to lumber up to that old barn when I have a chance to wash the Saints' feet at home? Mrs. Choate has been in for pieces of dresses for patchwork quilt, and I gave her all I could lay hands on. Do not the heavens seem to be in mourning over the earth?

OCTOBER 4, 1876.

Such is life. I too have nourished and brought up Miss Preston and she has gone off to Boston and left me. She pretended she was coming back last night, but when she was fairly out of my sight she sent a telegram to do duty instead, and if it were not for that bit of white bunting which she calls a gown, still flying in my closet upstairs, I should have no lien upon her at all. As it is, I think she will appear upon the horizon before taking her final plunge to Concord. As to the disposition which she will make of herself this winter, I don't know, and I don't think she knows herself. I endeavor to veer round so as to suit every change in my lady's tactics. There is a mingling of old probabilities and major-generals in that sentence which will commend it to you, and when having matured a plan and addressed me, — "Now don't you think that is imperative?" — I hope I have too much of the harmlessness of the dove, not to say the wisdom of the serpent, to say

no. I am glad you are so happy, though some of your past expressions about public life read queerly in the light of your later letters.

OCTOBER, 1876.

MY DEAR: I expect now to go to Philadelphia next week. I am having my apples gathered to-day. Expect to be gone a fortnight or three weeks — to Philadelphia and Vineland and shall perhaps steam up the Hudson. Come and go with us to the Centennial next Tuesday and we would have larks. Augusta is a great traveller, and we are going in a knapsack; every one says trunks are of no use and never found.

PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

Augusta and I came last Wednesday — went to Vineland and spent Sunday and shall go home early next week. We have taken the Exposition leisurely and enjoyed it much, but it seems to me I never want to go sight-seeing again as long as I live. I did think of going to Poughkeepsie, etc., but you can't combine the Exposition with anything else, and after we have seen our fill, I only want to go home, and be clothed and in my right mind.

I went to C. Monday and found the Stowes in excellent preservation. Mrs. Stowe is as dreamy and quaint and the professor as rollicking as if no cloud had ever dimmed the sunshine. I said nothing in particular, of course, except just as I was coming away, — that they might not think I *could* not say anything, — and then only to be glad they had stood it so well, and to assure them that I felt it was only a passing cloud, etc. [The Byron controversy]. They

have a hundred orange trees, and Prof. S. declares average 2,500 oranges a tree, but Mrs. S. insists only 75,000 to the plantation, — but these bring from two to three dollars a hundred on the spot, which is better than my hay.

OCTOBER 16, 1876.

DEAR MR. WARD [of the "Independent"]: I fear I send you a great deal "too much pork for a shilling," but you can divide the paper and treble the pence and so mend both your affairs and mine, if you prefer it.

Always truly,

M. A. DODGE.

HAMILTON, December 15, 1876.

If you could tell me whether this wind is going to blow up another such impish storm as the one we had last Saturday, which indeed began Friday, and we thought gave it up Saturday morning and let the sky get all blue, but it was only to turn up its sleeves and take a fresh start. I think I know now what the Western man meant when he said a tornado just sat on its hind legs and howled, and I don't blame Will French for leaving those prairies and coming here. I hear he was to lecture in Cambridge Tuesday night, and I expect to hear from Augusta an account of his triumph, if she mustered courage to go into any public hall after this. I don't know but that my timidity will take the form of being afraid to go to church, though any person who should survey the sparse population in our poor, little old meeting-house would think the last thing to be apprehended there was a jam. I greatly fear our minister would say it was

much harder here to get people in than to get them out.

A week from Monday is Christmas, and we had such a merry party last year, that I think I shall try it again this year, and shall be happy to see you all. The only trouble last year was that, whereas I only invited people to call, they would stay all day. In vain I told them that in Washington people only stayed long enough to take a cup of coffee. They would not go till night, and then they only were gone long enough to bring their wives and daughters, and spend the evening! With this little provisional preliminary, you and yours are cordially invited to call.

I suppose all slander is not a lie. The truth itself may be twisted into a slander.

HAMILTON, December 27, 1876.

My party was a great success. We had twenty-seven here, first and last, and they said they enjoyed every minute, and they all ate and drank, and left twelve basketfuls of fragments, and said they would come next year and eat the rest. And we made a few presents, and received a few, and had a right nice time — and if I stay at home this winter, I think I must fête the town first and last, and signalize my presence.

FEBRUARY 6, 1877.

Your conclusions and comments on the Electoral Commission are as just as if I had made them myself. I don't think I can give you any fresher information than you have. •

The party last evening was quite brilliant, though not in full dress. I sat in one seat all the time, in

my navy-blue, had a great many and very urgent invitations to dance and to promenade, from the Governor down, but kept my seat fervently. Did I tell you that Gill is keeping back the *brochure* till Moody and Sankey have brought the public mind up to a fervid buying point? Quite a friend of the mammon of unrighteousness! in Gill. One good day's work will finish the novel, and I shall send it off within a few days, I think, but perhaps they will not take it, for it is very thin. I shall print it sometime and somewhere, however, thin or thick. Can't let so many days' work go for nothing.

Went to church in A.M., and visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction Sunday P.M., according to Scripture — Mrs. C., who broke her leg a month ago, but is serene, and doing well. I went in town also, and saw Miss P. in her new house. She has a comfortable room, open fire, etc., but below the reservoir, and in a gloomy place, I think, and she is tolerably happy there — a great deal more so than she would have been in Washington, with us away, but she is still ground under the heel of a rascally publisher, who does not even go through the forms of honesty. Mr. Whittier is visiting at Gov. Claflin's, and we called around to see him. Found him suffering a little from headache, but otherwise flourishing. I went to various picture-shows — Miss M's among others. She gave me some pinks she had painted for me, and she has a lovely picture from Allen's Hill, taking in Cutler's Pond, the church, etc., not yet finished. I ought to buy it. "The Times'" criticism of Mr. Beecher is quite true — only that is the trite and only way to look at all the Bible — use your common sense — which seems to scare some people

out of their wits. Nobody circumcises his children now, but the command was just as strenuous as any other, and we are just as much under bonds to do it as to obey any other law, irrespective of the moral principle in it. If anybody shirks a principle in discarding a precept, it is his own lookout.

FEBRUARY 13, 1877.

We went to see the Modjeska play. She was very good — slender, graceful, and natural, but not so pretty as I afterwards found her when I dined with her. Then she turned out to have large, dark eyes, and to be very simple and winning. She is Polish and has a life engagement at Warsaw. Came to California for her health. Mr. Conkling was at the dinner and Gen. Burnside. Mr. C. looks fresh and well, but is not comparatively so imposing near at hand as in the Senate; his pomposity stays with him and is harder to work off in private than in public. Gen. B. is moderate in ability, but good-natured and agreeable, and has just sent us an invitation to dinner next Monday.

Friday I went up to Baltimore to see the house of a Mr. Walters there which was full of pictures, pottery, etc. One room is furnished in the Louis XVI. style — all blue silk and daintiness; another in the Dutch of two hundred and fifty years ago — dark carved woodwork, etc. We had also an elegant lunch of courses. The father and son keep house there together.

Your "C——" came after my letter had gone, and surpasses itself, — such staring stark stupidity seems almost supernatural. Now do you suppose I can hold myself bound to go and hear what such dolts

have to say of another world, when I see how wide of the mark they hit in this? Why, it seems to me they are the very class who were apostrophized as blind leaders of the blind.

At dinner last night I went out with Sen. Gordon, of Georgia, who was next to Lee in command of the Rebel troops. His face must have been pretty well shot to pieces, as it is deeply scarred, yet not at all repulsive. He seems not much like a Southerner; in fact, the typical Southerner does not often appear now, at least in drawing-rooms. He seemed to enjoy the eating extremely, and said he was a good cook himself; was pleasant and easy in manners and in no wise aggressive in talk, though he spoke freely of his experiences in the Rebel army. At my left was Lamar, of Miss., who is a dreamer, a vague sort of man with the temper of genius, if not genius itself, full of real timidity and self-mistrust, has to be praised a great deal, and is quite dependent on your kindness in company. Says "I was never angry but once with your cousin, whom I love very much, and that was because he spoke ill of a friend of mine. I did not dare say anything for fear he would pounce down on me, so I took it out in sulking. I did not speak to him for weeks. He did not know it, nobody knew it, but I did not speak to him." "Who was the friend?" "Jefferson Davis!" And again, "Your cousin, now, for all his bouts in Congress, hasn't any malice, hasn't really malice enough. But for mercy's sake don't try to put it into him, for he comes down on persons enough, if he doesn't always come down on the right ones." He says if C. should speak of him, or to him, as he does to some, he would shoot him, — that life is not so sacred

at the South as it is with us at the North, and he would rather shoot a man, or be shot himself, than be told that he stole.

"My wife has the most exquisite wit and humor. She is more comfort to me than the most intellectual woman. I go to her as the greatest resource, and yet sometimes when I go to her for comfort I get irritation rather!" I said I was not rich, but I knew how to be poor. He said it was not so with him — he was poor and did not know how to be; that was the reason his wife was not with him here, because he was poor. He lives constantly in fear of brain disease, is like a child, sometimes utterly depressed in spirits. Mr. Phelps was asked whom he would like to be next at dinner, and he said Lamar, as he knew him and liked him, but scarcely spoke to him all dinner time. I don't know that he would at all if I had not broken off short occasionally. I was talking with Lamar before dinner when Sen. Gordon came up to take me out, and Lamar said to him, "You are always getting ahead of me." When we got to the table, and he found he was to be next me on my left, he seemed to *snuggle down* as contented as could be, muttering, "Oh! I am in luck," and I think he would have kept me in undertone talk every minute, only that I had never seen Mr. Gordon before, and perforce turned to him sometimes, especially as he was my escort. Sen. Ransom, of N.C., was also here, who seems more like a natural born gentleman than any of the rest of them, perhaps, and Sen. Morgan, of Alabama, who came in after all the others, so I did not speak to him till after dinner, when Sen. Gordon brought him up and presented him, and we had quite a long talk, after which he complimented me, or

meant to, by saying I was more like a Southern woman in voice and manners than any Northern lady he had met in W.

HAMILTON, MASS., September 7, 1877.

MR. H. L. ENSIGN, *Managing Editor* "*Alliance*":

DEAR SIR: That your letter should have reached me at all is a monument of sparing mercy, for I am not Miss Abigail Dodge, I am not care Senator Blaine, and I am not Washington, D.C. The fact is that the postal branch of the Civil Service of this Government is so preternaturally well managed that if a note were addressed to me in the outer moon of Mars I think it would slip around to Hamilton in the course of time. With papers they are less particular. Consequently your papers have not reached me at all. You must see for yourself, and being a man you will humbly admit that as a managing editor you have managed very ill indeed.

I always lay out my work by reducing my editors to subjection. It is impossible to accomplish anything so long as an editor is liable to pop up at the critical moment with a will of his own; when he is properly subjected the rest is easy!

I have a great admiration of Prof. Swing. I followed him in his bout with the Presbyters, and train in his camp as naturally as the discontented and distressed swarmed after David into the cave of Adullam. The only reason that I cannot form an alliance offensive and defensive with you is because you are poor, and I am a saint and martyr to the one fixed principle never to write except for the highest price. I know nothing of your finances except what may be inferred from the nature of things, but a religious and

radical and new newspaper, it stands to reason, cannot be rich, so I rub my hands together in the most unscriptural manner and say, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, but give you not that which is needful. When your ship comes home from sea, oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad! But so long as you cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, bless you, my children, bless you, but leave me my fatted calf!

With heroic self-denial,

Always truly,

M. A. D.

OCTOBER 3, 1877.

I shall not study up Cuban prospects till the Sandwich Islands and the Barbadoes are a little more familiar. We went barberrying for Brown, the first time in my life, and got ten quarts. Cannon was also here pruning apple-trees, and I think we shall get all our winter's wood from them. Yesterday we went barberrying for ourselves up to the pines, rode around into the Pike place, and up by the old house and barn, and past Lubber Hill, etc. Have not been there before for a long time. Saturday Mr. W. came and finished putting up our furnace. His horse and wagon were tied to the fence, and as the temptation was very strong I took it, with his knowledge and consent, down back and loaded up my old apple-tree wood, and brought it up to the front cellar window and got it all in; three loads. Mary Smith saw me at it, and came out and helped me, and Augusta left her painting to back the wagon up to the window, and it was gay. I laughed thinking of you, and wishing you could be swinging your feet over the

tailboard with me, and Mary kneeling on the front and driving. We walked up with the load and drove back empty. It was great fun, but Mr. W. could hardly believe it.

WASHINGTON, February 23, 1878.

A Mr. Story was here who, in the course of the evening, turned out to be a Salem boy, and second cousin of Frank Dane — his mother being a Quarles. He is in the signal service, also Everett Wise, grandson of Edward Everett, a very good-looking boy. Saturday Mrs. Ricketts sent me round a loaf of frosted fruit-cake and a heap of wafers. The last reception was very large, at times almost uncomfortably crowded, as I suppose the last of a series is always likely to be. Miss Booth of "Harper's Bazaar" is down for a few days to marry her brother, and I asked Mrs. S. to bring her in, which she did. Mr. S. was sick and they came with Caleb Cushing, who was as gay as if his four-score years were but one-score. I went in to see Miss Booth this P.M., and she said she was very much struck by the looks of the people here, that she never saw, in any assembly, so many noble faces of men. Your last long letter came this morning. I see that Will is to be at his carving again. I dare say Stanwood could have been an artist if he had only begun sooner, but then poor Simmons is around groaning for a job, so perhaps Stanwood would have been no better off if he had kept on carving cold hands.

Thursday Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who wrote "That Lass o' Lowrie's," called. She is short, small, rather stout and quiet, with brown eyes. Afterwards I saw her at Mrs. Nordhoff's, and her husband.

He is very lame. They seem to be nice people. She is very bright and amusing in her talk.

Last Friday at the Claflin's to call on Miss Jewett, author of "Deephaven Sketches," or something of that sort, — who is on a visit to Mrs. Claflin. I found her in, and Mrs. Claflin also came in, and Anna Dawes, who brought me home in her carriage, and Leonard Corning, D.D., whom I used to meet at Charles Storrs', who has since been in Europe, and has written a good deal about pictures, and who is here delivering lectures on art, I believe. Miss Jewett is a very amiable-appearing young woman — a friend of Miss P's. Mrs. Claflin is stout and cheery and benevolent. I spoke, when she came in, of the way we had taken possession of her house, making it ring with unseemly laughter. She replied very cordially that she liked nothing better.

MARCH 7, 1878.

Dr. Loring was much amused at being in the colored church the evening before, on the platform. Higginson was also there and addressed the meeting upon the effect of the policy in South Carolina, whence he had just returned, and that everything there was quiet and smooth, etc. As he went on the "niggs" began to grow madder and madder, and first one would groan and then another, till Dr. Loring said he was almost afraid there would be a mob, and Higginson had to get out of it the best way he could. Then Dr. Loring got up and smoothed them down, and said when outrages could be punished in South Carolina, just as they were in Massachusetts, he should be satisfied. After the meeting they all came up to him —

an old Hunker Democrat — and congratulated him, and left Col. Higginson to himself.

MARCH 8, 1878.

I suppose you think that if you had put your note in the Boston papers, injustice would come to a perpetual end. Don't flatter yourself. One of the strongest presumptions of a future life is the perpetuation of injustice in this. There is nothing in the world to prove that its Maker is a just if an omnipotent God. I have no doubt He is, but it needs another life to demonstrate it. My utmost stretch of faith is to postpone judgment.

Mr. Elliott, from the Smithsonian, came over and brought some water-colors that he had made in Alaska. He was out there on some scientific Government expedition, and he just painted these landscapes and seascapes. They were very beautiful and lifelike, and, of course, all the more beautiful for his explaining them. There were millions of seals, and a little of the human life. The rest was green water and gray fog and basalt rock. Do you know, by the way, where is the geographical centre of the U.S., east and west? He was gone about two years, and was of course charged with being subsidized, etc., but his report is verified. Gen. di Cesnola has sent me his book on Cypress, giving the whole account of his excavations and full of pictures, with a very polite note inviting me to New York; and Mr. Goodenow, who called last eve while we were looking at the water-colors, says he will bring me a photograph of Constantinople. He was our Consul there, so we shall have a chance to learn something about geography, and it is a very nice way. I never, certainly, knew so

much about Alaska as I learned last night. You remember the Beals who went to Berlin as minister two years ago. They came back after Hayes came in, but left the oldest daughter in Europe, married to a member of the Russian Legation, to whom she was engaged, I think, before she went away. She has had a very gay time abroad, as the head of the Legation was not married, and she was at the head, and did the honors — received the Duchess of Edinburgh, and has been around with her a great deal, and I dare say the young lady never had so lively a companion in her life as M. B. I cannot undertake to spell her Russian name. A few weeks ago Gen. B. went to California to attend to some business there. Soon after he was gone, they got word that M. had been badly bitten by a big dog which her husband had given her, and which had been her great companion. He had been lost, or gone, for five days, and when he came back did not seem to know them, but presently lay down and put his head in her lap. She began to pat it when he snapped up and bit her on the lip and cheek. Her husband seized a big cane and struck him and he turned upon him and mangled his arm badly. He dragged him by the neck into the bath-room, called up the servants, sent for doctors, took a poker, and heated it white hot in the fire, and cauterized his own and his wife's wounds, on the spot. Mr. B. came home as soon as he got the letters and the family are going to France as soon as they can get passage. Of course they are in the greatest anxiety, though they reflect that M. is in Paris where she can have the best medical advice, and she has it. The dog lived two days, and after it died was examined and found to be very much diseased, but they do not know that he was

technically mad. Did I tell you that I went to take out my bill to pay P. for the pew, and saw it said, if not paid in three months the pew would be sold, and then put it back again—no use to hurry if you can wait three months! Besides they won't sell my pew! Mr. S. called here to-day with his wife—a very pretty, modest little woman. I am the same, though I have been told, I suppose, ten times to-day that I am the greatest woman in America! I believe I was at last reduced to a grin, and bear it. Mr. Reid implores me to drop in a friendly way into politics, and as I had two or three articles all ready, I did. Don't know when they will appear, but probably will begin next Saturday.

The newspapers are great misleaders of public opinion. They are somewhat accurate, but you need a revelation from Heaven to know when. I went to see Lotta in "Musette" Saturday. She is the most amusing little thing that ever was, acts the little fourteen-year old romp to perfection in gingham sun-bonnet and real old-fashioned *tyer*. They say she is as nice a lady as there is in the country. Saturday P.M. we had to dinner the Chief Justice, Senator Edmunds, with whom I went out, Whitelaw Reid of the "N. Y. Tribune," Gen. Sherman, Sec. of War McCreary, Mr. Phelps, Dr. Loring, Mr. R., and Senator Alison. I had talked a good deal with Mr. Robeson about my barn, and he had drawn me a plan of his own at Long Branch, and spoke of it again at table, and Sen. Edmunds drew another plan on his dinner-card, and Dr. Loring put in his word, and finally Gen. Sherman said his advice was not to build any barn at all. I told them I was certain of one thing, that no

barn could have a more distinguished building committee than mine, and I told them it was all to come within \$500. They all planned for no barn-cellar. Sen. Edmunds said to have a little pit outside. Dr. Loring said that when the banks were first made National Banks, early in the war, I think it was, somebody came to Salem with a lot of old Exchange Bank bills to change that he had had sixty years, some thirty or forty dollars. Who do you suppose it could have been?

APRIL 1, 1878.

MY DEAR: Your work of high art came Saturday night, — more than promptly, — and was very gratifying, brilliantly successful, in fact. I thought I sniffed Stewart in the silk. You don't say who did the painting. If it were you, *I* should say you were a very apt pupil, but I don't know what Miss M. would think. To me it looks quite wonderful, and I should suppose silk would be hard to paint on, even if you don't have to buy it.

Paul's recommendation not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together was a good one, wise and wordly-wise as all Paul's suggestions were. He wanted his men to do what all men who wish to bring about public measures have to do — meet and debate — and more than this he wanted them to meet and keep each other in heart by associated religious rites. I think his advice holds good yet, and that it is better to have public religious service than to do without it, but I think our present manner of conducting this service, and a great deal of our standard of religious behavior, is so faulty that a protest against it is quite as much in order as an observance of the service.

Your speaking of Lamar reminds me that Sen. Gordon dined here again with Gen. Garfield last Tuesday, as I may have written you, and remarked, in private talk with me, that he was quite famous for devotion to his wife. It came in quite naturally, not offensively. The way I eat is, that I don't talk more than half the time, — unlike you and S. S., — and so eat, while the other fellow has a chance.

APRIL 6, 1878.

I dined at Gen. Burnside's last evening with a Mrs. Feering, who is visiting him. Sen. Anthony accosted me to say the last "Tribune" article was the best piece of political satire he ever read in his life. Mr. B. says a great many men have spoken to him about it. Mrs. Loring is a quiet, agreeable, lady-like woman, of excellent education. Mrs. Bancroft Davis seems to know about everything. I spoke of King Humbert's being the direct heir of the English crown, and she knew just where he forked off, and all the royal line.

I received your note to-night, and write immediately to charge you on no account to have a tree cut down — to use Aunt Eunice's term, with another application — as big as a knitting needle. Why, with your bare wastes and our few trees, should we cut down a tree for any purpose whatever? I would rather have the barn on wheels and trundle it about the pasture. B. has a spite against those trees, because they are shabby. I remember he cut down an old one near there when I was away, once before. I trust he has not already given orders to that effect, and that if he has the Evil one has not stirred up the Hamilton hand to a demoniac swiftness to do it be-

fore this letter reaches you. As hard as it is to make anything grow there, I would not have so much as a barberry bush cut down for all the barns in the world.

1878.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, M.C. from California, came in last night. She is Starr King's daughter, and he Bancroft Davis' brother. Their baby is named Norris King, — for her step-father, — which looks very amicable. Fernando Wood's two boys came home from school at Media last Saturday. I happened to be at the door when he came home from the station with them, and nine children got out of the one carriage, besides the driver and Fernando himself. The two little fellows looked bright and happy. They had a large party of little folks Monday night, and for several days preceding the children were popping their heads out of Fernando's windows and calling to the children in the street some new goody that they were going to have at the party, so that the neighborhood was pretty well informed of the bill of fare!

MAY 12, 1878.

The plough is going over my hill and upturning the sod of many generations, and how sweet is the smell of the brown earth!

Monday morn. It was as I said, the black cloud lowered and lately broke, and kept breaking, and is at it still, and I took one advantage of it, stayed at home yesterday, and read "Dr. Bushnell's Life." There was a man of genius in religion. With what result to himself? He was an ecclesiastical Ishmaelite. For a long time, not a pulpit (Congregational)

in Hartford would exchange with him. There was Dr. Hawes, grown gray in religious stolidity, refusing to recognize the prophet and seer, because "he followeth not us." In fact, Bushnell's confidence has upon me something the same effect that Paul's has. There must be an immortality to correspond.

Who is Cleveland, just put up in N.Y.? I never heard of him, but the comments of the papers look as if the Democrats had united.

[TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.]

HAMILTON, October 25, 1878.

DEARLY BELOVED: I never would have believed it possible that the pomp of this world and the deceitfulness of riches would have so hardened your heart and blinded your mind to the poor workingmen and women of your own county. Why don't you write to me? Why don't you come to see me? Why don't you say you love and admire me? Because you have perched on Oak Knoll, and are lapped in luxury, and petted to death by your cousins, and are nothing in the world but a sleeping beauty! When you were in Amesbury you seemed definite and local, but now I have lost you out of Amesbury, and don't find you anywhere else.

And here is your pretty book with your "Witch of Wenham," and I shall reserve it for Sunday reading, if only we could have a continuation of these October days to read it in. I have dipped in it enough to see that it is you, and that you are stout in the faith that we shall be enjoying better Octobers when we have handed ours over to our successors. . . . Gay deceiver, fickle and purse-proud, do you know that I have been building a barn — not very fast, because

the workingman of Massachusetts has so much to do that he cannot finish anything at once. But it has got to the point when it is habitable — Dutch hip, lightning-rods (not paid for, and already in lawsuit), box-stall (too small), turn-table (won't turn), hennery (made wrong, and too cold), battened (only battens have not come) ; still it is great fun to have a barn ; and if you had the least remains of a proper respect for me you would come to see my new fence and my new sofa. But you care for none of these things. Are not the fountains of Oak Knoll better than all the waters of my tank and cistern? Miss Preston is also like-minded with you. She has lost all her enthusiasm for good society, and is now prancing around among bloated bond-holders like Mrs. Guild, with her soul completely absorbed in Kensington embroidery. And as a result of it all, Butler will be governor of Massachusetts. I have not been over-certain of it, but when I saw last night a Butler flag stretched across the road from our post-office I felt that you all would have to come under the yoke. I say you, for there is no subject on which I have a more profound indifference than who shall be next governor of Massachusetts. My beloved State has sinned her sins, and I shall be only too glad to compound on Gov. Butler for punishment. And don't you be deceived by the hurly-burly about the cipher despatches. That a great fraud was attempted by the Democrats does not neutralize the fact that a great fraud was committed by the Republicans — not upon the Democrats, but upon the Southern Republicans, by whose vote Hayes was elected to the Presidency, and by whose destruction he fancied himself securing it. All my faith in a just Ruler of nations

would be shattered if such a crime could go unpunished. But how do you arrange the fact that guilty and guiltless will alike have to share in the penalty? I do not know how to dispose of my *overflow* contempt when I see the Boston papers putting on an air of injured merit over Wade Hampton's manœuvres in South Carolina. Wade Hampton's bulldozing of the negroes is no whit worse than Boston's consent to Hayes' betrayal of them. It is not so bad. The South awes those who will be sure to oppose her — unawed Hayes abandoned those who had befriended him with their lives at his earnest solicitation. Whatever Butler has done he has not consented unto this, and it shall be counted unto him for righteousness.

1878.

There is nothing in life but to go on perfectly self-poised, satisfied that you are doing what is best under the circumstances, but not unhappy if you are not fully understood. We have got to be contented in the last resort with our own self-respect, or we shall have nothing stable in life. The older I grow the more I feel that human judgment is a most fallible tribunal; that if there is not a higher and wiser power to decide the standard we are at the mercy of unreason, and that while we should pay proper deference to man's opinion the real dignity of life is to be independent of it.

FEBRUARY 5, 1879.

As to the expense, I am going to dine at Judge Field's to-morrow to meet his brother Henry, who has travelled much, and I will ask him about it. Went to the Observatory last night, and looked through the

big telescope — the biggest in the world — at the moon where it was just sunrise, and you could see the sun shining on the mountain-tops of the moon while their sides were still in shadow ; also at Orion, and saw the nebulae in his sword for the first time — all under the guidance of Prof. Hall, who discovered the moons of Mars, and who feels very sure of them ; says they will be around again before long.

I should rather like to travel leisurely around the world for a year or two — or, better still, live awhile in some of the warm old countries to take breath. We have been buying pictures ; found them in a shop, Hampton Court, with Charles II. in the act of receiving Louise Querowaille (“Madame Carwell”) and Eleanor Gwyn, and other beauties and beaux sitting in waiting, and some people playing croquet, and Pepys looking on, — painted by Sir Peter Lely, who was born, I believe, in 1612, or thereabouts. The picture was brought over by Lord Baltimore. Also, one or two other pictures over two hundred years old.

FEBRUARY 7, 1879.

I was at Judge Field's to dinner, and found I was assigned to Rev. Henry M. Field, to whom the dinner was given, though Pres. Welling whispered to me before we went out that he should not have come to the dinner had he not supposed he should go out with me, and now he found he was not. It was a very interesting dinner. Your friend Welling is as polite and full of knowledge as ever. Let me say, while I think of it, that the dinner-cards at the plates at Mrs. Field's were painted by a young lady who had been staying there. I don't see why you could not paint them just as well.

I write all my letters between hunting soap and scissiors. Every principle of politics is treated while going from the baker at the end gate to the plumber at the back door.

Poor W. is not so used to defeats as we are, and does not know they are but "stepping-stones of our dead selves." "That men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." There is a loyalty to truth more imperious than loyalty to party. Let P. and W. do the slaughtering, if slaughter must be, but Freedom from her mountain height will unfurl the banner of truth to the world, all the same — not as slaughter, but salvation. Do you suppose I am going to sit here in the welter of the world and hold my hand — take no part nor lot in a matter of which I can almost say I alone hold the key? If my word is spoken I will not, need not, speak it. If it is not spoken, I will. Meanwhile, I await the mills of the gods, and I know they grind slowly, but I mean to make them grind God's way, which is exceeding small.

H. W. P. says the big brain of Boston has overtaxed itself alarmingly in the endeavor to think out the problem of how Miss Phelps *can* have controlled the Cincinnati Convention of 1876, and she berates me handsomely for saying a good word for Avis, whom she abuses in an altogether unreasonable and indiscriminating manner. You may tell her if you see her. She says also that all I say of the squalor of the White House is fully sustained by other Washington letters she has heard read to friends in Boston.

You are a pampered jade, but you always did get by howling more than I got by smiling. Did you like "Pinafore"?

FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

At the Zamacona's on Monday it was very beautiful; the whole front of the two houses thrown into one for the evening, decorated with colored light in all the windows. It was like a string of great colored beads all around the frame of the house and of the windows. Evergreens had been set each side of the walks, and the houses were full of tropical plants. The communication between the two houses at the rear was made into a sort of arbor, all covered with green, with a waterfall of tin-foil lighted with colored lamps.

HAMILTON, October 18, 1879.

We went to Mrs. S's Saturday in response to an invitation from her. The house is on an island close to the bridge, with horse-cars going past the door, and precipices, rocks, and river in the front yard, beautiful. They have fitted up the old house with a great deal of taste, though Dick says every rafter was laid in blood, and she says they fought over everything, and Dick would slam the door and go off, and then she would be afraid he would never come back, so she would slam the door and go after him, and then they would return amicably in the horse-cars, fresh for new fights! Her father is quite broken down in mind, and her mother in body, but the latter is a tall, lovely, gentle lady. Her sister Mary is like herself, slender and bright, and altogether it is a most quaint and charming family. A. was extremely pleased with all.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly seem to live in clover. Mrs. Kelly is stout, and makes a nice looking old lady. Mr. Kelly would be a nice looking old gentleman if

he would get a set of upper teeth. Their house is very large, swell-fronts, and spacious rooms.

Mrs. McK. has a houseful of boarders, and is on the full jump all the time. Wednesday three of these boarders called on me, and as I did not think of their being absolute strangers I went in to see them, and was mad enough when I found they had come from bold, brazen curiosity, though I did not actually go at them with the tongs and shovel.

Mr. Baxter's confirmation — I have written him a letter of congratulation. Senator Edmunds said — and some others — that he was infinitely better fitted to sit on the Supreme Bench than Harlan, who was appointed. His character was well overhauled before the Senate, though in executive session, and therefore secret. Among other things, a letter was read from the late Parson Brownlow, taking back everything he had said against him. Another said that he used to be in North Carolina, and that they tried to get rid of him, and somebody challenged him — thinking he would not fight, being a church member. He accepted the challenge, and when the time came, stood up before his antagonist — with his hands at his side — and let him fire twice, making no attempt at returning the shot, and, I think, having no weapons. The second shot hit him in the hand. He asked the man if he wanted another shot, and, he said he did not, that he was satisfied. He then said to him: "You are a dirty dog! Never speak to me again," and walked off.

DECEMBER 10, 1879.

I drove Miss P. home yesterday and came back alone through the mild, still, splendid winter world, and wished that politics might take a winter rest with

nature. But politics is like heaven — there is no night there. Meanwhile I keep my mortgages and my notes where Chaucer's scholar kept his books, at my bed's head, and lug them around from pillar to post as business moves me, and await your appearance with a patience born of long experience.

Miss P. went to the Holmes' breakfast for once in her life, and is so thoroughly satisfied that she never wishes to go again. I have got a new sofa-bedstead in the library, so that I consider I have built an additional bed-room to the house, and the wind of winter is so tempered to us shorn lambs that we are very comfortable even in our Bleak House. Sometimes one furnace won't burn, and sometimes the other, but they seldom both flop at once, and as the house is rambling, we ramble with it, migrating from one quarter to another with every change of the wind. My neighbor is pleasing me by putting up new fences and pulling down old shanties, so I shall have nice things to look at, and we are all well and making Xmas presents, thirteen to the dozen.

Capt. Gregory has planted me a woodbine and a grape vine, under whose shadow I invite you all to sit and pull grapes to your liking. You should see the way this Hamlet set up its knitting pins on Monday. I have already two mittens finished all but the thumbs. Only that part of wrath is to be restrained which will not praise God. It followeth, as the night the day, that there is a wrath which praises God. He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. The remainder of wrath he will restrain. The wrath that can successfully resist evil is not to be restrained, for the battle between right and wrong is always hot.

NEW YORK, January 27, 1880.

Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge has sent to me to come to dinner there to-night at six, and is to send her carriage. Mrs. Smith had a quite large reception yesterday — from four to six. Mrs. John Jacob Astor was here, in diamonds as big as cherries, and I talked with *her* and never even saw them, wine-colored costume and furs, very plain, looks like a German Jew, but is very good and benevolent. Fred. Flichtner and his wife, who looks handsomer than I ever saw her before, and lots of Thayers, Osgoods, and Appletons, Mr. Lothrop, brother of Rev. Dr. Lothrop of Boston. I wore my blue and velvet dress. Mrs. S. had beautiful flowers sent in, one a bouquet, a mound of roses as big as a half bushel. Mrs. Smith lunched with Miss Preston and Robbins in Boston, and she said they talked of “His Majesty, Myself,” all the time, and she could not open her mouth, and when she got home, made Dr. S. buy it, and had been trying to read the thing ever since and thought it was horrid. I went at it myself and fully agreed with her, except as to the first chapter, which was good, and I thought I should like it, and Mrs. S. was afraid she had said too much, but the rest is sensational, crude, and not to the point, and I don’t see how H. W. P. can call it so good. I call it a regular J. C. book. I don’t wonder he likes it. *He* might have written it, and as he praises it he probably did — full of battle and murder and sudden death and hints that never come to anything. I shall give H. W. P. a pounding for it yet. Dr. Smith did preach an admirable sermon Sunday, I will say, about Jeremiah, really interesting. Gov. J. gave me an account of Nelly Grant’s experience at Miss Porter’s school. The Pres. and himself took

her over from his house. Pres. would not let Mrs. G. go, for he said, "You will only cry and bring Nelly back." That night he and Mrs. G. went to Washington, but he said to Mr. J., "Nelly will be very homesick, you go over and see her to-morrow." So Mr. J. took his daughter and drove to Farmington, nine miles. Found Nelly pretty homesick, but comforted her — in P.M. came home and soon received a telegram from the Pres. to go over and bring Nelly to Hartford! — drove over again next morning and found Nelly on the piazza, hat on, all ready for him. She was expecting him, because mamma told her when she left, that if they made her study too hard she need not stay, and she had telegraphed papa. Mr. J. thought it was her last chance to learn anything, and he and Miss Porter talked it over and thought she had better stay, and she did not oppose it violently, and he drove back to Hartford again. Soon after his return he received another telegram from the Pres. — "Will you go to F. and bring Nelly to Hartford?" He telegraphed back, "Yes, sir," and drove over again in the P.M., making the fourth time in little more than two days, brought N. to H., and that was the last of her schooling.

FEBRUARY 2, 1880.

Ex-Gov. Jewell is brother to Harvy Jewell, whose daughter married the youngest son of Wm. E. Dodge. At the wedding Mr. D. wanted to "show families," so they divided off, — Mr. D., his wife, seven sons and their wives and children on one side and old Mrs. Jewell, the Gov.'s mother, with her five sons, two daughters, and their families on the other, and it must have been a good deal of a

show. Mrs. D. sent her carriage for me Tuesday night. It was very rainy. It stopped and took in Miss Strong, daughter of Supreme Judge, of Washington, whom I knew very well. The house is very large and magnificent, upstairs and down, and the owners very happy, apparently. Gov. J. says Mrs. D. has never buttoned or unbuttoned her boots in her life. Mr. D. always does it for her. She is gentle, modest, and motherly. He has the least little spice of the manner of the man whose wealth has given him power, but he is neither vulgar nor arrogant. I noticed that his son bore himself towards him with a deference altogether different from that shown by Will and Dan French, or the Rollins children, towards their father. There did not seem to be freedom exactly, still he was jolly and told how he used to drive with Melissa at six o'clock A.M. when he was courting her, and as a clerk had no other time, and awaked the man in her father's house by having a string tied to his great toe and hung out of the window. I wore my old white sewing-silk. Mrs. Smith and Osgood were afraid it was hardly good enough, but I was not going to expose my velvet to the rain, and Mrs. Dodge complimented me on its elegance and almost apologized for her own plain black with linen cuffs and collar by saying that it was only a family dinner. I went up to Donovan's Fifth Av. and tried on my dresses. The back of the white dress is brocade silk, the front of satin with pearl fringe. The brown is embossed velvet all brown, the bonnet is *calico* in red and white stripes, embroidered with gold, with a satin-shirred front, red feathers and feather flowers, — sounds more showy than it looks, — but Mrs. S.

wanted me to have red. Mrs. Lloyd Aspenwall called. She has great beauty, an excellent husband, two fine sons, and plenty of money, but is inconsolable for the loss of a little three-year-old boy some years ago. Thursday morning I went to Philadelphia, called at the bank to have Mr. R. start me right and give me a blank check which he promised to do — “the blankest kind of a check.” Found Ellen and all in the greatest prosperity. The piazza at the side of the parlor has been closed into a conservatory, dining-room filled in with china cabinets with glass doors, house full of vases and rugs, a new close carriage with driver and two horses, etc. Ellen in velvet skirt and brocade silk, and new silk cloak, fur-lined and trimmed with the long black fur. Her pastor is popular by reason of “going around grinning, and showing two rows of white teeth.” She has a class of girls in French History every Saturday P.M. Lucy goes to school in town and will graduate next summer. Yesterday we called on the Supreme Court, which looked exactly as if it had been courted right on ever since I left it last summer.

Emmons telegraphed his father congratulations on his fiftieth birthday with “may you double before you quit.” I went with Ellen to a jeweller’s to change some diamond ear-rings she had been buying. When her cook Eunice came into the room to take orders, I said to her: “You don’t remember me?” “Yes, indeed I do remember you, and the half dollar you gave me. I noted it down in *me* book, and it was the first one ever was given me.” When I came away I gave her a quarter, and said: “Don’t put that down in your book, because it is only a quarter and not worth it.” “And indeed I have entertained

ministers and statesmen and none of them ever came out here to give me anything." "Oh! Eunice, a man would not dare to come out into the kitchen to find you." "But I have entertained ladies of eminence, too."

FEBRUARY 4, 1880.

To-day we went to the Schurz's, where I always feel rather guilty, but his two daughters are very sweet girls and received me as cordially as if I had not banged their daddy about the ears. In fact, I dare say they know nothing about it. Just as I was going up to say good-by to Miss Schurz, the Chief Justice came up and shook me by both hands and welcomed me so warmly that Miss S. declared she felt herself quite embarrassed and in the way.

Gen. McCook drew up the Minority Report on the Fitz John Porter case, and gave me a good account of it — laying out the rivers and battle-fields and army positions on the table with bits of dinner-cards, salt-cellar, etc. Mr. Tucker, who is for Porter's exoneration and back pay, rallied him about it, and called the attention of others to it, and General McCook protested that I began it, and before long I called his attention to the fact that though they had ridiculed us for our quiet and harmless talk about it, the whole table was drawn in and engaged in the same topic.

FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

Calling at Mrs. Bancroft's, I asked if Betty Evarts, who is engaged to a son of C. C. Perkins of Boston, was to make a good match. Mrs. B. did not know. She was very fond of his father and mother, and very fond of him, but he was so young that he had not yet showed what was in him, — and we had some talk

about it, and Madame Outrey asked me if I considered money necessary to make a good match. I said no, and Mrs. Bancroft then asked me to give my idea of the ideal match. I said I would hardly like to give a formal definition, but would venture on the spur of the moment to say that that was the ideal match which developed in each by the other his highest nature, — a statement which received universal suffrage, — from all which we went on to talk about love and diamonds and “various games o’ that sort.”

FEBRUARY 23, 1880.

Judge Drake, of Court of Claims, came to see me yesterday, to say that his niece had as guest a Miss Aikin of Stamford, Conn., who has charge of a small family school and was very desirous to see me, and Mrs. Bridgman, his niece, begged permission to invite me to dinner to-day! I said that it needed no permission, etc., that I was much complimented, but for various reasons could not well go around to-day, but would call around in the P.M., which he seemed to think was very gracious, so I went. Miss A. is a tall, very handsome woman, interesting and striking, and declares she is fond of teaching, — used to be a Quaker, and told some Quaker anecdotes as good as anything I ever heard. She has a rich full voice, and her Quaker sing-song was never surpassed on the stage. I mended my Moschcowitz dress all the morning, only to find after I had it on that the sleeves were ripped under the arm, but I thought I would risk it by keeping my arm down. When I went to put on my boa at Mrs. Bridgman’s I found that one end of the satin ribbon had come off, so a girl was despatched for needle

and thread to sew it on. I had hardly gone ten steps from the house before the high wind blew my bonnet nearly off and I went back to readjust it. "There," said Mrs. B., "I will tell you just what I was saying to Miss Aiken. How do you suppose that woman feels to be so brilliant, and know she is going right into another house and be just as brilliant there?" I told her it felt exactly as if my bonnet were coming off. I went to Mr. Bancroft's, met Mrs. Gen. Sherman just coming out, who said she was so glad to see me she had a great mind to hug me right in the street, and was so glad I called the other day, though she was ill herself, — but the little Chilian, sister of Mrs. Kilpatrick, was crazy to see me, and was there that day. Old Mr. Corcoran was at Mrs. Bancroft's, and Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, and her friend, Mrs. Gardiner, of B. Mr. Winthrop greeted me like an old friend.

Sir Edward Thornton came and took his place on the sofa, and stayed there talking a full half hour or more. He is quite interesting — not because he is a particularly interesting man, but his position and connections make him such, and he is of course very intelligent. His father was a diplomat before him, in the times when Pitt and Fox were Prime Ministers, and served under them, which takes you back to history. But although his father really made three important treaties, — against Napoleon, with Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, — he was never in any way promoted or rewarded, because he was not of great family, — was a new man, as Sir Edward is quite frank to say. He went out to Sweden with American passport, as an American under the name of Ebenezer Thomson, which was so much like E. Thorn-

ton that Sir E. said even his shirts would not betray him.

MARCH 3, 1880.

I went to Col. Bliss's to meet the Sturgises. His wife is daughter of the Speaker of House of Commons. His brother is something of a writer. Mrs. S. is quite plain, her sister, Mrs. Brand, rather handsome. I only saw — to talk with — the brother Sturgis, the writer, who has lived abroad ever since he was seven months old. Robert Lincoln looks like his mother rather than his father. I called on his wife this morning, and she says she knows I shall like him, that he is thoroughly good, and honest, and noble. She has almost everything to make her handsome but health, and I told her so and that she ought to move Heaven and earth to get that, and she said it did her good to hear me talk, — it encouraged her so, and she meant to devote herself this summer to getting well, so as to come out strong next winter. She seems very sweet, and simple, and attractive. Has been married thirteen years, and has three children. I walked to the White House with "Divine Guidance" — asked for Mrs. Sheldon, thinking it might be too early for Mrs. Garfield, but Mrs. S. was out, so sent my card to Mrs. G., and was taken into the Blue Room, where Mollie Garfield came in and entertained me till her mother came. She is fairly good-looking, nice girl, simple and unaffected, says she likes it so far, but should very soon be tired of having nothing to do, and is going to school Monday. Mrs. G. says she is getting to feel at home, and I told her I should now dismiss her from my mind, and gave her the book for Sunday reading. I told her I did not see why, after this, she should not have a

very easy time till next winter, and make all her little improvements at leisure. Mrs. MacVeigh is very earnest that we should establish the wearing of short dresses till evening — no matter what the occasion be. I promised her my heartiest coöperation. I went over to the White House reception. It was nearly over, but the procession was still coming in. When the President saw me he reached out, took hold of my arm, and fairly pulled me through the crowd, and whispered, “Why didn’t you come before?” Mrs. G. told me to slip round behind and stay, which I did. Mrs. Sheldon said, “Why did you not wear that dress and stand up?” but I thought I would not be on hand all the time.

Emily Beale’s father and mother called on their way home from church, because Gen. Beale was afraid I had not been clearly enough invited for the reception of Lord George and Lady Campbell (brother of Lorne) Tuesday evening. Their daughter Mary is now in St. Petersburg they suppose. Her husband is in the Russian Legation. When the Russian Minister called here he kept crossing himself and muttering prayers, and his hands were icy-cold and shaking. Judge Woods, the new Supreme Court Judge, and Billings, who wanted to be circuit judge in Louisiana, were here waiting to see Mr. —. I did not know them, but told them about the telegrams, etc. A few minutes after I came downstairs again and they were still here. They got up as I entered the room, and came up to me, and begged to know if it was Miss Dodge, had long wished to know me, had judged from my talk I must be. etc., etc. ! Yah ! (for Charlotte). I am dreadfully sorry C. did not get Louis’ birthday bouquets if he wanted them, as I should have been

very glad to have presented them to him. I hope anything of the sort again may be bought and considered as my present. The taste of the wish was good.

Lady Thornton called, and began to regret that she had taken some English friends to the Senate the day before during the Mahone debate, thought the Senate less dignified than usual, and I reminded her that the English Parliament had a row (I did not use that word) a few weeks ago, but she said, — remember who that was, — the Commons, not the Lords, — and I wanted to say, but did not, that if our Senate was as stupid as their House of Lords it would be as dignified.

Lord George Campbell is short, small, sandy, short shock of hair standing out all over his head, glasses, but intelligent and easy to get on with; has just come from Canada, where he has been four months, and enjoyed every minute, skating, sleighing, tobogganing, etc. His wife is slender and pretty, daughter of a rich broker. She saw him when a school-girl on the Continent with her governess, on some occasion or other; said to her governess, "Why don't you speak to that little German sitting next you? He looks so lonesome." Talk followed, she sprained her ankle — he visited her, she married him at eighteen and is now twenty; was never in society till his wife.

To the Czar's obsequies at the Russian Minister's. I saw the halls draped and the Russian Minister standing like a statue taking note of every one who came. The Grand Duke Michael, the Czar's brother, who was with him, was godfather to the R. M., and telegraphed him to forward him the names of all who attended — said he yet shook from the excitement.

The room was completely hung with black, a table covered with black cloth, in the centre on which were three lighted candles and three books, gas-lighted, etc.

Gen. Butler dined here last night, and thanked me for the kind things I had said of him in the late campaign. I told him one thing was certain and must give him pleasure, that Massachusetts was more afraid of him than of any other man, and no sooner did he appear on the horizon than all Boston stood aghast. I said to him across the table, "Now, Gen. Butler, confidentially and all in the family, did you do all that down in Maine, or not?" There was a great laugh, and the Gen. said, "Oh, no! if he had done it he should not have let any questions go to the Supreme Court."

The only result of your "Common School System" book to my pocket is not brilliant. In fact, I can't find out that anybody is buying the book, though everybody is reading it. They even send to me to borrow it. Judge Carpenter was in the other day and took down the names of all my books, and said he should send to E. & L. for them, and Senator Edmunds said he should send for O. C. S. S. next day. Several have spoken about it, as it is read more or less. Mrs. Allen, of Providence, spoke of it, and of the Quincy Superintendent.

At Gen. Burnside's dinner I sat between Senators Edmunds and Morton of N.Y. Sen. E. is always bright and complimentary, but sometimes too pun-ny. This time he was serious as well, and we had some good talk. Mr. Morton is very rich and the gentleman of the N.Y. Congressmen, and seemed happy to be entertained. I went out with him. Mrs. Pendle-

ton next him and daughter of Key, the Star Spangled Banner, and sister of Philip Barton Key, who was shot by Sickles, — a fine looking and accomplished woman.

APRIL 9, 1880.

I am invited to dine at the Attorney General's Wednesday with the President and Cabinet, as the "unattached member" of the Cabinet. Aristarchi came around to see me about this Chios earthquake, and I talked with him about it; and Count and Countess Levenhaupt came yesterday. I went to see Bernhardt in "Frou-Frou," and was far more pleased than I expected to be. She is very graceful, with a charming voice and enunciation, and great force and naturalness.

MAY 3, 1880.

The young man, a scientist and enthusiastic, was at the Senate all the time during the Geneva award debate, and it was very droll to sit by him and hear him whisper anathemas at Conkling, and tell gleefully how the Western men would "split him down the back" when they got him at Chicago.

I had a very nice time at the lunch — all young ladies, who evidently thought I was to be held in respect! Mr. Evarts' two daughters, and his girls are all nice; one of them is to be married soon to C. C. Perkins' son, of Boston; Anna Dawes, who is as bright as can be; Miss Mitchell, of Kentucky, very handsome and bright; Judge Harlan's daughter, of whom every one speaks highly; Miss Hale, Mrs. Hill's young sister from Providence; Senator Edmunds' daughter, an extremely nice girl; Judge Aldis' daughter; Miss McClellan, the General's niece; Miss Davenport, Gov. Claflin's niece, very pretty; and one

or two more, whom I don't recall ; but I don't think you would find a nicer set of girls anywhere, lady-like, clever, and everyway agreeable.

MAY 27, 1880.

Your little mock humility about my not caring for your letters was a ruse which your mother used sometimes to practise. I was never deceived by it then, and am not now ! Though I *am* very busy I sent three editorials to the "Tribune" yesterday, but am afraid they are too sharp for that paper's courage. If it is half as hot in Montreal as here your groanings can be heard up the mountain. As for civil service reform, nothing shows its utter futility like this campaign. But if you had read my "Tribune" editorial on the machine and the young Republicans, you would have known that all outcry against the machine is useless ; that the first thing its most violent opposers do is to make another. This country is too large to be carried on by hand-sewing. The character of machine work depends entirely upon that of the men who run it.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

The advantage of taking a Democratic newspaper is that you get Butler's speech in Faneuil Hall, which does it happen to occur to you to have seen in any of the Republicans ? Or have you seen the letter of the sons of Oakes Ames ? which seems to me like an act in a Greek tragedy. All of Butler's speech that I have read is the Southern policy part, and I should like to hear any Republican orator refute it on the stump. The Credit Mobilier and back pay sail closer to the wind than can be comfortable reading to your people who have to meet it. There is no temptation

for a sincere Republican to go over to the Democratic party, because the Democrats proclaim openly, and perform steadily, what the Republican administration has stealthily and fraudulently and cowardly done the last four years; but the Gospel is not truer than Butler when he says the Administration has done it! The mills of the gods have not even ground slowly, they have ground exceeding small and exceeding swift, and I never took in so freely the eternal beatification. Blessed are you whom men reviled and persecuted and said all manner of evil against falsely for his name's sake — because you stood alone upright when the others bent before the blast, because in the Credit Mobilier you not only had not taken but testified that you attached no blame to Oakes Ames in the proffer — when others would have made him a scape-goat, you claimed that he was as innocent as any other member of the flock — because in the Little Rock and Fort Smith matter you denied nothing, never struck to the storm, but stoutly, and defiantly, and splendidly, and heaven-wide asserted your absolute right to do exactly what you did — because when the whole North went after President Hayes you alone in Congress stood by your faith as firmly as before you stood by moderation and justice when the extremists wanted the Force Bill! Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, if I have the least glimpse of what the prophets and apostles mean.

My Prince Edward Islander I dismissed instantly for inhospitality and brutal manners. I am now living under the reign of Mary Jane H. — as good a little unlicked English cub as ever scorned her h's. Next Tuesday appears upon the stage Zoe Portiere,

when I hope to reappear in the ranks of civilization. Meanwhile how happily the days of Thalaba go by, and September comes so sweetly that we forget the summer gone. My S. S. class continues, and three young men, deaf and blind from advancing years, frequent it assiduously.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

Josie and her babies have been here — left Saturday night. The youngest is seven weeks old, and I have to give in that even a little baby can be pretty. Her mouth is like nothing but a rose-leaf petal. I put on her head a little baby cap, left over from my youth, that seemed too small for any human being, and it covered her head and flopped all over her eyes. The two-year-old boy went round this house and through it like a regiment of Vandals; broke my red entry-lamp shade, chimney and all, trying to ring it for a bell, and in many ways barely escaped with his life. As soon as it comes cool we shall try to crawl out of the ruins he has left.

HAMILTON, October, 1880.

Tuesday morning I had a letter from Whittier, begging me to come over there as in the old times, so after picking a few apples and writing a hurried line or two I started off. Found him well and most pleasantly situated in his old home, with a Judge and Mrs. Cate to look after him; and Mrs. Cate is a daughter of a Mrs. Batchelder, whom Aunt Eunice, Abby Rice, etc., used to go over to Amesbury to see. She came in to see me next morning and spoke with the greatest affection of the Stanwood family; said she felt as if she knew mother, she used to hear Aunt Eunice speak so much of "Sister Dodge."

Mr. W. is only in A. to help on the election, after which he returns to Danvers. I went to N. in horse car, stopping at Mrs. Spofford's, on her island. Dick's mother's adopted mother was the author of "Charlotte Temple." She and her daughter were there; she used to be a teacher, is a little hard of hearing, a stately and cultivated old lady. Then to Mrs. Spalding's, where was Lucy Larcom, looking well, and really much recovered from her late illness, which was a malady of the head, caused by overwork.

NOVEMBER 3, 1880.

It looks now as if we had escaped the great disgrace of Southern domination, and the great peril of a disputed election. For four months the respectable Republican Press has been industriously occupied in eating its own words, and it now says grace after meat as heartily as if it had been feeding on heavenly manna. The Solid North and the Solid South have arrayed themselves against each other with a more intense determination and a more clearly defined sectionalism than ever before, and nobody seems to remember that the great betrayal of four years ago was consummated and condoned on the one plea of destroying sectionalism and the Solid South. Now I think the solidity will crack and crumble; but the same nerve and resolution would have done it four years ago. You saw just as clearly then as now the true heart of the South, and you spoke out your surprised horror of the baseness of the surrender. But, strangely enough, most people did not. What surprises me anew every now and then is that the Governor of the world, who must antagonize trickery, seems to employ trickery so much as means to his

ends. He not only makes the wrath of man, but the badness of man to praise him. You would have led the people by the high road of honor, directness, and manhood to the high places of nationality — shambled along the byways of deceit and cowardice and baseness, and the people scrambled after him, and even we all rise and shout just as if we had come here honorably as an army with banners.

NOVEMBER 15, 1880.

MY DEAR: Our first snow; very still and moderate. Katy has got her clothes in nearly dry, so she is content, being a philosopher into the bargain, and woman after A's own heart — apostrophises the pump, boiler, clock, etc., and therefore always has good society. She is the oddest, drollest, queerest little sprite that ever was, and extremely comfortable to have about.

DECEMBER 14, 1880.

Snow-storm — train to Beverly — Stanwood at home, very politely left all their rubbish in middle of floor, and sat down with me. I was quite a toast, having come down in the storm, till Louis came home with Will's and Frank's letters, when I immediately passed into eclipse. Charlotte took one to one window, and Stanwood one to another, and became oblivious of my presence, so I went to Salem. That Miss R. is a character; she has a mania for travelling. Went to California, Yo Semite, etc., all soul alone in Europe five months, and spent \$600; vacation last summer in the Molly Maguire region, in Penn., and had meditated going to South America — all with her own earnings. Says she would not sew another day if it were not to get money to travel with. Will's

letter home on the occasion of non-news from Frank was calm, rational, philosophic, reassuring, admirable. Both the boys are sterling, and I don't know any parents who take more solid, if silly, comfort in their children than S. and C.

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 5, 1881.

Coming events not only cast their shadows before, but the rumors of coming events. Senator Beck of Kentucky called this morning to say that he was going to bring up his consular and diplomatic bill to-day, and was there any measure that Mr. —— would like to have introduced? So he took advantage of the opportunity to suggest that Canada is of more importance to us than many a little twopenny foreign power, yet we have no consul at Ottawa, only a commercial agent, and that it was proper we should set there a person of high rank and character.

JANUARY 17, 1881.

At Judge Field's I was introduced among others to Gen. Kirby Smith, who had come there with McCulloch, the actor, but McCulloch had gone out. I said how sorry I was I had not seen him, and Gen. Smith, in spite of my protests, went out and brought him back, and I had a little talk with him — told him how much I had enjoyed his play Saturday, etc.; only that I had a Northern Protestant friend who was inclining to the Catholic church, and he made the part of Cardinal Richelieu so impressive that I was afraid it would give her an additional impulse towards the church. He said that ordinarily they were apt to be careless at matinees more than in the evening, assuming that it was chiefly for children, but

that he happened to know this time that there were to be two priests present, so that he did not play off any antics, but did his best.

Last night Mr. Dan Dougherty, of Philadelphia, came. He is Irish, but was a War Democrat in war times. He is really a natural actor, and his telling of Irish stories is inimitable. I told him that when I thought Hancock was going to be elected my one comfort was that it would bring him to the front, which pleased him much. I went out with the Chief Justice. Sec. Evarts sat on my left. Mr. Evarts was in the gayest spirits. The contrast between the men each side of me was very great. C. J. is mirthful and good-natured, but has no more wit than a turtle. Mr. Evarts would laugh and enjoy his own wit, and then chuckle inwardly at the C. J. not taking it. Then the German Minister is very clever, and talks good but rather broken English, and makes the most horrible contortions of face in trying to get out his meaning. If I should undertake to report the talk I am afraid it would be rather with the lustre taken off. But when Mr. Outry said that the Secretary seemed to be in excellent spirits, Mr. Evarts said: "Yes; his foreign ministers had not been to see him for a fortnight." Speaking of Mr. Bancroft's eightieth birthday, he said hitherto Mr. B. had been underrated. Now he will be overrated. Wonder if you will catch the point? Schlosser heard all of Mr. Evarts' talk that he could, but lamented that he did not understand the language well enough to get all the jokes. He could understand all the first part very well, while they talked slowly, but when they got to the point it was "boo — boo — boo, and ha! ha!" I told him I wished I could speak any language as well

as he spoke English. Mr. Evarts said, dryly, he wished I could. After dinner Mr. Dougherty gave some recitations very admirably, both comical and pathetic. Last evening we had an ecclesio-political talk, he being a Democrat and a Catholic; but as he remarked that he considers me the beau-ideal of a woman, you will see that he is a man of good principles and good taste! (This for Charlotte.) Mr. Aristarchi, the Turkish Minister, was here Sunday night, and H. W. P. ought to hear him make out the Greek church older and more orthodox than the Roman. He thinks the Roman as much a corruption of the Greek as the Roman Catholic considers the Protestant to be of itself.

JANUARY 21, 1881.

The publishers of "Divine Guidance," like all publishers here, take their own sweet will to finish, but turned up prompt and plump with their bill for plates and pictures. You remember well that it was to be out by Christmas, and is not out yet. But if we make a fuss about it they can, of course, ruin the sale, so I advise only perfect tranquillity. Mr. Derby writes me that it is off the press now. The "N. A. Review" telegraphed me yesterday would I write a ten-page article on the Duties of the new Administration. I answered no, because if I did the Administration would instantly go and not do them.

FEBRUARY 11, 1881.

The Astors have taken themselves and their jewelry back to N.Y., but like here so much that they are coming back to build. Eight hundred thousand dollars is the small sum attached to Mrs. Astor's person in the guise of diamonds, and Wormley keeps a

special policeman to guard them at the hotel. I understand Mrs. Astor wore black pearls last night. Aug. might get up some India-rubber ornaments, doubtless, and call them pearls.

FEBRUARY 21, 1881.

I have got at my Sunday clothes, and gone to church in New York. In W. the churches are so full that I feel it my duty to give my seat to those who need preaching more. It would be very selfish for me, who have sanctuary privileges at home all the time, to take up the room of those who thirst for the preached word, so I stay at home and practise it. I went to Mrs. Horace Davis' in evening; a rather small party, but pleasant enough, only too many people talking of the pleasure they had in my "works." They may take all the pleasure they want, and the more works the better, but I don't want it thrown at my head. At dinner I wore an ox-eye daisy here and there — one on the back of my head somewhere till finally Mr. Robeson broke out that he always liked the steadfastness of the sunflower, but he did not wish to be the god and have that sunflower turning to him always from the back of my head — alluding to my talking so much with Mrs. Lawrence and not with him.

MARCH 9, 1881.

Yesterday the President wanted all the cabinet to come to the White House in the evening, with their wives. When the —s got home they said I could not imagine the time they made about my not coming — both Mrs. Garfield and the President. The President sent word to me: "You tell Abby Dodge that as long as I am in this house she is to come here

always. Any and every invitation to the family includes her, unless she is especially excluded by name!" Mr. Thomas of Portland says he was there an evening or two ago, and a dozen or so others, and the ladies wanted to be presented to Grandma Garfield, and were bowing and smiling, and begging grandma not to stand because she would tire herself. "Mebbe I shall and mebbe I shan't," perked out grandma. At a dinner the President told his son to take out grandma, so he went up to do it, but she said no; she had gone out a good many times alone, and she guessed she could now.

I was at the President's last night. Mrs. Garfield thanked me ever so much for coming, and the President nearly squeezed my hand off; and better still, says the Senate may take him out in front of the Capitol and shoot him, but they will never make him withdraw Robertson's nomination.

MARCH 30, 1881.

Miss Clara Barton called among others — the famous soldier-hospital woman, who has been abroad and knows the royal families like a book, has stayed with the Grand Duchess of Baden, daughter of Emperor William of Germany, and helped them organize for their army; wears the red cross herself. Letter from "N.Y. Weekly" wants me to write *Lives of Wives of Cabinet Ministers*. Letter Monday from Kansas newspaper; wanted me to write *Thoughts on Mother's Death, or Mother's Grave, or Mother's House in Heaven*, for a book; should receive a copy of book in payment! Monday I dined at Mrs. Robeson's; Mr. Ritchie, grandson of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, my escort to table. Mrs. G. said

she wanted me to talk to just as many people as I could. I learned that Mrs. Sheldon, who has been staying with the Garfields, is a cousin of Miss Hannah White. She is a lovely-looking woman — just that kind of serene, angelic face that Miss White and Amanda Ferry had. He used to be in Congress, and is now nominated governor to New Mexico.

APRIL 7, 1881.

Don't waste your substance at Arnold and Constable's, but go and see the obelisk, and remember that Joseph saw it too. I wore the beaded cape out to walk yesterday, the first time this season, and found it quite comfortable, also my fur tippet. Senator Fair called yesterday P.M. to say good-by, all gone out but me and I just going — said he was going to have my note framed and hung up. "Ah!" says he, placing his hand horizontally on a level with my throat — "the biggest part of ye is above here."

APRIL 22, 1881.

Last evening the President sent over for us to come and meet the scientists, who were to be received at 9 o'clock. Mr. James was there and came away around the room to speak to me, and I asked him if I might talk shop a little and made him sit by me and began about the letter, but had hardly got my statement out before Parke Godwin of N.Y. came along and pulled Mr. James up, saying, "You can talk with Miss Dodge any time and I can't," and took his seat, but I made Mr. James promise to have it out another time, telling him that as he was the ideal P.M., I looked to him for the betterment of laws, etc., etc. I did want to see Sterry Hunt, whom all Boston

went mad over a few winters ago, — Miss Preston among the rest. He is from Montreal, but spends a good deal of his time in Boston. So I told P. G. that I would say to him what he had said to James, and that I wanted to see Sterry Hunt. Mr. G. had only seen him that evening, but would find him and was eager to oblige me, and the consequence was that Sterry Hunt was pounced upon by three men at once, and the breath nearly knocked out of his body, but he was brought up and sat by me, and we had a long talk. I had expected to find him tall, young, and elegant — on the contrary he is, like the rest of us, short, middle-aged, and modest — brought up his wife, who has to use an ear-trumpet, and I was pleased to see that he was very attentive to her. Prof. Newcomb was there, and said how delighted he was to find I was not strong-minded. I asked him if he found me weak! and he kept coming, and wanted to promenade through the East Room, and finally insisted on coming around to-day to take me to Fort Whipple to hear him explain some mechanical apparatus of his, though I told him I should not understand it.

The President and Mrs. Garfield were here last night to tea, and seemed to enjoy it very much. We talked a good deal of theology, and I find I have got to keep the President conservative. Mrs. Garfield sent for me to come over Saturday. She wanted to talk to me about selling some of Miss Ransom's pictures.

APRIL 25, 1881.

I was at the President's last night to supper to meet Mrs. Admiral Farragut. I said to grandma after supper, "What do you think of this having company Sundays?" "I don't like it." "You

weren't brought up to it, were you?" "No, I was not." "No more was I." Well, she said, she could not help it. There were a good many things she could not help, but she did not like it. Oh! I said, Mr. G. was a pretty good man, wasn't he, upright and honorable? Yes, she thought he was. Then that was the main thing and she better not worry about the little things. Hm, she did not worry, she just went away and left 'em! I told her about my call on my colored brethren and she was as interested as could be. After supper a good many people called, but we came away early. I went up to say good-night to the President, who was talking to Gen. Sherman on a sofa, but he got up and took me off by myself and made me sit down again. By the way, Mrs. Ferris said she had dined that day with a man who had completely lost his heart to me, could talk of nothing else, — one of the scientific men, too, Sterry Hunt!

Last Sunday P.M. as I was sitting in the front parlor, a throng of gentlemen came into the middle parlor. Presently Gov. Jewell came through to see me, and said it was the Governor of Conn. and his staff and some other gentlemen who had come down to the Inauguration, and they wanted very much to be presented to me — two of them had been my pupils in Hartford; so of course I went out to the edge of the group, and these two were presented first — B., a roguish, nice young fellow, whom I well remember, and H., who was an awfully good boy, but not so distinct in my mind. He is a General. I told them they owed it all to me. Then the Governor and I guess every man of them came up. They began to compliment me on my achievements, etc., and I said

no matter about that, but is my bonnet straight, for I have just come in from a walk, taken by surprise, and no time even to look in the glass. This made things come down from the high horse. They assured me not only was my bonnet all right, but I had taken a position under and in the portière that was particularly becoming—so then we got on swimmingly. Is it possible that by any even chance posterity can get hold of these egotistic letters and hold me up to the howls of *hoi polloi*?

Yesterday I went to the White House to receive the Diplomats. When we got there the Presidential party, of twenty or thirty, were drawn up in the East Room. In a minute Sir Edward headed the procession in — all the men in the court dress of their nation and with their badges on, — a very brilliant pageant, — the Austrian in scarlet breeches, the Turk in red fez, and all of them covered with gold. I said to Count Lowenhaupt, “You did not wear these fine clothes in Hamilton.” He said he would if I had wanted him to! De Belle pounced upon me, saying he was so glad to see a familiar face. I told him his face was the only part of him now that was familiar. There was only a word or two with any of them, as they all came in regular procession, and of course passed on. Mrs. Sheldon says, “Oh! how bright you are and quick! I never can think of anything till it is all over!” As I was going out, the President called “Abby, come back a minute,” and, then in a whisper, “How did Crete (Lucretia) do?” “Beautifully. No one could do better. She has a fund of repose that will serve her in good stead. More quiet, dear (a little saucily), than either you or I!” “I want you to come often and help her.” “She doesn’t need

any help, but I will come just as often as you want me." Mrs. G. said the same, that is, to come often. I told her I was positively ashamed of her, she was so calm, that a woman could not love her husband as she ought, to be so quiet under his burdens. She said, "Why you wouldn't have us both break down together, would you?"

Saturday afternoon we went to the White House. Mrs. Garfield looked very nice in a rich, black silk, train, and white necktie, and is just as quiet and nice, and unmoved, and almost indifferent. I never saw any one take a great thing more tranquilly. She never did seem to care much about anything and does not now, and looks well too. President Garfield came in unexpectedly while we were there — not knowing any one was there — to have Mrs. Garfield go into the East Room and hear the Glee Club. He spoke to all the others and did not see me. I was on the sofa with my back to the light, but rose as he came up. He quite jumped at me, took my hands in both his — "Why, Abby Dodge! bless your little soul! or your great soul!" I could not help laughing. He always was a gusher, though I dare say a short course of Presidency will poke it out of him. We went in, heard the club sing, and then took leave of them to go around and look at the rooms, conservatory, etc., but the President would go too, and he drew my arm into his perforce, and walked me off into the library upstairs, where we sat down by ourselves and had quite a talk before the others came up, and I told him how glad I was that, if Mr. Blaine could not have it, he had it — and he seemed very pleased and grateful, and talked about his experiences, and the different advice he had, and the Cabinet, and a little gush to

me, just for sweetening. He has grown stout and was quite brown, but not so good-looking, I think, as he was. His hair was cut closer than I like, and he wore a turn-down collar, which shows his neck too much, but he was well dressed. Grandma Garfield came into the room after, or with, the others. It was wonderful to see the difference dress had made in her. She always looked alert and bright. Now she wore a nice black silk, with a rich lace scarf over her shoulders, black, and a white cap with lavender ribbons, and really looked attractive. Her cheeks had color. Inquiring for her health, said, "for honors are tiring as well as pleasant." "Oh, yes," said the old lady, "I'd rather do a washing!" The President went up to her, and said, "Why, mother! I haven't seen you for a long time." "I know you by sight," she piped out as quick as a flash. Afterwards as she was crossing the hall her scarf had slipped off, and was dragging away behind her on the floor from one shoulder. I put it back on her shoulders and said, "I can't let you drag your shawl this way, if you are in the White House." "Oh, la! *do* let me," with an inexpressible Aunt Eunice-y air of half disdain and weariness at the situation. It is extremely interesting to see her there, and to think how she has boxed the compass. Did I tell you that Gen. Garfield said he thought she would rather see him inaugurated and die the next day, then prolong her life by staying away? The President himself is the only one that seems at all nervous, and he not much. Of course he is the one that has to bear the brunt. I could see that he was not quite at his ease when he stood out alone before the club, but no more than one might be, thrust suddenly from comparative obscurity to be the target

for all eyes. The White House looks dirty and forlorn to the last degree. The lower halls and stairs simply scandalous. By the way, I was weighed at the White House — seeing a pair of scales standing there — and pulled down 117½. Inauguration day I went down to the Riggs House, at Senator Fair's invitation, and sat in his parlors all the time. I was as comfortable as at home. Several gentlemen came in, one an Englishman. Mr. Fair ordered up an elegant lunch into the parlor, so that we could eat and look at the same time. Mr. Fair kept pressing me to eat, "Ye're a good girl, but ye're starving." A man who has \$5,000,000 lying waiting for investment need not mind a little Irish accent.

Thursday. Have been out shopping to-day. I met on the street the Chief Justice, who walked down with me; Admiral and Mrs. Rogers, who had been to see us, and left a special message to me; Mrs. Montgomery Blair, who walked home with me. In the evening, several callers, one a gentleman from New York, who was introduced by a friend of the family, was to go back to N.Y. that night, but when his friend suggested that it was time to go he said he did not care, did not care if he never went, he would rather stay and talk with me! and actually did stay an hour longer, and had to wait over till to-day. I put this in for Charlotte's sake. In the evening went to a party at Mr. Bancroft's (the historian's), the only one I have been to thus far. "I told you so," said Mr. Evarts, "I said the reason you did not come to my house was that you did not want to!" It was musical — a Miss Reed, from New York, and Judge Harlan's daughter played and sang. Mr. Evarts said the true time to applaud music was when it was over,

then the people who enjoyed it would smile, because they enjoyed it, and the people who didn't, because they were glad it was over, and nobody could tell which was which! Jerome Bonaparte was there and his wife, who is a grand-daughter of Daniel Webster, himself a grandson of Jerome, King of Westphalia, and brother of the great Napoleon. Mr. Evarts sat by me till Mrs. Bancroft came up, and then he gave her his seat, to rest awhile. Then his daughter sat down, and presently Mr. Evarts came up as if to lead her away, but the moment she was up he slipped into her seat, looking very sober, and contented and permanent, which made everybody laugh. "Now," said he, as she came back in a few minutes, "if you are looking for a seat, you are too big to sit in my lap, go sit in your mother's!" Gen. Beale, Emily's father, came afterwards, and stood up in the corner, and Col. Hay (the "Little Breeches" poet and Lincoln's private secretary, now Assistant Secretary of State) asked to introduce Mr. Nadal, who is, I believe, Am. Sec. of Legation at England, and who is a promising young writer, and wished to know me, and as I had to leave pretty soon, I invited him to call, which he reminded me of yesterday at Sec. Sherman's, and wanted me to say when, and Mr. Bancroft Davis stretched out his hand towards me, across three or four intervening rows, and made his way in and talked to me about Prince Albert, whose memoir I am reading, and whom he had seen, and whom most gentlemen seem to think a prig, but who, I think, was "a very perfect gentle knight," and I warrant neither Will nor Frank, with all their education, can tell from what ancient poet that quotation is modernized. The President was very stalwart in

his talk, and I do hope he will "tough it out." I shall send you the account of his speech on the presentation of Mrs. Hayes' picture, and I think it excellent.

Always affectionately,
M. A. D.

APRIL 28, 1881.

MY DEARS: It seemed so harmless, in fact so natural, indeed so consonant with what I should suppose would be the Divine wish regarding family ties, for you four to spend a few quiet weeks together, that I really don't see how a benevolent, I could say almost a virtuous and Omnipotent Creator, could help smoothing things over a little to make them go quietly. Instead of which A. and A. seem to have been in a steady and stern chase to get a decent place to lay your heads, and finally can get no nearer than a mile apart, which of course spoils the arrangement, and I suppose I have resumed the same chase in the apparently equally innocent wish to cultivate a few acres of land and keep a house.

HAMILTON, May, 1881.

The weather here is superb, cold, but magnificently clear and bright, and the air laden with the unspeakable sweetness of apple-blossoms. It is worth coming to New England for, to smell the breath of the apple trees, and I have a woman in the kitchen sweeter than the blossoms, so fragrant is she with modesty and capacity and cleanliness. Whatever soapsuds and potash, whitewash and paint can do to purify us, she does *plenis manibus*. Tell Rachel S. her lilies of the valley smell as sweet now as when her man was run-

ning down 15th St. with them, though I am not sure which one sent them. Anyway they had the real Sherman fragrance. My angel of the kitchen was so dissatisfied with the whitewasher's work, that after he was gone she took up the brush and pail and went all over it herself. He has just this minute come in, and says: "That whitewashing looks better than I thought it would." The angel never blabbed ! Such is man — and woman.

AUGUST, 1881.

Thursday did not bring you, but the paper said with such an air of sincerity that you were to leave on Monday, that I did what Hume says people never do — believed against experience. I don't think the terror of the last five weeks is such as to establish a faith in doctors. The President has been dissected in every bulletin down to the very protoplasm, and as far as I can see the upshot is that the bullet did not hurt him so much as the doctors. What else can Dr. Agnew mean by saying the wound is not so serious as was supposed? Something serious has certainly happened to him.

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Indeed courting was all done at the proper time. She came to — swathed in crape, and secluded herself in her father's house like a modest woman and a mourning wife, and if you men would only have let her alone, she would stay there to the end of her days. Unhappily for her the director, who ordered the director's car for the funeral cortège, caught sight of her — looking like a vestal virgin, as she does in her deep blacks and pure whites — and he took care to keep the track open.

It is dog-days — no preponderance of thunder showers, though one barn here was struck and burned up and down at the camp ground. We are waiting for a good day to drive to Amesbury, and meanwhile I am fighting a Salem minister tooth and nail.

HAMILTON, MASS., October 17, 1881.

Josie is coming home broken hearted from the Barbadoes, leaving her pretty little baby daughter dead of yellow fever, a blessed damosel, whose life was a little rift of sunshine and sweetness till the last cruel convulsions that were soon over. But they will always have the horrible feeling that they took her out there to her death.

NOVEMBER 11, 1881.

The Boston people are exhilarating themselves by telling who has been drinking the strongest concoction of defunct eel. As long as the eels only died a natural death nobody minded it, but when an epidemic broke out among the eels the water rose higher even than Boston self-conceit. I wonder if Alice remembers the lovely little bouquet of pink pond lilies and samphire she gave me in Boston. The lilies have faded into their original soil, but the samphire is as straight and smart in my vase as it was the day I put it there. I have had my underpinnings propped up and my weeds ploughed under. The Passion play has been withdrawn by the manager, and I am glad of it, much better so than by any law. As for Sara Bernhardt, I think it very weak and demoralizing for the papers to insist that to go and see her play is immoral. She has apparently been greatly gifted as an actress, and she may be ever so bad in character. I only know what the news-

papers say of that. But it is the superb actress that people go to see, not the bad woman.

If you choose, you may send this to Will as he, poor fellow, is in Ohio and has of course no Thanksgiving worth speaking, but shamefully cuts under the other fellows, and walks off with two girls while they are debating which shall take one. It is very characteristic, I must say, but he will get his come-up-ins by and by.

Always affectionately to you and to him,

M. A. D.

DECEMBER 5, 1881.

I heard a sermon in our own pulpit yesterday which was better than any I ever heard in Washington. It had the merit of not professing to explain everything, but was solid as far as it went, justifying God, stimulating men, and yet leaving a place for the old boy's unaccountables. Has it ever occurred to you what an argument for the Bible Guiteau is making? He pretends inspiration like the inspiration claimed for the Bible; no more ignominy is threatened him. I suppose no more hatred is heaped upon him than upon the central figure, the source of inspiration of the Bible. Yet the real and the sham inspiration are so remote that they hardly suggest argument. No one speaks of it and I suppose it is safe to say no one ever will.

It is the very rest time of the year, in-doors and out. The haunting horror of my kitchen is gone, and nature and I repose upon our laurels, and the weather is so still, so splendid. There are no veiling leaves on the trees, and you can see into the land that is very far off. Have you heard of the engagement of

Leila Aiken to a son of Rev. L. W. Bacon? It seems to me an ideal match, both being descended from the saints, for we know that the old governor was not a professional Christian, though set so much as a figure-head to ecclesiastical ships, and the father of the young man has more horse sense than usually falls to the clerical lot.

MAY 29, 1882.

I thank Heaven that since I was born into a world where the wind changes, I can change with it! Saturday I went to drive with Mr. B. "If any one should ask what was your creed, what should you say?" "I should say it was a general belief in Christianity, modified by the Presbyterian Blaines on one side and the Roman Catholic Gillespies on the other." "Dear heart, you don't know any more about theology than the squirrel running up those trees. Let me give you your creed. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with" — "Oh, I know that!" "Never mind; listen — with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Now, say it over yourself, say it." He repeats it obediently, and, after a pause: "Well, *you* don't know the difference between the Democratic platforms of 1856 and 1852!" and completes his revenge by rejoicing with the old Scotchman that I meddle only with the things o' God, which I canna change, rather than with the things o' man, where I might do harm.

Aristarchi Bey, the retiring Turkish Minister, called

with Tewfik Pasha, the new. He is as hard-looking a scamp as I have seen since the Mormon elders sat in the Salt Lake City church, and about as cultivated — vastly inferior to Aristarchi. Ex-Gov. Curtin of Penn. was here Monday eve. and very interesting, sarcastic, not to say cynical; says Penn's was a peaceable colony. Oh, yes, but he took care to keep a belt of Scotch-Irish between him and the Indians who did the fighting, while he at peace took the lands! Says the Hessians who came to fight for George III. never went back again — just stayed and settled here, and made our best citizens. Dr. Loring is about going out to Ohio to deliver an Essex Co. Manasseh Cutler address on the anniversary of the settlement of Ohio; promises to send me the address.

JUNE 2, 1882.

The world is as green as grass, and as bright as sunshine, and as cold as icebergs can make it. I stopped in Salem, and transacted my plumber, my picture-frame, and my centre-piece, which are all promising, but experimental. To my utter astonishment, my men and my woman were all at the station, and we made a triumphal procession to the house and a monumental march through it. But I want to preach the gospel borne in upon me for you to use your library curtains. You ought to use every shred that won't unravel, and every bit of furniture that won't unglue, and furnish your house, as the Lord makes the world — not all of a jump, but by the slow, imperceptible process of continued substitution and development. My woman is American, from northern New York, and seems to understand matters,

but my heart has been too often wrecked to cling very closely to this new hope. My woodbine is beginning to *leave*, the apple-blossoms are struggling out, the lilacs just showing a sullen foreboding of purple, and I went to drive yesterday with my heaviest Himalaya shawl! But the icebergs are good for house-cleaning, and I have, thank Heaven, plenty of wood, and the comfort of a copper tea-kettle in your own room can never be exaggerated.

HAMILTON, September 23, 1882.

The fox-hunters have just gone by in scarlet coats and snowy breeks, with a long train of hounds and riders, male and female, and carriages, but I saw no fox.

NOVEMBER 1, 1882.

Summer warm — My dears: Did you see His bow in the clouds this morning? It spanned the Heavens and bridged the Old and the New Testaments. Monday we drove to Ipswich through Linebrook Parish across to Topsfield and so home, and here in the heart of Massachusetts it seemed like the wilds of the White Mts. — steep wooded hills and a wilderness. We lunched out-doors, and were gone nearly all day, and found the Adirondacks under the door-step, as it were. They say Butler is stirring up the Republicans so that we may gain a victory after all, which only confirms my conviction that Butler contains all the life that's in the old land yet!

NOVEMBER 2, 1882.

MY DEAR MISS PALFREY: I was glad to see your handwriting again, and with something so dainty and dramatic and charming that you must be in spirits, in

spite of taxes and teeth. I don't know whether I have as good leverage as I did once upon a time, but I will do what I can to give an echo to your sweet voice.

It is a base slander which has told you I am charitable—on the contrary, I consider our charities as in great need of reconstruction, and I bestow my worst squint on everything that comes to me in that guise. The chances are that it is pauper-nourishment on the one side or luxury-indulgence on the other.

Look out, or I shall order an investigation on you!

Have you changed house or plans since your long watch by your dear father was over? It was a great life, and could have left, even in your heart, nothing to be desired. I am glad his name remains.

HAMILTON, December 2, 1882.

And as mild as the day John Brown was hanged, but not so sunny. I have just got home from a Thanksgiving party at Beverly. We went in a sleigh, and the sleighing is rather splendid. Indeed, I have not enjoyed winter so much for many a year. My handmaid is all beneficence in kitchen and cellar, and I have even no care of the furnace, except to go down and see that it is all left right for the night. And the horse-man is equally efficient, and old Cud skims over the snow, a scorner of the ground, and altogether I rather pity you, careful and troubled about many things. Yesterday was magnificent, the whole hamlet wrapped in snow and every hemlock twig soft-shining white in the brilliant light. There is a sort of softness after all sometimes in the winter air.

My babies have reached the Barbadoes safely. The last week of their trip was like a yachting party.

They stopped at the various islands, and several times the Capt. took them ashore to his friends' houses, who gave them lunches, and dinners, and drives, and they were very gay. With some of the islands Jose was delighted, especially Martinique, and the baby was universally praised and petted through the whole voyage.

How unexpected was Mr. Pike's death. His was a bright clear mind, and to me he was always friendliness itself. I liked him much, and I hoped—but if I once begin on theology you will never get your house finished. Suffice it to say, *à la* Henry Field, that I have made great discoveries the last month or two, and find that I belong to the Old Greek Orthodoxy of the first century or two, and instead of holding my views in modest silence as hitherto, thinking them merely self-forged and self-sufficient, I am surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses who had almost seen the Lord. Just wait till I come and you have got to read some theology, or I will know the reason why. I long to know what you think—or—which is the same thing—tell you what I think, but will content myself with remarking for the five-hundredth time how inalienable is character. I had a letter from Mrs. Garfield last week. How alive she is to all the political issues!

Our old townsman, Rev. Gustavus Pike, is doing a great patriotic work in making the wild southern wastes to blossom. He was the poorest of poor boys, something of a genius, and he stands before kings. He spent last evening here—has just got home from Europe; on his way hither happened to sit with a man who was reading “Twelve Miles from a Lemon,” who proved to be a Nova Scotia editor, etc., read all,

etc., etc., a modesty to which you are a constitutional stranger forbids further quotation, but G. P. told him he was coming here, and they talked! He also knows young Fessenden, of Conn., and his father, and told some rather touching stories of his filial fidelity. This world seems pretty small when Gustavus Pike is father confessor to Senator Fessenden's nephew. Don't you see there is an immense bulk of news this side of the first three centuries, the patriotic ages?

HAMILTON, January 1, 1883.

It is a mild and magnificent New Year here. We are just ordering trunks down from the garret, and goods into them, and the annual Hegira of spoons and door-mats has already begun.

There is a certain necessity of luxury in being rid of your trunks. I expect to leave home Friday, possibly Thursday, but shall put into sundry ports before the grand finale. I shall give you fair warning and expect to be met and conducted in state to the Castle. No creeping up in the horse-car, or providential hack, unattended, as Cleveland goes into the Governorship. Rather like Gov. Butler in a new five hundred dollar uniform!

In which or out of which I am always yours.

JANUARY 26, 1883.

MY DEAR: The decision is made, the cards have come. It is concluded that a wedding is not a festivity, but a solemn feast, and hence the wedding goes on. The President, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, etc., will probably attend. Now this is to say if you feel the least like coming, like taking the journey, I

think it would be greatly worth your while. It would be a grand chance to see the spectacle, and you would see it under favorable circumstances. Alice particularly saw herself, of her own motion, that you were invited, though the invitation had all been pre-arranged before she investigated. Then I should like to have you see the house, it is really worth seeing, and there is not likely to be so special a reason for your coming to Washington again for many a day.

Good Friday. Mr. Hale has come back from Maine, said he looked across a beautiful landscape of pure white snow, and saw our house.

The Secretary of State requests the honor of your company on the "Despatch" to-morrow, Thursday, March 8th, to meet the Special Ambassadors from Madagascar, and to accompany them to Mount Vernon.

The "Despatch" will leave the Navy Yard at eleven o'clock A.M.

MISS DODGE.

I did not accept the "Despatch" invitation — too cold.

MARCH, 1883.

If this world were the end of all it would be melancholy indeed to see poor F. struggling for a little happiness with his own profession failing, and N. with her family burdens on her shoulders. There is something so innocent in their simplicity that I should not think Providence could help easing their way with a little sunshine; they ask so little. If you look at it as luck it would seem as if F's wish to marry brought on, instantly, softening of the brain to Mr. —, and failure to the steel works and general demoralization. But if you look at it as character, why I suppose it is

all right, and as good a world as Omniscience knew how to make ; and there is, after all, something noble and unconscious in F's taking the girl without any thought of anything but his love. It is so much better than a mercenary marriage.

Monday I went to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's. She is very nice, bright, and pretty, small and auburnish. Gen. Stone was very interesting. After Ball's Bluff he was imprisoned for over a year at Fort Warren, by Stanton, and was then set free, and never knew from that day to this what it was for. He has been living in Egypt now thirteen years, and you ought to hear him talk about the mummies and the tombs and the Yusef oranges. He says the history of Joseph's, Pharaoh's reign, is as well known there as any history, — not Joseph's domestic history, — but he is known as the Great Treasurer, and from Syria, and one reason for Pharaoh's taking to him was that Pharaoh himself was from Assyria. Stone says you can walk out a little way from Cairo into the sands over the graves of sixty million of people.

The "Post" contained the whole of the "N. A. R." I met a young lawyer who said he had read "the article" with inexpressible pleasure ! A Mr. Parsons sent for me, because he wanted to say to me what every one was growling to himself, but had no power to express ! He had read it three times, and was now going home to read it again ! In the evening came Mr. Elliott, a savant, from the Smithsonian, on purpose to say to me that science forgave me for what I had done for religion ! "It was splendid ! Oh, it was exquisite !"

Mr. R. C. Winthrop called yesterday, a very interesting call. He looks better than he did when he

came, and is a very nice, courteous, gentle, old gentleman; has to hurry home to help dedicate a church May 1, and to attend a concert.

Saw at the Loring's, Mr. Gilder of the "Century," — a young man and a poet, — and had a long talk with him, quite simple and pleasing, — also Senator Miller of Cal., who thanked me warmly for the Chinese letter and said it had done good; said he had talked with the President that day about it, but could get nothing out of him, and did not think any one else could.

William M. Evarts, Ex-Secretary, writing in commendation of her "Chinese letter," put it thus :

"Where few are right,
And fewer bright,
How happy Miss D.,
Both to be,
Says W. M. E."

MARCH 20, 1883.

Raymond, the actor, took breakfast with us yesterday. He speaks of his church and his preaching always. I told him of one thing he said Friday evening which I wished he would leave out, a Scriptural joke, though I could not remember what it was. He thanked me for mentioning it, and said he would take particular pains next time he played to notice and avoid it.

One thing is sure, whether we know or not the next world, we do know the duties of this. In Darwin's letter I am struck by his expression of this thought. He argues of the future, but adds we know our duty. Matthew Arnold says in one of his most hopeless

sonnets, "Oh! Love, let us be true to one another, for the world that seems," etc., etc., so we can't smother the babies, because that is not right. The one sure creed is to do our best. The "Journal" this morning has a curiously characteristic criticism on Heber Newton's sermons, nothing about their truth, but much of their effect, whereas we have nothing to do with their effect, but everything with their truth. Augusta, you did not give so many words to—— death as you did to Cuddy's delicacy, and I guess G. was pretty good, what there was of him, — not so perfect in his way as Cuddy in his,— few are, and it seems as if he must swagger into Heaven, but into Heaven, I doubt not, where they will take the conceit out of him much more gently than you or I.

I shall send you the "Princeton Review." The old translation is immensely interesting. A very interesting call from Miss Page, who has been abroad, saw Theodore Martin, who wrote the life of the prince consort, says Victoria is on good terms with all her children, very affable and friendly with them, and they were very affectionate among themselves, that she was angry when Louise came home, as she had told her not to come without her husband, and for a month she would not receive her, — then the Prince of Wales interceded for her, and she said as he wanted it, she would.

Home again, the journey wonderfully shortened by the brilliant October sunshine upon the resting hills and the woods, which are tawny and bronze rather than brilliant. I had an hour or so at Mrs. Cowles', and found Susy as usual the centre of a buzzing and busy circle. Green Street was pretty well blocked with carriages. Mrs. Cowles answering a Pension

letter. Mr. Cowles sitting calm on his throne, and uttering mild but sharp moral reflections from time to time. Vassar is making much of Roxy, and the Chinese Consul was not assassinated after all. So now I am at home, a thousand times better for my visit, and I hope you are none the worse. Also I found a letter from the "N. A. Review," which "tickled" me a little. They had said, "Will you write us an article of ten pages on this?" I said "No, but I have already written an article of forty pages on that." They said, "Horrors! it is a book. Can't you condense?" I said, "It is a good book, already condensed. No more, even if it has to await appearance in my 'Literary Remains.' Can't you publish it in two numbers?" They said, "No, we never do that, but send it on and let us see the exact length." And now they say, "We surrender. We like the article so much that we are willing, contrary to our custom, to make the necessary space for it by putting it in two numbers."

Can your earth be as lovely as this? I suppose more so, for your hills pierce the sky, and you have your river. Ruskin says he does not blame salvation for painting curved rocks, but because his curves are not of rocks, but of ribbon. There are no shams about the curves of *your* rocks, or rivers, or hills. I think Maine was never so superbly beautiful as this last week. The sweetest-hearted of fathers, the most beneficent of mothers, but with no more idea of the systematic training of children than if children were peanuts. Still I have seen children systematically trained till the last gun was fired who did not turn out any better than yours. Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words. The white-faced

gentle Pullman man stooped over me to ask if Mrs. — had recovered her shawl, which fable teaches that when virtue endangered were, Heaven itself did stoop to her. Don't clean house. Turn the key and take the car. My love to C. S. and to the saintly surrounding households, on whom be peace. Grover says the experience of so-called sinners, as a whole, compares favorably with that of the so-called saints — so rest my blessing also upon the sinners within your household.

OCTOBER 15, 1883.

Think of the snow-storms of Maine, followed by the lovely languid warmth of yesterday. How beautiful Old Blue must have looked, and the equally old blue of the Kennebec, dark-solid below the hills. I lay in the hammock all day, till the last minute, watching the lowering, stormy sky, till I had to gather up my shawls and run; and after the wild tempest was over, will you believe, I had dropped that pretty blue and red shawl you gave me, and which I cherish as the apple of my eye for Sundays, and decorations and æsthetics generally, and there it had lain on the ground through all the beating rain. I took it up tenderly, nursed it with soft napkins, hung it on the baluster, and it comes out this morning fresh as the morning itself, — which is saying much, — and without the smell of fire upon its garments, — which is not saying so much, — or a line of soaking, which is saying everything. Tell cousin S. that the lunch she put up for me was so ample that it furnished us a muffin breakfast, an apple-puff lunch, and a chicken dinner next day. Oh, the beautiful birds just before my window, callers, I suppose, on their

way to Florida! Our city birds are all flying southward. The Fuller Appletons were here Saturday for a farewell. Phillips Brooks was at the Hunt garden party.

MAY 21, 1884.

I can imagine Mr. Cummings' disgust at Mr. Cole's vagaries, and how much more disgusted he would be if he could see his poor, wild, rambling letters. But soil is disintegrated rock, and if it were all the soil we had we should readily buy aqua or any other kind of fortis that would disintegrate it quickly, and by keeping it constantly watered we should get our crop. Luckily for me, Nature has already disintegrated the rock for me, and I have only, like the young man, to scratch around, and find the water, as I have a taste for scientific experiments! I should think that all you say of Miss Sparrow was true. It was an unassuming, quiet, steadily noble and apostolic life to lead — one of the many unknown lives that make human nature sweet and worthy, and give hope for the future — not talked about, like the missionary folk, but just as truly a mission of beneficence.

Friday P.M. We went out to the yacht "Yo Semite," John Roach's; his son on board, called and invited us. A thunder shower came up while we were there, and detained us. They fired a gun upon our entrance and departure; said they would fire twenty-one next time! Beautiful yacht. A Mr. Walker was on board, who was very attentive to me, and finally informed me that he was head of Board of Education, or something of that sort, in N.Y., and was well posted in my views, and wanted to talk about them. Agreed with me in many

things. Another was Rev. Wells, Episcopal, of Minneapolis, whose wife, he says, is a devout admirer, etc. I put on Mr. Walker's rubber coat to go home in, but the rain had ceased.

Speaking of happy marriages, we drove to Ipswich Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings had come the evening before, from their shooting-box in Maryland, — if that is what you call a duck-preserve. Mr. C. had shot eighty — but the dearest duck of all was the one that shot him in the heart! It would make you turn green with envy to see their happiness. It diffuses itself over the whole family, and even irradiates Hamilton, so that instead of coming home as intended, we stayed to dinner and Mr. Cummings. The latter sits down and carves just where S. tells him, and is as tame as if he had been brought up by hand all his life.

I don't even call it good-natured in Cousin John to go up and lay flowers on the Dr.'s grave. He would lay gold dollars, if it were necessary, in order to keep him there. I took over Ingersoll's "What shall I Do to be Saved?" to read to Mr. Cowles. I think if Mr. I. could only hear Mr. Cowles he would *be* saved. We only got on a few pages, but if there is any argument for the immortality of the soul, it is Mr. Cowles. His blind eyes penetrate the arcana of things. My stupidest and clumsiest Irish girl is a deft artisan compared with any creator who could make a mind so capable of light in darkness, and then overwhelm it in darkness. All Mr. Ingersoll's somewhat hap-hazard history he followed as keenly, and corrected as gently — all his breezy common sense he enjoyed, his wit and wisdom,

thinks he does not do justice to the real influence and work of Christ in the world — and when I read what he says — something like this: “Should he come again upon the earth, he will not find a better friend than I will be,” “Tell him not to wait,” said Mr. Cowles, quickly, “be that now.” If immortality were not in the original plan there are a few of us who might make it worth trying as an experiment. An extremely interesting book to me is “Guizot’s Life,” by his daughter. I skip a good deal, but it is odd to find in French state-craft a Puritanic faith, and a pietistic fervor, though he gives dinners on Sunday in a way to scandalize Puritans. I note the fact that notwithstanding his deep and lasting grief for the death of his wife, he married her niece in about a year, but his great domesticity, his patience and religious thoughtfulness, make a very pleasing picture to frame in French politics. I observe, too, he says the calumnies to which he is subjected do not even annoy him. There is no real sorrow but private sorrow. He had great share of that, but why is calumny so universal?

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

[TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.]

HAMILTON, December 17, 1884.

DEAR ANGEL: Is it your birthday? Thank Heaven you were born! Thank Heaven a thousand times more that you will never die, for the kingdom of heaven is within you.

Sweetheart, I am going to Newburyport this week, but I don’t believe you will be in Amesbury so soon. Early next week I am going to Salem, and

thence I will run up and sit with you an hour or two "between meals" — I shall not come to stay — but just tell you how lovely you are, and how blessed the ground on which you stand, and a few little newsy things like that. And if you don't want me, why, I will run away and come again — but I will write you beforehand of the exact day. Will this suit you? Tell a lie for once, and say yes, — there's the dearest of dears.

Always *truly*, whatever else I am,

M. A. DODGE.

JANUARY 24, 1885.

Mr. Trescott went to Peru, you may remember, and to China, in the government service. They are old South Carolinians, rebels, ruined by the war. She wants me to come around to see her before starting; says Florida is the worst place in the world for any lung tendencies, but there is a place fifteen miles from Charleston most admirable. Last evening I had quite an invoice of flattery. Mr. S., of the English legation, came in on purpose to talk Carlyle. Mrs. Poe affirmed she had sat up till 2 A.M., reading and laughing over it. Col. Anderson explained and apologized for knocking on the window so persistently when I was going by one day, that Gen. Schenck was there, and begged him to make me come in, that he might tell me I had written the best thing that ever was, etc., etc.

You ought to see the shops draped here for Cleveland and Hendricks, just beginning, I suppose; and in one window is a specimen of the drapery to be used at the inauguration ball — maroon velvet, with gold embroidery. All the same, the Democrats are trem-

bling for fear he cares more for himself than for them. As for me, nothing can move me from my solid delight in my theology. By the way, I have a nice letter from Prof. Allen this A.M.

Prof. Stowe promises, if possible, to let Mrs. Stowe know how things are when he gets on the other side. I called on Mrs. Senator Hawley, and her sister, Kate Foote. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker's daughter was there — Mrs. Burton. I knew her in Hartford when she was the youngest of girls, very pretty and delicate. She married Eugene Burton, Rev. B's brother.

1885.

Don't you suppose they all think I wrote it?¹ If they would otherwise have any doubt, the Peru-Chili clause they must have thought inspired direct from Washington. If they conclude you wrote it they will see at least that you are not afraid to stand by the family policy, even in a hostile locality. By the defective rhythm you mean that it is lacking in rhythm in music. It is too much like prose. You could read some parts of it and hardly know it was poetry at all. Well, now be content with your laurels, and don't go rushing madly into literature, because you have not the bodily strength it requires. Give yourself now to rest and recuperation.

Don't say a word about anything so long as we are sound in body and soul. I kept saying that to myself when we were beating about in the wind yesterday, and I have good neighbors to be thankful for as well as you — Matty Patch to take off and turn all the silk, and wash, and replace.

¹ An essay for the Cambridge "Art Club."

"I smile to think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness. Round our restlessness his rest." If we could only have a constant living consciousness of that, all would be well. Even with our half sense of it we are saved from the worst, and there was a world-philosophy in the reminder "Hope that is *seen* is not hope," at all.

Always with hope and love, affectionately,

M. A. D.

1885.

I shall send you the "Evangelist" for your having seen Mr. Field's house in Stockbridge, and the scenery of which he writes.

I have sent a part of A. V.'s last letter to Will and a part of it to Frank, with yours as directed, so the four quarters of the globe are likely to have Dodge news pretty soon.

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

I think there is so much tragedy in real life that I like on the stage things that make you laugh.

1885.

Yesterday S. B. came up with an empty seat in his sleigh, and begged me so to get in that I did, and drove around for an hour and was completely cured, even though it was Sunday. The fresh air was delicious. The sleighing was about as bad as could be, and we ground through to the concrete every moment, but decent on the back roads, and anyway it was sleighing. I endeavored to "improve" the drive by driving a little theology in — said, "What churchman

are you?" He said he was a member of a Presbyterian church, but attended the Episcopal because his wife was Episcopal. I said, "I think I can diagnose your case exactly. You joined the church when you were *very* young?" He stared, then laughed, and said, "You have hit it exactly. I was just fourteen years old." So then of course there was nothing for it but a "harmony of the gospels" to meet his case, and he was so polite as to assure me that I could not have enjoyed the drive so much as he did.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale and his tall son called an hour yesterday P.M. and we had some delightful talk. He is really one of the brightest men I ever met, not joking, though he does joke and laugh most heartily, and recalled a most jolly call he had once which seemed to have impressed itself on his mind chiefly because we had laughed so much. He has an instinct for truth, and he has an amount of political sense in his skull quite unusual—for a minister, miraculous.

It requires a great deal more and a great deal higher skill to write a paper on Mrs. Browning than it does to make a shoe. Nothing that you, or probably any other member of the club, should write about Mrs. Browning would be worth reading, because writing that is worth reading can no more be done by an amateur in a fortnight than can a statue, or a temple, or a picture. Not that you could not have made the best of writers, but nobody can write without practice, any more than he can speak French. Remember above all things not to worry about that essay. If you don't worry about it, it will be only because you don't know enough about writing to know what a weight and work it is.

J. G. W. wrote a lovely letter chiefly about the Pans as the inauguration of a new movement in society in the interest of peace, said he would rather be president of that congress than president of the U.S. The dear old Quaker sees its true inwardness.

Exactly what the Deacon means I don't see, but I suppose it must be a little dig at T., somehow or other. I sent him a check and a little taffy about his handsome letters, and a little financio-rural-politico-religious reflection, which he will make a poor fist at. But didn't he hurry up to get the money? None of your o'-tis-brown lagging. How little they know that they are all swinging at the end of my string! Governor Leland Stanford was here yesterday P.M., the new senator from California. You may remember they lost their only child, a son, the only heir of their millions, and Rev. Newman, of N.Y. notoriety, preached his absurd funeral sermon. You also remember to have heard me speak about Mrs. S's lovely jewelry. They are nice people, modest, low-voiced, unpretending, and he seems to have been a good boy. They travelled so much that he never went to school regularly, but they took him along with them and a tutor, so his mother had him with her most of the time, and feels the loss all the more. I have not been to see her, supposing she would not wish to see any one, but he says she would like to see me, and I mean to go.

Friday Governor Shepard sent two tickets for his box, and Mr. Rothery sent up two more tickets, as he was to dine with the President, so we were quite in luck. When the opera was through Mrs. S. rose and said in her nonchalant way: "There, that is done, and I never want to hear it again." A lady inside

was talking and using many technical musical terms when the Gov. reached forward and said: "Can you tell me which is the basso-relievo?" About as apt as your *montes parturiunt*, or little old man without legs.

Willie [son of a Connecticut friend], the eldest boy, about ten, was a healthy child until he was two and a half, when one evening, as he was trudging up to bed, he suddenly sank screaming at the foot of the stairs, had a high fever for several days, and has never walked since. His whole body below his head was paralyzed. He has recovered the use of his left hand a little, but is a sad cripple, is carried about by a colored man, whose sole duty is to take care of him. He is of the usual size, and seems to be in good health; is very bright and happy. I went Saturday to the matinée opera "Faust," Nilsson and Cary both appearing; very fine.

Mr. Lamar told me a good deal about his wife, who died a little while ago; a very quiet, unpretending little woman. He says Washington never knew her. She had been an invalid a long while, but was very bright, full of humor even on her death-bed. He did not reach her till the day after she died. He said "dress did not hang on her, you know, but she dressed exquisitely at home." His daughter was happily married to a young lawyer. She was the one who went to Wellesley, and sometimes he did not know but that it was Wellesley that stirred up the lazy Lamar mind! He admired my dress,—the silver brocade,—noticed it when I first came in; but somehow there was always something in my dress that he liked. Never saw me, whether it was in a common, every-day dress or a fine one, but there was

something about it that he liked; used to notice it as long ago as I used to be in the gallery of the House, when he would go up and see me.

HAMILTON, 1885.

We were in the pines all yesterday P.M. — too lovely for anything else. A. in the hammock, I on the sofa or on the ground, while S. S. condescended for a half-hour or so to patronize nature. I had Munger and Herbert Spencer out with me, and it is not only that the Heavens are opened, which they have always been, but I can see that they are opened. I am so interested in what A. and S. S. call the “Unknowable” that I don’t spend a minute more time than I must in other reading. It is of so much wider a sweep than Munger, that he has a temporary go-by, but he has his proper niche, and is by no means ousted from the plan of creation; so does Prof. Allen work in beautifully.

Very full church yesterday at 11 A.M., so I went; choir downstairs again, and looking as spruce as you please — really quite festive — and I was freshly convinced that the church — at least in Hamilton — is the central civilizing point. Our lovely pictures of Wenham Pond are in the dining room, and a good light on them. One is by Redmond, — the largest, — the two smaller ones by Dodge. We don’t have any good of our western piazza and the west windows, because of the birds, dear little pretty things, building and rearing all round, and we don’t want to scare. There is a nest in the woodbine, and you can see them yawning from the parlor windows. Isn’t it a rushing life the birds lead? Evidently it is their world, and who knows that there is not a higher world in the

midst of which *we* are living equally unaware? The house never looked prettier and nicer than it does now.

I hear S. S. and A. V. giggling over Katy, up in the front entry. A. V. has just been in the kitchen making ice-cream for dinner at 5 P.M., and Katy questioned her, not often having a young lady in the kitchen *to* question. "Any children?" No. "Well God knows you are better off without them!" Which is as good sense and as good religion as you can find in a theological seminary.

Aggie pursues her angelic way without deviation; we breakfasted on the piazza this morning for the first time off Alvin's two-story table, but disturbed a bird in her nest on the woodbine near. We had not discovered her before, so I think now we will wait awhile for her to become used to us. Mr. C. got five pine trees and set out beyond the present pines. They look pretty now, at any rate, and I mean to have some more set out in the spring, if they only last through summer.

Can you tell me why Garfield, who was a man of noble ambitions and large high aims — why was he so swiftly taken away with only four months of beginning, and two months of suffering — six months of fragmentary greatness interjected between years of sordidness and smallness? Tell me that, Poet, Seer, Philosopher and Quaker, Veteran and Vates! Tell me, or else take down thy professions and pretensions of knowing everything!

Just through lunch, Augusta robing herself for the barn. I say, "What are you going for, to feed Cuddy, or drink him?" She, severely, "I am going to *call* on him!" Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

Of course S. S. could not get ready to go to an evening entertainment with only a day to prepare.

Dear S. S., with what steady deliberation, what calm forethought she moves on the enemy's works, of a Sunday morning! I don't believe the solar system began much farther back, or was created in a more methodical manner. I saw Miss R. yesterday—met her in the street—scarcely knew her at first, she looks so middle-aged, but comely and comfortable. I asked her how they were getting on with the new minister. She hardly knew, it was so far she went to *this* church! What! the Unitarian? Orthodox-looking congregation!! I told her I thought that *was* the lamest excuse I had ever heard.

Reading your letter aloud, at the first reading, I could not possibly get on fast enough to prevent Augusta from getting out her sarcasm before I could get out your protest against it. "Eh! Yes, there 'tis! New Jersey sinking now Alvin is there! slumping in! Going to China, I suppose! Give my love to John Cowles! Cheap way to see the world!" And it is little to say she has been at it ever since in spite of your protest. When the morning paper announced snow in New Jersey she suggested sending on the glass jars that you might pickle the snow! All the water has run off into the Gulf Stream, and of course it leaves New Jersey cold. Couldn't run anywhere else off those flat sands.

This morning a Woman Suffragist came to the door to see Miss Abigail Dodge, who was not very well and begged to be excused. I never feel well when I am called Abigail!! She is arranging for a meeting here on Dec. 21—the minister, who sympathizes with the cause, will speak!

Frank has sent home very minute directions for a boat to be sent him, which his parents groaned over, and lay awake nights to worry about—sharks and other things—and were delighted after obediently, though reluctantly, obeying all his plans, to find and send word to him that the ship utterly refused to take out a boat to him [to Honolulu]; had no room.

AUGUST 29, 1885.

The Unseen Universe—I have had glimpses into that Unseen Universe of late, and I should like now to see whether they correspond to that report. Mr. Munger is excellent. Did you see his “Immortality and Science?” But I have been so interested in Herbert Spencer of late that I subordinate every one else to him. And, my dear Mr. Whittier, it is absolutely surprising to see how that man is misunderstood. Why, dear, has it ever occurred to you that most people are numskulls? I don’t know how to spell the word, but *they* don’t know how to read. Patriotically, I can but be glad after a fashion to see that the English literary folk are as unscholarly and stupid and inaccurate and reckless as our American, and misunderstand and misrepresent Herbert Spencer. But I have seen the heavens opened!

Always most truly,

M. A. DODGE.

DECEMBER, 1885.

I have never met Prof. Mulford, but he was a son of light, and I regret his too early departure from a world that seems to need him, but it seems otherwise to God. But why should the world seem empty when you reflect that you are only in the vestibule

waiting to remove your wraps, and join your beloved in the brightly-lighted inner room? Your objective point is not the vestibule, but the warm sanctuary within. My faith has received great impulse under my pines this summer.

The cousin, whose letter I sent you, is one of a charming and brilliant family, whose neighborhood is a great pleasure to my sister and myself. Her father, though eighty years old, has a mind whose unflagging activity and growth is itself a promise of immortality.

1886.

We are in the midst of an ice storm, and every twig is coated. I positively have no gayeties to record. You are living in a world and whirl of dissipation compared to me. Herbert Spencer and Matthew Arnold and John Fiske are the company that I drive M. to bed with. How should I remember where Mary C. was to take her lessons? I don't know St. James from St. Herbert Spencer. But won't the family generally be glad when they have ploughed through Herbert Spencer and can lie down under the apple-trees and enjoy themselves? I admire all your quotations from Shakspeare, but I think perhaps the most emphasis fell on your Brutus!

We have had the most wonderful ice-forests I ever saw.

Tuesday. It seems as brilliant and beautiful as ever. We took a long drive into the country, and somehow it almost looks portentous, as if the ice would permanently chill the trees—it is so heavy a cling. I saw men breaking it off, chipping it very carefully, as the buds are liable to break, too. As for my “whacks,” all I ask is a fair field and no favor.

I suppose I need not have snubbed the fellow quite so strenuously, for how do I know what troubles he may be suffering? but then what did he want to go after the Mugwumps for? These poor devils, who can't do much good if they try, will fritter away all your sympathy by trying to do evil, and then you have to set them on their feet again, just as if they were the deserving poor.

It was not noble, but pettish, for the Queen to come in person for the Conservatives, and stay away for the Liberals, but it is a government of the people, for Gladstone has got her, and the Irish have got Gladstone. Rev. K. called Thursday; very pleasant, seemed to me brighter than he shows in the pulpit. His manner of speech in the pulpit and out is unfortunately unforceful, but he said some good things, and told as funny a story as I ever heard. I went to church yesterday, and greatly enjoyed the text and the Bible reading, whose glory over-shone all the first part of the sermon at least. S's brother was in last evening; a very bright and promising young lawyer. I asked him what were his theological views, and he said he could not accept Christianity, at which I was not surprised. There is a great deal of this quiet non-belief, and it is to meet this that it becomes necessary to overhaul our theology to find what it is therein which blocks the way of religion.

Saturday and still cold, one pipe froze up and thawed without harm. Fire in kitchen, both furnaces, and my fire-place — very good drama last night, if only the preaching could be as good as the playing. The minister is manager, and his wife presides at the piano, and both did well.

I have "dropped a stitch" — did you ever do it?

Made me one hundred years in a minute. I was just stooping low down—a too prolonged strain, snap went something inside of one side of my spine, did not hurt me, but lamed me appallingly—a week ago to-day, nearly well now, but showed what the old machine was capable of. When the mild weather is here it is so restful and comfortable after all the company is gone, and you don't feel very particular about anything, that I hate to shut up and leave it all. Then comes a blizzard, and we think what fools we were not to go before. I think you were wrong in saying that dropping a stitch leaves a weakness. I don't perceive it. I think I am more careful of stooping, but it is only memory that reminds me of it.

FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

If the English had dealt more wisely with Ireland we should not have so much trouble with Irish servants, because they would not be so low down in the scale. What provokes me is that they should reproach us for non-statesmanship regarding the Southern question, while they have not got ahead an inch on Ireland. What I am busy about is chiefly two of the three R's, though I occasionally turn about and take a dab at a nightgown over-sewing seam, or a yawning stocking-toe.

FEBRUARY 23, 1886.

I suppose you have heard about L's breaking up, and it is a great disappointment. It was certainly a modest and a laudable ambition in L. and I don't see why it should not have been gratified. Did not my small attempts at serving him bring them to nought quick? It seems as if Providence *wanted* to teach me to mind my own business and let others shift for

themselves, yet that seems to be quite in conflict with Bible teachings, and indeed with the teachings of one's own heart.

A. writes that Coppie's latest accomplishment is, when he comes in at the close of the dinner, to wash his moustache in the finger-bowl as he sees his father do. They had a dinner-party with four gentlemen and he went around the whole of them and washed every one's moustache in the bowl, greatly to his nurse's horror when she saw him, for his hair and his slip were dripping wet. If a window is open he rushes to it and calls out "pitty soldier!" and they are all very fond of him. He is never afraid, but goes straight up to them, and of course they like it, and make of him. His father took him out to make a visit with him to a sick officer, in his little coat, cap, and rubbers, and A. thinks his father let him walk through every mud-puddle on the way, and she is confident he must have sat down in some of them, so dirty was he when he came in. She is afraid his nurse is in danger of falling under the charms of one of the soldiers about the house in some subordinate office, and besides the loss to Coppie she says she shall blame herself for taking Mary — who is pretty, gentle, and eighteen — out there to such a life as a soldier's wife must lead. Their pay is small, they are always under orders, and most of the soldiers' wives have to support themselves, chiefly by washing and such hard work, but what good will her remonstrance do against a tall, good-looking man in soldier-clothes? Give my love and congratulations to Mr. Bullard on the approaching anniversary, and tell him I know the crown he wears will only shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Your present to him will not be

in vain if it makes you read the book. As for scorners, have not all the people in the world who did anything encountered scorn and failure? Scorn does not hurt. So long as people can't hang us we need not be afraid. What says the poet — "Scorn to be scorned by those that I scorn. Is *that* a matter to make me fret, that a calamity hard to be borne?" M. stops with the Roman church because that is as far as she can get in that direction. The Mormon and the Hebrew are other churches — Lace and As-trakhan. I think her feeling was that the High Church is only an imitation of the Roman Catholic, just like cheap lace, and she wanted real thread or none, just like her mother. Is it not just like ——, flourishing out his peumanship and memory first thing? The question is not whether he can write upside down, but whether he can write sense right side up. He is just idiot enough to remember all those names, but not man enough to know anything valuable of the owners.

I send you John Cowles' letter, which I answered yesterday. I think it one of the best he has written. Real thought in it. Two or three of his sentences show the glimpses of truth that come to a thinker. Where the Dexters think they see a breakup of the foundations, John sees stronger foundations laid for morality, and he sees clearest. If any pamphlet gives a full account of that Andover trial send to me an early copy. I wish I could get a copy of the Andover creed and orders to Professors.

AUGUSTA, ME., 1886.

You ought to hear Mr. H. abuse Europe! — what anybody can want to go to Europe for when they can stay at home, he can't imagine. "Did you see the

Madeleine?" one and another keep asking him, "Did you see the Vendome, des Invalides?" "No, no, what did I want to see that for? It will keep." He did not want to see them. He wanted to sit down before the fire and get as warm as he could, and make it seem as much like America as possible. Never did get warm, a basket of wood costs as much as a basket of sugar, never saw or felt such cold, gets a perfect grip on you. "But you enjoyed London?" "Why? what was there in London to enjoy?" Seeing old historical things. "Couldn't see 'em, couldn't see anything, it was so dark, thick fog all the time." "Were you seasick?" "Not for a minute. Wished I was. 'Twould have been a relief." Baker and Goodwin are quite interested in Theosophy and threaten to send me some of their books to read. Theosophy was good as far as it went I have no doubt, but it was preparatory, and not complementary, to Christianity.

I have had several attacks of something like sick headache, or a headache which seemed to be connected with the stomach, and attended with nausea, sometimes slight. Whether it had anything to do with the climate, I don't know. But I certainly have had no bronchial trouble. It has been as pleasant as possible with the family and with my occupations, but outside of that there is no superior advantage in a residence here over Hamilton. There are hardly more families to visit, there is no more going on in the way of entertainment, and there is no more walking. I have been comfortable and without care, but except for special reasons, like this winter, I should never choose it for a winter residence. I am more than ever convinced that to choose to stay in the country thro' the winter is to choose unwisely. But I think

we did wisely to stay here this winter. I have not had a dull moment; but then I never do have when I am comfortable. And then there is always H. Spencer, and M. Arnold, and the endless life, the whole problem of the universe to occupy one.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, 1886.

Mrs. Cowles has been at South Hadley nearly a week, and having a great time; addressed two hundred and fifty pupils, teachers, trustees, etc., and they have written to Mr. Cowles how wonderfully interesting and charming she was, and that South Hadley will never have such another experience, unless she comes again another year. She spoke for an hour.

MARCH 4, 1886.

— sent me a "Globe," containing a longer report of —'s speech, which I will send you if you have not seen one, and you may send to Alvin, — very clownish and vulgar as it reads in the "Globe," but he will not know that. I dare say it had good points, for he is no fool, — only as he makes himself one, — but his conceit and vulgarity spoil what wit he has. He will be quite as content to be laughed at for his vulgarity as to be laughed with for his humor. You can see why G. A. says he is no fool, and that his speech had good points. It is really an effective sort of argument and well adapted to the people. He takes the popular view and takes it with humor. If he could only make the same argument, taking the same rustic, homely, common sense view of things

and be himself above it, without vulgarity, it would really amount to something for himself. Now he will be considered a homely, clownish fellow, who has showed sense and a sense of humor. And the worst is that, as you come to know him, the humor and the sense diminish, and the clownishness only increases.

The Golden Rule can always be applied if you will understand "right-mindedness," and that is the only way to understand it. It does not mean that you are to act from a crank's stand-point, though the crank means that. Vide.¹ So Sunday Mr. K. was preaching from the Salvation Army's critical point of sight. I decline to accept it. I do not rule my conduct by what any crank chooses to give. I think labor has much grievance, and this is one of the epochs from which I hope will come a better adjustment, but many wrong and unwise things will doubtless be done also. Everything in the line of coöperation I look upon approvingly. Powderly seems sensible, Irons a demagogue. Has not Parnell a great success? The English are blind, but Gladstone sees more clearly than he did our Civil trouble, and though he may go out and be voted down, they will never go back. England may have to go through a belt of trouble, but Ireland, I don't believe, will ever submit to what has been, and with Home Rule, it seems to me our Irish will be greatly improved. With the Irish-Democratic war here no longer solid, and Ireland legislating for herself, I think I see light ahead. Parliament may rave for a while, but it is only a question of time. You see that Mr. Foster who has just died was husband of Mr. Arnold's sister. A first-class birthday present

¹ Can you put yourself in my place, and do as you would be done by?

just received from you to-night, Friday! only time to acknowledge it. I too have one of my head-achey days to-day, with no visible cause, not very bad, only a constant consciousness that I have a head. What a turn for church-going you have all developed all of a sudden! Good thing, especially after you have taken in Spencer, and see what it means. So long as I thought the ministry a Divine institution I was puzzled, but feeling that it is, though a good device, a human one, I can contemplate it even in its short-comings, as only a part of the general human struggle upwards.

HAMILTON, APRIL 1, 1886.

As for my trenches, you have none of you the spirit of a mouse to try anything new. You would let me bury my money in the ground to the world's end, and think it all right if I only buried it in the old way. You would still be ploughing with the old knife-blade of Judea, if somebody had not invented the modern plough long enough ago to make it old-fashioned by the time you were born. I am glad Will is going to marry in Ohio and get a little original rowdy Westernism into the family — so there! Don't I remember seeing those little red shoes before they started on their journey? I am glad you have got an interest in the geological convulsions of the earth — viz. Nan wants to see it! Just Stanwood's luck, for a volcano [in Hawaii] to give out before he got there!

Did you observe the juxtaposition in Frank's letter, "c. brings so much sunshine into our lives every moment, just at *this* moment she is mad and yelling!" I mean to preach a sermon on that some day! What

a good letter is Frank's, solid comfort. Don't you feel sorry you did not go on with the boat? I should not worry about it, though. If Frank likes the horse, he better keep that. I think it would do him ever so much good, and by and by perhaps they can get a buggy, or some light wagon. I hope they will profit by our experience, and spend less money on clothes and furniture, and more on horses and servants, which mean health and time. How interesting will these Island letters be to that young lady when she is grown up! Why do none of us have any of our fathers' and mothers'? I suppose because postage was not two cents.

PHILADELPHIA, 1886.

Judge Poland came, and it turns out that his grandfather was born in Hamilton before it was set off, and he has an Uncle Joseph and an Uncle Barret. Isn't that a coincidence? Of course they belong to the same family. I went to church in the morning, and we all went in the evening to see the new church of Mr. Beadle, formerly of Hartford. Chicago brick inside, marble pillars, etc., but looks a little barn-like for all. Before we went in the evening Mr. Waters, proprietor of the "Boston Advertiser," called. He is here for a new press. He went to church with us. This morning Mrs. Blake, with whom he visits, came down and invited us all up there this evening. She said Mr. Waters had appointments in Boston to-day, but as soon as he heard I was here he begged her to make a party and invite me there, and he would stay over; so he telegraphed that he should not go till to-morrow, and we are in for a party, small, not more than fifteen or twenty. The

children are well, and much the same as usual. Phil very cunning in boy's clothes, and grown tall and stout.

.

We went to Mrs. Blake's party Monday evening. I wore my gray-blue. About twenty there. Judges Agnew and Williams of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Dinsmore, widow of Gov. Dinsmore of New Hampshire, and descendant of Timothy Pickering, — a remarkably handsome woman. Mrs. Williams very attractive, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, adopted daughter and son-in-law of Mrs. Blake, she a fine singer and player upon instruments, etc. Mr. K. does not think me heretical, but a sheep of the true flock. You ought to have heard me build him up in the faith. And you know you don't have to *sup-*press, but *xpres* me into a saint! Mr. Beach is apparently a growing man, and has taken the step to make the people grow with him. I am very much inclined to believe that they will not let him grow off from them. If they do it will simply show that the church is dead, and vital truth will put forth a new organization! That church will suffer, but the truth will not suffer, It seems to me exactly as if the church had this day presented to its choice life or death. If it chooses death, who can deliver it from the body of this death? It need not trouble any one, however, because the death is only the death of an ecclesiastical corporation, not of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Jerome is cousin of Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mrs. J. is a cousin of the Bartlett who married the rich Miss Burdett-Coutts.

HAMILTON, 1886.

Pleasant, and A's Rev. is expected to-day. It is 6 A.M., and I am sitting in the library in my blue wrapper. I have to creep mornings so as not to waken a possible sleeper. Brought the silver downstairs and deposited it in drawers as noiselessly as if I were a burglar taking it away.

M. and I have just been out to give Cuddy his oats, four quarts, in consideration of his going to Salem this P.M., and his old head was so closely pressed against the meal-chest window, staring out to see the passing, that he did not hear me till I spoke to him! Yesterday, once, it was just the same, only it was the inside window. He is the fondest of gossip I ever saw a horse. I suppose he would never forgive himself if Mrs. Patch should go by once and he should not see her. I asked him if he wanted water, and he said hmf! hmf! and of course I thought that meant yes, and tugged it up to him, and he gave it a contemptuous knock. I wanted to box his ears, but gave him oats instead. The kitten is up on top of the piazza mewling — been there an hour — I shall let her stay another, no business up there. Whenever she hears voices she begins to mew. I hope it will teach her a lesson.

Rain continues. I shall mow the first fine weather. Plenty of red roses in bloom, also Scotch roses, white and blush roses in bud, peas in bloom; lettuce and corn seem backward, weather not warm enough. Aggy continues angelic.

JULY 27, 1886.

We breakfast on piazza all the time nearly, and I shall smuggle luncheon under the apple tree, I

think, to-day. We have put a portrait of Grant, draped with black and white, at the upper front entry window, with a wreath of immortelles above it. L. D. and Dr. C. have flags out at half-mast. But I am sorry in the interest of the fitness of things that he is not to be buried in Washington. New York seems to me specially inappropriate. Cuddy is as bright as possible, but of course we can't yet tell how his lameness may turn out. He uses his leg more than he did, and Mr. C. says he should not like to be kicked by it now. He has not been out of his stall yet.

E. is a sober little fellow, follows Frazeur about admiringly, but contradicts him with perfect gravity and self-possession. "He cahn ride the velocipede," but when Frazeur tumbled over, Edward turned to me with tranquil faith, "He still cahn." They listen to grown-up talk with absorbed attention. I call them both intelligent children, F. remarkably so. The first time his grandmother read to him, what should he choose but "Blaine's Eulogy of Garfield," and she read it to him for an hour, and he listened with intent interest. Jose says she has read it to him through and through. He is reading "St. Nicholas" also.

We went to the Myopia Club Hunt yesterday in white gowns, and buggy and harness as spotless and shining as Mr. C. could make them — a meet at the Kennels — Gibney Farm, and a very good meet, handsome carriages and gay women, and plenty of dukes, besides the hunters in their black coats, white trousers, and high boots, and the scarlet-coated servants, grooms, etc. Well, Aug. said she wouldn't be at the tail end of the procession. The course was to be Willowdale, the finish somewhere back of Asbury Grove, they said, the start at John T's. We ex-

pected they would drive in there, but they did not, so we kept on with the procession, — about in the middle, — but the dust was suffocating, and the day so hot Aug. didn't want to "get Cuddy all of a lather," and we soon fell back where it was really much better, out of the dust. We saw the long line ahead of us on the "long cossey," but when we got to the brow of the further hill beyond the head of the lane they were out of sight ! We drove on to Willowdale, but no glimpse of them, and wondered what could have become of them, and resolved we would not tell any one that we were not even at the tail end of the procession — then the Topsfield road, and by John Smith's — Aug. said she would make the finish anyway, and sure enough, there they all were on the hill, waiting. They must have turned in at the Livermore's Lane and been waiting all that time. We had hardly got into position before the hunters came dashing down Vineyard Hill, taking the walls handsomely. We had a splendid view of them, a charming drive, and Aug. is very much set up about it.

Aug. has about given up the notion of anything new except a bonnet, which A. V. is to make out of a very handsome piece of velvet of mine, which she, having placed away a generation ago, brings forward as with the air of having created it !

The boys are bright, and as good as the general run, for aught I can see. F. brighter by far, and Ned is very nice indeed, all as odd as four sticks, but all interesting. We have great reason to rejoice in our nephews by marriage. Mrs. Jerome¹ is as cheerful as one could expect, more so indeed, but naturally all

¹ Whose husband and three children were drowned in Lake Winnepesaukee.

that looks welcome to her is death. She is rather pretty, very pale now, and has a certain air of lassitude and indifference, wears no mourning, and does not seem even to think what other people think of it. They drive a good deal. Life may come into greater interest and importance for her by and by, but at present she endures rather than enjoys it, and who can wonder?

NOVEMBER, 1886.

We got off about half-past nine Thursday, beginning to rain, so we took the wagon, and as it was so mild Mr. C. thought he might as well let the fire go out, so we took the cat, and as we went in the wagon we thought we might as well kill three birds with one stone, so we took the rocking-chair, and as we were going to Stanwood's direct, we took a bushel of apples, which, with our personal luggage, waterproofs, etc., gave us anything but an appearance of style as we drove into C's back yard. However, it was milder, so we got on very comfortably.

Think of a graduate of a Massachusetts college having so little tact and so little intelligence as to write such a letter as this! He needs to be extremely well informed on the affairs of another world, for he is certainly very ill informed on the etiquette of this. I went to church this morning with Mr. Homan, Universalist, to hear Rev. Emory Battles, of Bangor. No gain over our own! Three-fourths of the sermon given to expounding our theology, and rejecting it, barely one-third to expounding his own. Miss Stephens, coming out, asked me how I liked it. I told her I liked the Universalism of it better than the Calvinism. She was so sorry they had such a sermon

to-day. They very seldom did, and she never liked them.

Don't fail to see Will Gillette's play, though I don't see why it should be such a success; perhaps because I don't see it.

DECEMBER 12, 1886.

Nan's Chatauquaism is doing far more for C. than nursing, and riding keeps them both in life. I believe profoundly in economy, especially in sacrificing the lower to the higher. My dear, fond as I am of luxury, health is the greatest luxury of all.

DECEMBER 30, 1886.

We were shocked yesterday P.M. to hear of Gen. Logan's death a few minutes after it occurred, and shocked again by the mercantile eagerness of some newspapers to get views of it ahead of anybody else. All is news that comes to their net. He looked so strong and everlasting that I never even thought of his illness being anything serious till yesterday morning. Mrs. Logan has met with an unspeakable loss. She was bound up in her husband, not only in his affection, but in his ambition.

[TO GEN. ARMSTRONG, HAMPTON, VA.]

DECEMBER 31, 1886.

DEAR GEN. ARMSTRONG: You are such a heathen yourself that your evidence is first-class testimony! But how came you, I should like to know, whose life has been too much practical activity, to have been greatly theological—how came *you* to have struck the true note? I am beginning to discover in myself a hitherto unsuspected stupidity. I have never done

anything to keep myself from thinking, yet it seems to me that in your one careless, not to say reckless, letter, you show the traditional womanly instinct for truth, which I have been lumbering along after, man-fashion, for a half dozen years. It only proves what I have always maintained, that I am not much of a woman, and a very poor sort of a man! However, Paul and I have this in common — I am what I am!

Now that we are on ticklish subjects — did you ever see a paper on “Florida,” in the “Forum,” in which you were tenderly entreated? I had not the effrontery to send it to you, but having done my little mischief by stealth, I should have no objection to blush, and call it fun.

I have a nephew out among your Kanakas who finds the climate most Christian, and enjoys life greatly in its salubrity.

Now you have begun the “N. A. Review,” pray keep it up for a month or two. I have to fight my jay-hawkers fearfully to get my religion in, but I trust I have conquered to the extent of two or three numbers.

Always truly,

M. A. DODGE.

AUGUSTA, ME., January 1, 1887.

MY DEAR: The first letter of the New Year goes to you with all good wishes. It does not seem to me that the Andover side of the dispute is so well conducted as it might be, or as it would be if *I* had the management or the womanagement of it! They don't keep close enough to the point, and Gov. Gaston ought not to have brought in the question of motives at all.

Do you know that there are some very interesting

things in last week's "Cong."?—Puddefoot's talk, and Bartlett's combined, about Abraham — and Zabriskie's about Chrysostom. I have got new light on Abraham's call, and on Melchizedek. P.M. Here I was interrupted by dinner, where I gave a short lecture on Abraham, which elicited an anathema from Mr. K. for not giving us something of the sort when he preached on Abraham last Sunday.

Mr. Parsons thinks about one in forty make money in Florida, says the land is worth nothing. The sky is what brings so much an acre, with land thrown in. What will grow in sunshine grows, but there is no soil; climate delightful. He wants me to go over to the Gulf side. Mr. Elkins invited me to go on an excursion to New Mexico, starting to-day; was enthusiastic about the Carlyle, says the last page but one of the last number he has saved to read and re-read a dozen times, that it must be the result of a lifetime of thinking, liked it all. Had seen nothing for ten years so complete, so suggestive, so deep! His wife saw in some paper they were glad I had gone at Carlyle, "so we newspaper fellows can have a rest." Fifteen lines on that page, he thought, go down into the mysteries of things.

Says the Kanakas can never be made the equals of the Caucasian. She was born and bred among them, and is very fond of them, never saw a finer gentleman than Kamehameha, husband of Emma, — the children are bright and quick to learn till they are fifteen, then they stop, are gentle and nice, but not deep. She is a firm believer in races. Yesterday and to-day I have been rhyming the English kings. Cedar Keys is one of the places Mr. P. wants me to go.

My idea was to take up the popular notion of the Girl of the Period, with all her feathers and frivolities, and show what a nice woman she turned into. I meant to describe you as a good-for-nothing, but to have you present yourself as a gay, graceful, alluring girl, yet with all the love and wisdom and fidelity of a woman, and thus to antagonize the nonsense that is written about the frivolity of modern girls, to show that girls may have a good time while they are girls, yet none the less for that discharge honorably all the duties which after-life brings them. For this, my dear, without the least flattery, I think of you. If I thought otherwise I should simply say nothing about it. The only extent to which I ever flatter is to say the thing which other people think. I never say what I do not think. You have regretted in one of your late letters that you had not what you think every woman ought to have, a little money of her own. I know it is very nice, and I wish you had it, but I assure you that you have what is worth a great deal more—a gayety of heart, a power of adaptation, a disposition to enjoy what there is, and make the best of things, and when to this is added your cleverness and education and accomplishments, why I won't own Frank for my nephew if he does not up and say that he would rather have you as you are, without a penny, than change for a fortune, if he had to run the risk of changing you in any other respect except, possibly, to have your eyes quite sound! I have made you so charming, and myself such an ogre, that the papers are all defending *you* against *me*! G. H., they say with fierce satire, should remember that she was young herself *once*! Yes, says another, the girl is

frivolous, but we like her!! She is just the kind we like! says a third, and think they are putting *me* down famously. But I don't want you to waste a moment in fancying that I think your love of pleasure, and picnics, and pretty clothes, and singing, and dancing, and sight-seeing, as anything but the lighter and more graceful and perfectly natural parts of a character as solid as it is sweet. There, now, I am Frank's aunt, and you ought to think a great deal of what I say!

[IN RESPONSE TO A REQUEST FOR TERMS.]

HAMILTON, January 14, 1887.

DEAR SIR: Two hundred dollars an article, without limit as to length. Free range as to themes over this world and the next.

Farewell, a word that must be and hath been!

Very respectfully,

M. A. D. —

If I am the one you mean.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PRESS," PHILADELPHIA.]

MY DEAR MR. SMITH: Will you kindly permit me to beg you to ask your reader of copy if he will have the goodness to send me the extract regarding G. H., from Culpepper's late letter — with the sentences marked which he considered to show such a "right drift" towards polite letters, logical discussion, scientific discovery, or social ethics as to demand or to justify their publication.

As for Mr. William Feering G., the Salvation Army will have to heave long at its spiritual windlass before it can raise him to any gutter where a decent

Christian resentment can stoop to touch him. But with great respect and admiration for yourself, I am curious to know where his orbit could infringe upon that of any person worthy to be in your employ.

Very truly,

M. A. DODGE.

JANUARY, 1887.

JANUARY 27, 1887.

It is Jan. 27, and very cold. Your mother, who is a born general, orders me to stand and deliver from time to time my plans; would, I verily believe, like to have the whole family circle report to her at least once a week! I don't pretend to keep the run of things, but she knows just when a circular letter is due, and just when the ocean steamer should bring word from Honolulu, and if anything is late by half a minute she summons the stars in their courses to explain the reason why! Think of the Stewart's store of things she has sent to Miss Monroe! A sugar-barrelful, and she stamping them down! Do you suppose you will ever be contented in this cold climate again? I am afraid that our uncouth and objecting servants, and our harsh winters, and our difficult society, will seem to you rather hard after your open skies and your out-door life, and fluidic movement! C's picture is ravishing, but, as you see, I have got to send it away. Mrs. Dimmick, the dowager, is so ill that they have delayed going back to the Islands, but at last accounts were preparing for another start. We are talking so much about The Fisheries, and the English and Canadians are talking so much about war, that they may not be able to go at all, if they don't go soon. Would it not be odd to find your-

selves at sword's points with your nearest neighbors
some fine morning? You won't!

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

FEBRUARY 7, 1887.

A telegram came Sunday, saying the funeral was to be this P.M., and I suppose they are just now returning to an empty house, but far as there can ever be death without desolation, it ought to be there, for Mrs. Dimmick was all intellect and heart-beneficence and high living, and would enjoy the heights of the other world as much as any one, I know. Poor M. will be desolate, but she is a most useful person, and can never be *de trop* anywhere. Your letter came this morning, full of new clothes, made almost on the Divine model, — out of nothing, — but then you are a dabster at most things. I am this winter, for the first time, enjoying the blue shoes you made me, with soles; the blue socks have lasted till now.

I dare say Prof. W. thought from Will's sound theology he must be a relative of G. H.! As for the lost aunt, tell A. V. here she is working for dear life to get the wherewi'! for self and sister to idle by and by! Of course Percy's little slap of his brother is a love-pat, and poking into his eyes is natural curiosity. I have long been convinced that for solid sense in this world we have got to depend chiefly on our own family, and you see that the P's, being a connection, understand the G. O. P. without a lexicon and grammar, and explanatory notes. Still we can't constantly exclude the rest of the world, so must sometimes be friends with phools! But I will not name them. I can see C. grinning her skull off at the Pea-

body plaudits. C., being up to her neck in fairs and silk quilts, is now turning to and clothing all the world in "monkey-puzzles." Just what I should have liked this winter to wear sleigh-riding, under my circular, but rather than C. should die of *ennui*, I don't know but that I would take one now! Have you any coherent idea left after C's simple disjunctive question, or series of compound questions, as to how to make that Roman scarf quilt? I wonder they don't put her in Mr. Eddy's place, and swear the church will disband unless she runs it! I think she would do it under a little bulldozing, and it is not saying much to say she would do it better than the Rev. J.

In an old "Kennebec Journal" some one just sent by mail is the advertisement of Mr. Bullard fifty-six years ago! I thought he would be pleased to see it, so I send it to you. Tell him he will never know till he sits down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, particularly, in the Kingdom of Heaven — and perhaps even not then — how much this new light which is breaking forth from God's holy word is due to his patience of hope and his labor of love through this long, eager half-century and more! I mean to give Abraham a lift by and by.¹ It is all very well for the young fry to criticise him, but it takes a person of experience — like me — to measure his strength, his large, great part in the movement of the world.

FEBRUARY 22, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR: My "name and pseudonym" you can see yourself it would be most foolish to give. Why have the affectation of a public name, if you are going to obtrude your private name? A public name

¹ Did, in "A Washington Bible Class," published 1891.

is not a mere caprice. It is given for the sole purpose of a lightning conductor — to catch all the flash and crash of the outside electricity, and leave the inner home of privacy unharmed, untouched. So I send you the autograph of the only individuality that the world knows or cares or ought to know anything about.

You may be assured that whenever you see any other name than this, instead of this, it is in violation of my private rights and my free will. For my picture, I think you will have to wait till the Astral Soul of the Universe of the Theosophists materializes.

Always most truly,

MARY A. DODGE.

MARCH 9, 1887.

As to the Interstate Commerce Bill, *we* think it a bothersome bill in some ways, but brought about largely by the imprudence or unwisdom of the railroads themselves. I don't believe it will last a great while, at least in its present form, but the only way, I suppose, is to try it and see. It is only the Mugwumps who are omniscient and know beforehand how things ought to be done. As for me, I know very little about it anyway. Abraham never used a railroad in his migrations, but he got there all the same. There is more slang for Nan, but she must be mistaken about the "ugly mug," for I don't know what it means. It has something to do with pugilists, but whether it is the face, or nose, or what, Nan alone nose!

Seems to me you are going out of Cambridge in a blaze of glory. You know Mrs. H. said long ago at

Concord that you were a great deal more interesting when I was not by, because you stood and admired me, if I were round; and when you were alone you acted yourself! I don't know about the philosophy of it, but you see how you came, and saw, and conquered, this winter! I should think it was *meself*, by the way Mr. N. and Agnes go at you! I hope it will be a permanent lesson to you in self-confidence!!! and not you be always thinking it is I that every one wishes to see, and that they look disappointed when you appear.

You showed excellent taste in your extracts! Two were the ones I thought of — the mountain-tops of mind and the rainbow, and the drop and the ocean — and both of them came to me of themselves after the thing was well worked out, also the Gulf-Stream-Inspiration!

XII

OVER THE OCEAN

1887-1888

XII

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FORT GIBSON, INDIAN TERRITORY,
April 4, 1887.

WE arrived last night, and this morning it is cold enough to have a fire. I won't stop now to write about the journey, only about *your* journey. It is their winter day, and the season is late. Yesterday it was hot summer, and, except for an hour after dinner, delightful to me, although I wore my cloth gown. The trees are out, and the wild flowers everywhere. Alice has made a beautiful home for herself here, but outside there is not much to attract in the journey through Indian Territory. She has wonderful courage to keep up in such a place, in the midst of a whole territory of Indians. The only comfort is that it is for a little while, but, except that it is in the line of duty, it is, as Col. C. says, a "waste of life." He is a man of a thousand.

Coppie looked up at me at the breakfast table, without any previous introduction, and remarked gravely, "Me b'long to the Congregational Church." He labored long and hard over the *Cong.*, but he got it all out. He came slowly downstairs yesterday alone, touching a certain winged figure in the paper as he came along, and saying each time softly to

himself, "Holy Ghost, Holy Ghost." When he sneezes he says, "God bless us!" and then looks up and smiles, "I 'neezed." I suppose his nurse has taught him.

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A card for a penny stamp for a detained paper in the Boston P.O. yesterday was spelled *Agusta*, Maine. Reform Administration! I remarked to the Boston P.O. that the Maine people had a prejudice in favor of two u's in their State capital—a prejudice to which I observed the Boston P.O. was not disposed to yield; that if there was an *Augusta* in the U.S. further off than Illinois, I presumed the lost letter had gone there, and if their ideas of comparative geography were the same as Boston's, probably it was lying there still.

Returning from Indian Territory, Miss Dodge spent the summer and part of the fall at home, and a few weeks in New York City, whence she sailed for Europe the first of December.

[TO MR. AND MRS. ELKINS.]

DECEMBER, 1887.

MY DEARS: "Let us go and hear these Elkinses lie" shall I say henceforth to them that go down to the sea in ships! Such whoppers as those wherewithal you have crammed my unresisting ears; yes, both of you! In the first place, seasickness; I don't believe there is any such thing. I have not been sick one minute, or thought of such a thing. Might just as well be sick in a hammock, or a rocking-chair. Then the cold! Harriet Elkins, why Hamilton could give

the Atlantic Ocean points on cold, and beat every time. It has been a week of lovely mild weather. I have been as loyal to your teachings as Casabianca, and put on all my flannels at the time, with nearly the same result as Casabianca. But there is evidently no cold weather on the Atlantic Ocean. Commander Cummings said one thing was, we should have no fog. We had two days of fog. You may be sure I relegated the command of this vessel to no one during those two days. I took charge myself! But I kept on all the flannels just as if it had not been dog-days, because Capt. Holly said the cold of the Atlantic was very searching. This morning my bones were so lame and sore I thought I had surely caught cold from the heat, and took five of Capt. Holly's camphor pills before I remembered that it was because I was banged round so on the deck yesterday. The sea looked as calm as a lake, but somehow the deck was upside down every minute. I saw two men sit down hard on the floor. After I had been slamming around two hours a very nice young gentleman came out of the cabin, and took my arm to help me to a seat. I said I could do very well. "Very dangerous trying to walk here," he said; so I sat down meekly till his back was turned, then slipped around the other side, and slammed up and down that deck the rest of the day. I have been on deck all the time, and have not missed a meal, or had a qualm; and I will say that out of the complete wreck of the Elkins' character I *have* saved the steamer-hood, which has been of the greatest and of constant service; also the basket of fruit, which has been so ample that I am going to give a party on it to-night. The boat stopped once yesterday — about three-quarters of an hour. It is

clean and comfortable; service ample, and good. You ought to hear my French — stewardess and I sail the seas of the French language, and come into port bravely. To-day I said to a woman on deck, who seemed to be *au fait* about everything, “Do you know exactly in what direction is England?” She wrinkled her forehead, beetled her brows, took a long sweep around the horizon, reflected on the sweep, then blandly pointed to Spain, and said, “I think England is there.” I thanked her with effusion, and we parted friends. Six hours afterwards she came to me, and said she had been looking it up on the map, and she thought England was on the other side, over there, pointing within telescopic distance of England this time. But would anybody but a woman ever think of looking on a map to find England? — in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, with the sun shining full in the west. B. would not, nor D., nor any other of those four dear, little, sweet girls¹ that sit around your table every day just for the sake of forgetting me, nor would that fine baby-boy² upstairs in the nursery with Annie. The vessel has rolled badly, and there was nothing for it but to plant myself on a camp-stool in the middle of my state-room, and brace myself against the sofa in front and the berth behind. Otherwise I should be travelling around the room most of the time while dressing. As it is, I have made a great many involuntary journeys, but I have not been seasick at all. Now, to save time and writing in this upside-down vessel, will you send this letter on its travels, and I will give the list? . . . Mrs. Phelps, I am sure, will be glad to know that I have not been seasick, though I have

¹ All boys.

² Girl.

not, quite like her, wanted to eat every minute. In fact, I have been rather disgusted to find that I have been exactly as if I were at home — hungry enough, but not ravenous, yet I have been out-doors all the time, wet or dry. In fact, I may say I have walked to Europe.

Sunday morning, December 10. Saw the English lights last night; might have called on the Queen. Have passed Onfleurs this morning. We are now in the choppy English channels, and like my Beowulf ancestry coming down upon England from the north, who thanked God that to them the wave-journey had been so easy, so I say my prayer this Sunday morning, and send my letter back to America, with love to you all.

[TO THE FAMILY.]

DECEMBER 16, 1887.

MY DEARS: It is rainy. In Paris it seems to be rainy all the time, with intervals of sunshine and blue sky all the time. To-day I went out and looked at some pictures. We went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart to see the pupil, and I could compare it with Kenwood. It was formerly a chateau, highly ornamented. They pulled all the gilding off the carving, but had to let the carving be, so it looks quite fine. Yesterday morning I went to the Louvre — once a palace of the King's — now partly a museum and partly a shop. The pictures you will find worth coming over the ocean to see, Raphael's, Murillo's David's, Titian's, old and new, pictures that engraving and copies have made you familiar with. I only walked through, as it were, but I hope in the future

to have time to go there and stay. That is pretty much all the real sight-seeing I have done, though I have seen a good deal. I said write often, but I would not give in much to the weight. To-morrow morning we start south. I shall hope to hear from you all pretty soon, but the existence of the ocean telegraph makes the situation very much better, even if one does not get letters.

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

Just on the border, a little southeast from Paris, which we left at 8.40 this morning, reaching here at 7 P.M., to a hotel, Victoria. The country through which we came is very much under water, a good deal of it flat, and where there are hills they are cultivated to the very top, or until rocks are struck. There are many rows of trees in all directions — roads and canals bordered with them. A good deal of it reminded me strongly of Vineland. A great many villages, but always of gray stone, or a sort of stucco, old, shambling, sordid, damp roofs ; many of them moss-grown, many roofed with red tile. All the way I saw but one of any pretensions to be called a fine house, very few single houses, most of the farmers' houses being clustered together in little villages on the tops of two very high sharp hills. I saw ornamental chapels to the Virgin Mary — with towers — otherwise not noticeably different from scenery at home. The hotel is not large ; floors bare, but hard wood laid in figures ; beds as in Paris, old-fashioned and high. In this room a white stove of fluted porcelain, almost as high as the ceiling, round ; nothing else particularly different from ours. I am far more impressed by the likeness than by the difference between the two

countries — only the brown-stone, old and dirty villages are so unlike our neat white and green-painted ones. The beds have down coverlids on them, almost as big and thick as the beds themselves. We stopped at Troyes, and got out and walked up and down and again at Vesam. Then we came on to Lucerne, where I am now writing, Sunday night, December 18. We came on this morning to Lucerne, because we could not get here till ten last evening, and did not wish to go over so much by dark. It is only a short run comparatively from Basle here. As it was, it was dark all the way through Alsace yesterday, and after we left Basle there was the most marked change, villages a great deal better, houses two stories, and the land everywhere, and all up the mountain sides to the snow-line, as carefully cultivated and as neatly kept as the Boston part of Beverly shore, beautiful roads and magnificent scenery. All the smallest bridges even of solid masonry; the railroad bank, high or low, trimmed and turfed; beautiful grass, still green, all along. A remarkably open winter so far. Past Lake Sempach, and over the river Aar. At Lucerne we have rooms fronting the lake. After lunch walked up to see the Lion of Lucerne, a colossal lion carved by Thorwaldsen on the face of the solid rock-side of the mountain. They have boarded him up, though, for the winter, because a few years ago the ice broke his leg, but I could see his mane and one paw. At the glacial garden where he is I saw holes worn by the glacier rocks in the geologic ages, one of them thirty-six feet across, and thirty deep, the sides as smooth as if they had been carved out, and in the bottom of each hole is the rounded and smoothed rock which was whirled round and round by the melting ice-water, and

did the carving. Then we walked up to an old church, which was restored some time in the 17th century, and the two towers built in 1506. In the front wall of it was a stone carving of seven or eight life-size persons in a group, most excellently done, at a time when people believed in literal renderings of the Bible.

HOTEL CAVOUR, MILAN, ITALY,
Tuesday, December 20, 1887.

MY DEARS: One little personal thing I must not forget to mention. When I was buying a bonnet in Paris a middle-aged woman, not noticeable, and a very pretty blonde of twenty or so were trying on bonnets for the latter. The milliner who was waiting on me found opportunity to whisper that it was the Duchesse de Chartres, and the Princess Mary, who, I suppose, is her daughter. Now, as of course you all know, her husband, the Duc de Chartres, is son of the Duc d'Orleans, who was killed by stepping from his carriage when the horses were running away, grandson of the King Louis Philippe, great-grandson of "Egalité," who had his head cut off; and many times grandson of Henri 4th, Louis 13th, and many times grand-nephew of the great Louis 14th, Louis 15th, and Louis 16th, whose head was cut off in the French Revolution. All of which speaks well for my bonnet, don't you see? In the Place de la Concorde, which we crossed to go to the Chamber of Deputies, and many times after, twenty-eight hundred people were guillotined at the time of the French Revolution. Among them the King, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, and finally Robespierre — and to-day it is the most beautiful place in Paris. We left Lucerne yesterday morning in something of a snow-storm, which

presently lifted, and we had a good view of the Lake of the Four Cantons with its beautiful green waters, and the indescribable mountains. We went through the pass of St. Gotthard, which is no more wonderful for the mountains of God than for the engineering of man. Immense tunnels in the rock we were constantly passing through, and sometimes they had to tunnel away into a rock and curve out again, all the time rising, because there was no room to turn outside of the mountain of rock. Every foot of the road was interesting, except when the snow shut us in completely.

MILAN, December, 1887.

Good hotel, good fires, good dinner when we got here. We front on the Piazza Cavour, — a fine statue of Cavour adorning it. A pretty circle of green with the streets all round it. All the first part of the way yesterday it was green as summer almost till the snow gradually covered it. Such careful cultivation of the land, vineyards running up away into the mountains, and great fields like gardens! Shrines and chapels set all among the mountains, as if you should have a pretty shrine or a chapel to the Virgin Mary on the top of Allen's Hill. Speaking of which reminds me how delightful at Basle as I was going out on Sunday morning was the ringing of the church bells of Basle. I shall always think, too, of the moon of Milan, after the snowstorm with which Italy greeted us. It came out such a soft golden crescent as we left the station. Milan is a bright, fair city, so different from the dark and damp Paris. It seemed this morning like the brightest of October days at home. The hotel is excellent — the same old hard baker's bread that you need an axe

to split, and the coffee very bad, but excepting that everything was nice. The hotels are essentially like ours, so are the people in the street. The outside look of everything is different, but the essential thing is essentially the same. This morning seeing a gateway in the street that seemed to open into a beautiful garden, I turned to go in and saw that the man was about closing the gate. He was a dark-eyed, handsome, white-haired creature, and he bowed me in most politely, but we saw that it was apparently private, and so bowed ourselves out again, but I saw a vision of gardens and walks that was quite enchanting. Many of the women are bareheaded, many I saw with gay striped stockings and wooden shoes that have thick soles, a pointed toe, and no heel at all, so that they go clumping along, the shoe slipping up and down every step. I saw an old woman in a bright big red plaid skirt, a blue apron, a white shoulder-shawl with a purple border, and on her head, standing straight up from the nape of her neck like a head-dress, a bright tin or silver platter about the size of a silver cake-basket, at the top and on the back of it, crossed, something like two large silver spoons. She wore it like a comb and no one seemed to mind it. A good many men wear short blue frocks of overall cloth in old farmer-fashion, but otherwise they look like the rest of the world. We went to see the cathedral this morning. It deserves its fame — the most wonderful building I ever saw. It is lace-work, frost-work, a dream in stone, anything you please that is immense, graceful, impossible. Infinite in stone sculpture, scores of pointed turrets on the roof, the richest of stained glass, and every part as carefully finished as if it were but three feet high. The people here

almost worship it. It is the pride and glory and love of Milan. Within are immense pillars, altars, carvings. Hundreds of years of devotion and art and wealth and piety built it up into what it is. On the way to it we passed through a beautiful gateway as big as a church itself, and were in a street of shops, crossed at right-angles by another street of shops, and streets, shops, and all, under a closed glass arched roof. The effect was fine as you looked through the gateway, and must be still finer if you wanted to go shopping on a rainy day. I can see the white, snow-covered Alps from my chamber window far off. We passed through William Tell's village of Altorf yesterday. I don't think my letters are worth passing around, but you can use your own judgment as to whether they have any more interest than simply to give you the course of my journey.

HOTEL CAVOUR, MILAN, LOMBARDY, ITALY,

Monday, Dec. 26, 1887.

MY DEAR: This morning I received letters, which is the first I have heard from home since I left. It is a bright morning, cold, but the cold here seems to have no sharpness. I am in a large room with a white soap-stone open stove, gilt, decorated, wardrobe with mirror doors, tables, bureaus, etc., all might be in a Lowell inn — candles instead of gas — so that I call Europe a land of darkness. We went to Xmas services yesterday at the Cathedral. An immense congregation, but I was disappointed in the music, which made no commanding impression. It was simply choral music in one corner of the immense edifice, but it made no sweep over us. I am impressed by the inferiority of the masses here in look.

Milan is said to be the richest city in Italy, but the amount of squalor, deformity, defacement, disease, which I see in the street is unparalleled at home. The ideal Italian face is wanting, except to the one old janitor I saw the first day I was here. The children look old. The elders seem very good to them. Such hags and witches as I see mumbling in the churches. There are beautiful places in the city. Yesterday we walked around a square after church which must be perfect fairyland in summer time — rocks, vines, trees, grottoes, a bridge with a pair of lovers under it. Thursday we went out to see the original Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." It is painted on the wall of an old refectory, and is much injured by time. I stared at it a long while and punched it into myself that it had been one of the world's famous pictures for nearly four hundred years, but it would not do. I can't make anything of it but a "Godey's Lady's Book" picture — artificial colors, a flat insipid Christ, and the only manly sort of face that of Judas. The apartment is a bare and dreary place, long, high, stone, and stone-cold, with another big picture painted on the opposite wall. An old church is near by, and we surveyed and entered that just as a service in a side-chapel was closing. It is strange to see in every church, no matter how old and decadent, so much magnificence, carvings, paintings, stained glass, tiled floors, sometimes of brick, some with pillars covered with red draperies. But the most interesting thing here, next to the Cathedral, is a private house given by its owner, with the furniture, for a museum. So you can see what a nest a rich Milanese feathered for himself, and I never saw anything like it. Seems as if there was not a square foot that was not decor-

ated up hill and down dale. In the bed-room, for instance, the bed stood on a little platform, and on every corner, head and foot, were all sorts of wooden babies and things, while under the corners were squirming goblins, and sick, howling, and writhing, as if in the agony of being crushed down by the heavy bed-stead. I should think Mr. Poldi-Pizzoli would have had a night-mare every night, and I don't wonder he gave his house away. The front stairs curved in a series of angles, and where our register is was a fountain of flowers, a little bigger than we could get in between the table and stairs. The stairs were of solid stone, inshot with long strips of brass as bright as could be. One thing I liked were the sofas and easy chairs that walled in the fire-places, and must have made it very pleasant when the fire was lighted and Poldi could lounge and read there, but the general effect was dark. There were many interesting things in it, quantities of uninteresting ones. The best picture, a portrait of Cardinal Mazarin, wonderfully alive and looking as superficially meek as I dare say he did to "them air kings" — a handsome, thin-faced, dark-eyed fellow with fresh lips, intellectual. Whenever we see a church we pop in. At St. Angelo the service was going on — a procession of boys coming in, the two ahead seeming to be in a lively lark, the one swinging the censer and trying to keep it, the other trying as hard to get it. The weather is cold with a little snow, so that I want warm clothes as much as anywhere. Yet I see loads of women and girls out walking bareheaded and without wraps of any kind over their calico gowns — many with just a little three cornered knit worsted neck-kerchief or hood over the head, the ends crossed on their backs.

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Every face looks cold and red and raw. I believe this exposure must be the cause of so much physical disfigurement, stunted growth, and general under-size. They look as if they were started on a larger scale, but gave out, big features on short bodies. Around the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde they hang all the time mourning wreaths and emblems.

MILAN, ITALY, December 30, 1887.

MY DEARS: Your letters came yesterday. With something like the prescience of a letter, which Alice often has, I lay awake till after one o'clock the night before thinking of you. Going along the canal, I counted twenty-five women, one behind the other, washing. They each kneel on a big flat rock and lay the clothes out on it and rub them over with the hand, or a scrubbing brush, or they rub the cloth itself on the rough rock, then dip it into the canal and rub again. A stick is stuck up somehow in the water, and some of the clothes they fasten on that and let them float on the water.

I am sure also of another thing, that Northern Italy is no place for winter residence. You need fire here as much as in Hamilton, though not as much fire. There is snow on the ground, and ice. I want now to get down south as soon as possible. We have not seen all there is to see in Milan, but we have seen a good deal. Winter is not the time to travel here any more than at home.

MILAN, ITALY, January 5, 1888.

They say Milan has the best shoemaker in the world, and I am trying him with three pairs. Paris

was anything but the gay city Loring writes when I left it. It is growing richer but duller. The weather was dull, rainy, and chilly — Milan is cold and chilly. Europe is a land of darkness. I have not seen a day of bright American sunshine, and by night no gas, but dull lamps and candles. What interests me is the antiquities. Yesterday in the oldest church here, going to the 4th century, St. Lorenzo, — just before reaching it we came upon a long colonnade of sixteen Corinthian pillars — stone — as big as those of the Treasury — just standing in the street, detached from everything else, all worn, defaced, but still showing capital, pedestal, the stone base uniting them — a relic of no one knows how many years ago. The church is octagonal within, very handsome but stone cold. A little old woman sat, bent, coughing terribly, knitting, with a little can of charcoal beside her. She jumped up as we approached, ran ahead and opened the door of a side chapel, where was the stone tomb of the old Gothic King who founded the church, — and the more decorated tomb of some Santa Maria, — but how she keeps the warmth of life in her poor old body I can't see. The day before we went to the church of St. Ambrose, which is supposed to have been once a temple of Bacchus, — interesting as showing how the new incoming Christianity utilized the out-going Pagan places of worship. The outside court seems to have been a burying place, and the walls are full of half obliterated Latin inscriptions to the dead, rude frescoes and carving in stone of panthers and other wild beasts, generally fighting, but everywhere it is cold — in the churches is seldom sunshine or any warmth but from the candles or the incense. The snow lies unmelted on the ground, the

frozen mist in the air, and the bareheaded unshawled women and girls look so cold in the street. I am glad to have seen the winter aspect of Italy! I never could have believed it without seeing it, but I am quite ready now for a warm atmosphere, though I have been well all the time. I have got to know my way about Milan quite well, though I never go out alone, and I think I have got a little insight into Italian politics. The Pope's jubilee has not been a conciliator exactly — seems rather to have caused a little friction between the Papacy and the Monarchy, and there really seems a fear that the Pope will try to get back temporal power. There was a report that King George, of Greece, was in this hotel a night or two ago, brother of the Princess of Wales, son of the King of Denmark, but it turned out to be only his two sons, who, I suppose, are hardly old enough to think as highly of me as they ought to think — at least they did not succeed in seeking me out. We went to the English church Sunday morning — the only *warm* church in Milan, and that is not a church but an apartment, congregational singing — a very good *unthinking* sermon, prayer for the Queen and the President.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

VENICE,

Friday (before breakfast), January, 13, 1888.

MY DEARS: I am writing with pen, ink, and paper, on the marble top of my white porcelain stove, which has just begun to feel warm, though I had the fire built before I was up, and now I am all dressed and waiting for breakfast in Jaeger flannels — without which

I should long ere this have perished from the cold and fog of sunny Italy — also cloth gown from which most of the buttons were ripped and worn off long ago, and have been superseded by various devices of silk puffs and satin ribbons — anything rather than sew them on again. To my surprise I discovered at noon that they were all on! Investigating I found that Annie had taken advantage of my going to the Opera Tuesday evening, and had sewed the buttons all on! I had not discovered it! The Opera was at the famous Della Scala Opera-house. I wanted to see it for its celebrity more than for any special opera. This was the "Queen of Sheba," and very well done, but the ballet after it was the best thing of the kind I ever saw — hundreds on the stage, men and women in beautiful though somewhat scanty costumes whirling around on the tip ends of their big toes, jumping into the air like so many tops, and acting in concert as if they were one big machine, that you forgot they were men and women.

We left Milan yesterday about 1.30 P.M. and had a very good journey — of course no scenery but the Lombardy plains, brown, and mostly bare, except for the scanty snow — and the beautiful Alps white and glittering far off, purple nearer, and closer at hand the gray rocky hills. We passed close to the monument which marks the battle of Solferino, and saw some of the fortifications of the famous Quadrilateral.

We passed through Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona and Padua and over the four-mile bridge from the mainland to Venice, built on her one hundred and more islands, about 7.30 P.M. Instead of carriage we got into a gondola and were rowed up the grand canal — the main street — for a half hour or so

to Danieli's Hotel, where we disembarked into a rambling old house, or two houses, with a river street between them, so that we go over a bridge between them. It is, however, glassed in and carpeted just like a part of the house, but you can look down upon the water. The city was built out into the water for protection, and was so successful that it was long the lead of the world's commerce. But there is only one horse in the city, and he is in the zoological gardens. Don't you wish it was Cuddy? There are thousands of people here who never saw a horse. There are of course no roads, except the canals. The rich people keep their own gondolas painted black, some of them richly carved and decorated and the rowers in livery. There is a covered sort of cabin in a part of the boat, so that you can be sheltered against rain or sun, a carpet and cushioned seats, and by the doors of some of the palaces are big posts gayly painted and driven deep below the water as hitching-posts for the boats. You can walk almost anywhere, as there are sidewalks, though some of them are not more than three feet wide and without any guard. We are near the great St. Mark's Piazza or Square, with the Doge's Palace, Mt. Roxal's Palace, and St. Mark's Church on it; altogether Venice is quite the most interesting place I have seen. We went all over the palace, which contained also all the Government machinery, the Council of Ten, Council of Three, and we went along the narrow passage by which prisoners used to be conducted across the Bridge of Sighs to the prison beyond. And we went down to the dungeons and saw the cells with wooden platforms for beds, and some without even that — nothing but the stone floor, no light, except from the little hole in

the thick masonry through which the food was passed to them, and so low that when the tide came in they were sometimes half way in the water, and the place where the guillotine used to be, and the holes made in the stone floor for the blood to run off into the canal. It was the most hideous place imaginable, and I was glad to get out again into the free air. In the palace were acres of most beautiful paintings by the great painters, many of them by Tintoretto, and in St. Mark's church, the most quaint and foreign of anything I have yet seen. But I am surprised by the oldness and shabbiness of everything. I had no idea that Venice was such a city of the dead. Everything it has of interest is of the past. The wealth now is in the hands of the Jews. There is one palace which cost about 240,000 gold ducats, now offered for sale at 25,000 francs, and it is an immense palace, for I saw it, all pillared and carved in stone — splendid — so now if you want a palace here is your chance. Most of the hotels seem to be old palaces, and one is a furniture warehouse — but oh! they are so blackened and old and shabby — marble — but defaced, and I don't know what is to keep them from absolute ruin, except that as pretty much all there is of Venice is the curiosity of the world to see it, they may keep it up as it is for money. The side canals are but ditches when the tide is low and smell to heaven. Even St. Mark's palace has a shabby look. The Royal Family are in the palace only a few days in the year, and I hardly see how they can stand that. Prince Napoleon and his son are at this hotel to-night I am told, and we saw them in their gondola this P.M., but not near. His wife is the King's sister. The furniture of the hotel would not be remarkable in Warwick, Mass.,

and has no flavor of the antique — cheap paper — but good service.

FLORENCE, January 18, 1888.

I wrote last from Venice, where I bought a few little souvenirs of V. — went across the Rialto and walked all we could about the quaint and narrow streets. We came through Bologna to Florence, stopped five hours in Bologna, snow a good deal of the way, and in B. all the snow had been shovelled off the streets and piled up in the squares twice as high as your head. We went to the Grand Hotel Continental, on the Arno facing south, full of sunshine and literally the first I have had *in my room* since I left home. The fires were roaring in all the rooms with a most welcome chimney-a-fire sound, but alas the roaring proved to be of water and not of fire, for the River Arno, flowing through Florence, has to be dammed in order not to run away with the city, and the dam came right under our window with a roar as bad as a saw-mill, so we packed again and came here, above the dam, but still on the Arno, fronting the southern all-day sun, though the air is cold. My big window for the view — the bright sky, flowing river, the hills opposite with villas, and the Apennines to the west, dark purple below the rosy west, and the long line of lamps by the wall, which keeps the whole street from falling into the Arno, and a clear moon. We drove this morning up the heights near, but not quite *to* the house where Galileo lived and Milton visited, got a good view of the city and the encircling Apennines. In the P.M. we walked out to the Cathedral, very large, with beautiful doors and windows, but the black and white marble where it is weather-worn looks

patchy and shabby, and the inside seems bare. Except on the heights and along the Arno, "Lung Arno" they call it, and an occasional *piazza*, the streets are the same, narrow, dark stone ruts between high stone houses that shut out the light. Carriages, horses, men, women, and children all cram together, but they are good-natured, and I don't see that they ever hit to hurt. We drove in the large park just west of the city yesterday, and saw a great number of fine carriages, so that it was quite gay. We went past a fountain with a great statue of Neptune, on the very spot where Savonarola was burnt in 1498. Our short stay in Bologna was really interesting. First place we had Bologna sausage at dinner, though it was no more like a sausage than it was like Bologna. Then Queen Victoria's ancestors, the Guelphs, came from "round there," and the Lucretia Borgias and others of the kings.

St. Petronia, a church which they meant to make the largest cathedral in Italy, but were not able to finish, and where Charles V. was crowned Emperor, and opposite this church a hall where the conclave met to elect Pope John 23. We poked round till we found a great shabby, rubbishy hall with nothing in it but a big canvas on the floor on which they were painting, and to find it we had to go through barn-like holes and stairways, and to the Piazza Galvani, where a big marble Professor Galvani is still studying his marble frog to get the Galvanism out of his hind legs. And we also drove to the great University founded in 1119, and kept up ever since, though where there used to be 10,000 pupils are now only 400. Coming hither the road bores through 48 tunnels. To Bologna we went through Ferrara, where Tasso and

Ariosto used to live, but as they have been dead some 300 years or so we did not call. Did I tell you that in Venice we went to the palace where the Count de Chambord lived — bought since by a Baron somebody, who is married to a Rothschild, and has spent 700,000 francs on a new staircase, but is not above charging a half franc for letting you go in and see it. It is worth the money, though, — all marble and bronze, — exquisite marble women all up the sides of the stairs, and twisted marble pillars and marble panels of all shapes and shades, almost the only modern fine thing in Venice, now that we are out of it. St. Marks is very beautiful and wonderful and indescribable, ceilings covered with pictures looking like paintings, but wholly made of glass mosaics, — little bits of colored glass as big as a pea.

This P.M. we went to the church of Santa Croce, in one side of which, inside, lies Galileo, and on the other Michael Angelo. If you wish to remember their times you can remember that Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and Galileo died the day Sir Isaac Newton was born. His monument declares him (G. G.) to be the permanent glory of Florence; but it does not change the fact that Florence imprisoned him for the very thing that made her glory, — his astronomical discoveries and insisting that the world *does* move. Think of a country that is full of pictures and statues, but has its bureau drawers open only by the key, and only one key to four drawers, and that tumbling out all the time! Likewise a stove that is covered with a piece of red cotton velvet with red wollen fringes hanging down all around it, when there is a fire in and when there is not! I have quite given up fire, it makes so little impression on anything but the bill.

FLORENCE, TUSCANY, ITALY,

January 20, 1888.

As I have just been reading aloud an account of the canals in the planet Mars it does not make any distance in the world seem great, and when we travel there Florence will seem like our next neighbor's door yard. The revolution in Hawaii cannot, I should think, be much of a revolution, even if it ever comes off, because the white race is so much stronger, both mentally and physically, than the Kanaka. America is greatly in advance of Europe in the art of life. Italians have no notion of warming themselves in winter, but they have learned that Americans must eat, and they give us good food and good service.

I have been up to-day to the house of Galileo, on one of the many hills a little out of the city, driving to the foot of the hill, then walking up a narrow road, walled in on both sides part of the way by masonry three or four times as high as my head, and all the way above it. Quite a farm when you get there, and *looks* as if G. G. was as good a farmer as he was astronomer; orchards green and well furrowed; house of brick and stone floors; huge frame of timber, rather rough, but very strong; up narrow and dark stone stairs through dark entries into G. G.'s study, where are many pictures of him, paintings and photographs, the instruments that he used, his autograph, chairs, and tables; up still higher to the tower-top, whence he studied the starry heavens to such purpose, and all the Apennines shimmering far off above the many-hued mists to the east and "buried in light" by the silver mist at the west, Florence cradled at the foot of the mountains below us, and villas crowning a thousand summits around us. It was very beautiful

and solemn and suggestive, and I sympathized with Milton, who came much further in time to visit Galileo than we did in space to visit his house. And in all the beauty of the estate and the fulness of Galileo's fame J. Milton had the best of the bargain. We are beautifully situated on the Arno with water, mountains, sky, and city in full view. I understand why Italian sunsets are so noted; they are no finer than ours, but so much finer and more open than anything else I have seen in Europe that no wonder Europeans extol them. The only lack at home is that we have not the history to idealize them, and in very few cities anywhere are they so widely visible. Saturday I went up to Galileo's house again, I was so interested, but T. would not go upstairs, it smelt so old and musty, and she would give more to see a fresh New England house with white paint and green blinds and the family sitting down to a comfortable tea drinking than all Italy! but was greatly interested in Savonarola, who was hanged and burned, — hanged first on a scaffold in the public square here about four hundred years ago, a monk, Prior of San Marco, and one of the greatest and best men in the world, according to the rule "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." On the spot where he was sacrificed is to-day a noble fountain with statue of Neptune in marble and bronze figures all about it, and close behind the palace where he was tried and prisoned and put to torture. We also went to the monastery where he was prior and walked in his court, adorned with Fra Angelico's pictures, and sat in his cell and saw his autographs and looked at his rosaries and clothes and winked pretty hard at the latter, for they looked *pretty* fresh for things that were worn four centuries ago!

but in looking at such things it is best not to be too inquisitive. Even Galileo's house they say is *supposed* to be his. But how came it to be *supposed* except because it *was* his? Of course it is his, and I will send you a leaf from his hedge which I expect you to receive without any doubts or questionings. And we drove up to San Miniato, which Browning's Moon "lamped" years ago, up a hill spliced and buttressed up with masonry enough to hold up Essex County, but at the top giving the most lovely views of this city, beautiful for situation as Mt. Zion, I think, but not otherwise. It is overflowing with wealth of old pictures and old churches, incredible in their beauty of statuary and architecture, but as a city of this century it is not imposing. Dante's birthplace is here, but the house has been *restored*, as the guards say, and I scorned to go in. The Baptistry, a round or octagonal building of black and white and other weather-worn marble, I did visit, where all the babies in Florence are baptized, and one poor little morsel was brought in while we were there, — about fifteen seconds old I should think, in abundance of red silk and lace, with an outside *blanket* of yellow silk and gold lace, and fastened on a board, tied down externally by a broad red ribbon, as was meet, seeing it was to be handled around so much. I have never seen any church service here so heartless. The two priests were sitting laughing and joking under a life-size John Baptist in a side pulpit or chapel before baby came in. One put on the white frock and then drew it off over his head and tossed it to the other, who donned it, and they both went down, one with book and one with candle, and crossed the baby's face several times, the book man mumbling and gazing round

and the candle thief yawning and blowing through his hands and picking his fingers and staring six ways for Sunday while gaping out his lazy "ah-mens." And then they went up into the pulpit and opened the tank and pushed back the baby's hood and poured water down on it, holding him forward so that it should run into the tank instead of his back, and I know he was drowned for his little wailing cry ceased, and I thought it a pity he should not go straight to heaven then and there, but after a while his breath and wail were resumed. But I no longer wonder at the number of deformed and dwarfed that I see here. There is a wonderful shrine in the church of St. Michael here, given to the Virgin after the plague was stayed some three or four hundred years ago, a marvel of art in marble carvings and gold; high up its towers and spires almost piercing the top of the church, cost 80,000 gold florins, as fresh and beautiful as the day it was made, and hidden away in this musty, shabby, damp old cellar of a church. Still the church itself has as much statuary and stained glass and iron tracery as would stock all New England. In fact, the churches and cathedrals in Italy seem to have everything except what churches and cathedrals are made for.

FLORENCE, February 10, 1888.

To-day I have been out twice — this morning to the tomb of all the Medicis, a magnificent building within — one room octagonal, immensely high, domed and walled up with dark marble dados, slabs, sixteen coats of arms of Tuscan towns in mosaic — the great ornate stone coffins against the walls higher up than our heads, not more than a half-dozen or so, and above

them great bronze statues of the Medicis. It is a splendid monument, but the most of the Medicis is the other family who lie in another room much smaller and plainer, but with marble statuary by Michael Angelo all white. The difference is very striking. The big room is all magnificence — the smaller has only art. We have had a taste of the Carnival, — the Corso Carnival, — a very simple form of pleasure, but from 15,000 to 20,000 people were out. The procession was hardly a procession at all, but there were a few carriages and carts tricked out with flowers and a colored temple or two and men dressed out in all colors — pink leg and white leg, purple and blue sleeves, and so on. A good many carriages were dressed out with fine ladies and men in their best clothes and baskets of flowers, and some baskets of candy, and when we drove out we had one rather startling shower-bath of sugar-plums in the carriage, but altogether it was a mighty tame carnival — a very moderate sort of circus-procession. The really interesting thing was the crowd — such never ending crowds for so very small a show!

Friday I went to the English burying-ground, where Mrs. E. B. Browning lies, with only her initials and the date of her death on the stone — also Richard Hildreth, also Theodore Parker, and Arthur Clough, the poet. The cemetery is in the heart of the city, I might almost say, — certainly not out of it, and is all grass and trees and very pleasant, more so than if it were remote. And now here I am in Naples — the dirtiest of all the dirty Italian cities I have seen yet. But we have come up on the hill to the Grand Nobile, I think it is, high, airy, and looks clean. My window fronts Vesuvius, over which a cloud of smoke hovers

constantly, only it is white like a cloud, and does not look like smoke. The drive up the road overlooking the bay is very fine. At the left of the road is the bay with the beautiful island of Capri, high in front, and at the right is the strongest immense cliff straight up — whether of rock or clay, with immense caves in it, and houses built out of it, and stone walls holding it up, and oranges and lemons growing on terraces buttressed up somehow — well I never saw such actions. The streets are dirty beyond description, the people in them dirty, plenty of them barefoot, a whole group of mothers sitting on the steps of a crumbling dirty old church, nursing their children in the midst of everything, and everybody perfectly unconcerned — all happy, jolly, good-natured. I never saw such goings on. A group of a half dozen girls sitting and lying right down on the slimy sidewalk playing cards, using the sidewalk for a card table. They seem to keep house out-doors just as much as in the house — door open, inside on a level with the outside. You can see the beds and the tables while driving along — no fences to shut out any part of the sight, and they sit in the doorway or on the sidewalk. We came through in the night, only stopping at Rome long enough to breakfast. In that part the city looked about as modern as any city I have seen in Europe, but when you are once outside you begin to see the remains of the old times, chiefly immense masonry, — an interminable line of stone arches. I think it must be the remains of an old aqueduct, but all ruins, yet ruins that cost an immense fortune in their time. I am dawdling along leisurely, doing much beside sight-seeing, but if you take sight-seeing as a business, you can do as much in a day as I do in a week. The

weather is lovely now — snow on the far-off peaks, but mild and sunny. The climate seems to be everything that could be desired. Every sanitary law seems to be disregarded, but the people are far better looking than in Milan or even in Florence — brown, ruddy, and fat, not so hard looking as in Florence — pleasant and lounging. You would smile to see the carts — so exactly like what we saw in the south at home — a horse and cow harnessed together, or an ox and a cow — into those indescribable carts, rope harnesses, and too shabby for the imagination. I have been out to Pompeii to-day. Drove out, took about three hours, and was in a thickly populated city all the way, with crowds everywhere, and all dirty, streets dirty — washes of clothes hanging from the front windows, lines of them crossing and re-crossing the sidewalks, mothers nursing their children — in fact, everything that is usually done with the utmost privacy seems here to be done with the utmost publicity. Acres of macaroni hanging on the sidewalk like strings of drying apples to take all the dirt of the passing. We drive around the base to Vesuvius to get to Pompeii, which was destroyed by old Vesuvius about A.D. 79, I think. The streets and houses are better preserved than I expected — streets as good as ever — stone pavements, stepping stones across them for foot passengers, very narrow, but no narrower than many streets in Naples to-day. The silence is very solemn. Most of the things have been taken away, but some are left — a marble table, for instance, in a garden, with two marble cats for legs, standing just where it stood eighteen hundred years ago. Another with a dozen little marble statues in various places — one was a fountain and you see the little marble steps which made

a cascade, and the various little pipes through which the water ran. The lower parts of many of the pillars are still there. Many things have been removed to Naples for safe keeping. There are loaves of bread — one cut — retaining exactly their shape and size — one is a dough-nut. I went down into the cellar of one house — beautifully vaulted and arched, as nice as Brown's! In this cellar eighteen dead bodies were found. They went down for safety from the shower of ashes, and were suffocated. There is a bronze bedstead, and a little bronze stove, and a cunning little oil stove you might call it, only I don't suppose the Pompeiians used oil, but a place to boil the tea kettle and another to cook the peas or whatever else they had for dinner besides. There are the very altars on which they made sacrifices, and the frescoes on the walls are still bright and clear, and the pillars, and the floors of mosaics, many of which have been brought to Naples for preservation. There are rooms full of pots and kettles, furniture, gold rings, bracelets, necklaces, chairs, cameos. It is wonderful that this one city should have been preserved for the special purpose of letting us know exactly how they lived in that old time, but they took more pains with their pots and kettles than we do, and would have little children chasing each other over the rim, and little fellows in bronze for stands, or dragons' claws, and they had tall lamp-stands just like ours — too bad they had to run away and leave them all in the ashes, but they were only too glad to get away.

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

ROME, February, 1888.

Rome is the most modern city I have seen in Europe, quite the Chicago of the old world, — rows of new houses going up; large and light and modern; wide streets. They say the Capital has given new impetus. Pompeii has quite taken the novelty away from ruins. Nothing here is so impressive as Pompeii. But what surprises me is the shabbiness of the ruins. There is no mistake or glamor about it. Ruins are ruins. The former is a heap of rubbish. The Colosseum is the same. It is a noble rubbish, but it is just as much rubbish as an old brick chimney. Even the stone ruins are honey-combed, broken, time-worn, smooth, all the edges rubbed away, the contour only suggested. The Temple of Minerva is only to be guessed at; a broken heap of brick arches, and as we stood under them, waiting for a shower to go over, I was afraid they would tumble down upon us. It is most forlorn; melancholy. I suppose Mr. Cowles knows where they all are, but standing outside it is only that this block is the site of Marc Antony's speech and the other where Cæsar stood, and I am very suspicious. It is all grimy and crumbling. You have to work up to the sentiment, I am sure, and I have not got there yet. We went yesterday and saw the Pope's golden wedding gifts: rooms and rooms full of splendor, gold and silver and satin embroidery, statuary, and painting. One Boston firm sent a big writing-desk with card attached, most democratically warning the Pope that if he did not open it the right way he could not open it at all! This P.M. we went to see the pictures at the Barberini Palace, near the hotel, — the original "Beatrice Cenci," by Guido Reni, which I found most pathetic in its weary woe and in-

fantile loveliness. There was a delightful old picture by Albert Dürer, of "Christ disputing in the Temple," in which he must have gratified his spite against some old Nuremburg Jew who had *Jewed* him, by painting his beaked nose and protruding underlip upon the most stupid of all the Dryasdusts who were laying down the law around the young Christ. The pictures are few, but all the more satisfying for that. Some old Barberinis and Certonnas and another fascinating picture by Domenichino, in which Adam looks as mean as he acted, and the Father is represented as an athletic man giving him a real Sullivan fisticuff. We went to several churches this morning — saw the sarcophagus that contains the body of St. Matthew — some boards from the manger in which Christ was born! Don't you believe it? But I saw it! Also the dead body of Pope Pius V. in all his robes, the poor brown shrivelled face shrinking away from the curious gaze, and small as it was, the bracket above, on which his stone statue stood, seemed to be pressing down upon it. Of all the dead things in this old world nothing seems to me so dead as the churches which don't know that they are dead and keep up a droning echo of past worship. I saw a charming picture of Raphael Meng's daughter, by himself. I always think of Roxy when I see anything of his, as one of the things she brought me from Europe was a representation of one of his little cupids.

I would never advise any one to come to Italy in winter. From Milan to this moment the weather has been cold. You pay extravagant prices for fires and the fires do not warm the rooms. It has rained nearly all the time I have been in Rome and the streets are indescribably nasty. It was cold and wet in Paris;

it was cold and damp in Milan; it is cold and wet here. In Florence we had some fine weather, much the best I have seen in Europe, except some lovely warm sunshine in Naples. In fact I am beginning to think the New England climate averages off pretty well after all, especially when I am out of it!

I have a little Roman sash for "c." and the little Barbadosian, bought here in Rome, where they make them, and I saw them at work, but I hope I shall be able to tie it upon them both, myself in Hamilton. And as Nan seems to be bothered about her old green sash, I thought I would get her one too, and then to keep the family from a feud, of course, I thought I would better give Hannah one to match, and they have come home to-night, but if they are *very* pretty, perhaps I shall change my mind and keep them all myself! I shall, *certainly*, unless *they* think they are pretty.

NAPLES, February 15, 1888.

MY DEARS: This ought to be the scariest letter you ever had in your lives, for it has been the scariest thing I ever saw or imagined — viz.: I have been up Mt. Vesuvius. We started this A.M. about 9, driving over a part of the same road that goes to Pompeii — past the entrance to Herculaneum, which was buried sixty feet underground at the same time with Pompeii, and most of it, I should judge, remains buried still. They have excavated a little, but another village has risen directly over it, and they can hardly dig without endangering the streets and houses of that — so there you see a populous Italian town, and know that sixty feet under it lies another town with far more elegant houses, with furniture and pictures and gems and statues, paved streets and marble col-

umns, — silent, perfect, under ashes and lava, as they were preserved eighteen hundred years ago. As you begin the ascent of Vesuvius, you hardly notice the lava as different from other stone. Houses and walls are built of it, and there are ledges of it lying about with the grass and weeds growing out of it. In some places it has pushed down close to houses and vineyards, and forms a wall for them, but as you get on there comes to be nothing *but* lava-hills and mountains, ravines and prairies of it, black, contorted into all sorts of grotesque and hideous forms, — coils of rope, trunks of trees, mutilated bodies of men, waves, bark, molasses candy, heaps of molten brown lava, — a horrible wilderness, rough beyond any ploughed field, but more like Lubber Hill and Black Brook pasture ploughed up by a pair of whirlwinds than anything. All that is human about it is the good road, winding in long loops up the sides of the mountain, across the great lava bed, and the telegraph wires to the Observatory. It grew cold and it grew windy, and I wrapped the red shawl around my head, and grandfather Varney's brown shawl around my knees. I had put on extra clothing at starting, and I did not suffer, but the wind whirled the lava ashes everywhere; when we reached as high as the horses could go we got into a rail-car and were drawn up by pulleys. It was not like any ordinary mountain, rough and rocky, but a straight even pull-up — just enough an inclined plane not to be a straight up and down precipice; a perfect cone of ashes, and as smooth as a cone of ashes would be, steeper than any roof of a house, and such a dizzy height that I could hardly look behind me as we went up in a perfectly straight line. I felt no fear of harm, but the sensation was

rather amazing, and I hardly know whether the view was of sea or sky. There were plenty of clouds below us, low-lying over the islands of Ischia and Capri, and in full sight of the village of Resina, below which lies Herculaneum buried. When the car had gone as high as it could drag us we alighted, and then the guides fell upon us. We had yet to go quite a long way by a foot path looping over the ashes. We intended to walk, but the guides made such an outcry and clatter with English argument and Italian shouts and demoniac hurly-burly, that half to put a stop to it somehow we all got into chairs with poles and straps attached, and were carried along on the shoulders of three men, one before and two behind each chair. As my feet were nearly as high as their heads, and the path led all the way along the edge of the world, and their every step was a jolt of the chair and a jump of the occupant, I thought at first I would rather trust to my own feet; but I soon got used to it, and it turned out to be such a climb that I question if I should have been equal to accomplishing it, and I sat back in grandfather Varney's shawl, and wondered what he would have said if he had known where it was coming to, and whether he did know. It was just like being on top the North Pole, and not able to get off. When we had gone as far as the chairs could go they set us down, and the guides took us, each one between two guides, and dragged us along where they pleased, chiefly into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell. I own I was completely demoralized, blown to pieces by the whirlwind, eyes and mouth and skin full of ashes, smoke coming out of little sulphurous holes all around, air full of sulphurous fumes, guides crying every minute, 'put up your

hankingchief to your mouth," but as I could no more get at my *hankingchief* than at Heaven, I stuffed my red shawl into my nose and kept along very much as I used to when I went to school and Brown and George Kimball took hold, one of each hand, and ran, just plunging into the ashes, conscious that the high wind took all my skirts up to my knees, and glad of it; otherwise I should have inevitably plunged through them. And finally they stood me up, and held me on the edge of the new crater, which literally boiled like a pot. It was a great globe of steam, but I could see no fire, only sometimes a little redness to the smoke. But I could hear the awful swash of the fiery cauldron boiling and leaping below, and occasionally I could see the stones hurled up away into the sky. I held on to the guides every minute while I stood there, and when one of them tripped gayly over and went down into the steam and disappeared, it did not seem as if he ever could come up again, but he did, with a whoop. Well, I brought a good deal of the volcano down in my shoes and my eyes, and am very glad that the human race did not come upon the earth till these unfinished places were few and far between, but it is like seeing the world in making. Now Nannetta, is Mauna Loa anything like this? For a pleasure drive I don't think I should choose Vesuvius myself, but I really don't know how you can get the *modus operandi* of world-making so well banged into you any other way.

FRIDAY NIGHT, ROME.

We shopped a little yesterday morning, and came up to Rome in the P.M. I read your letters in St. Peter's! before I had looked around; more interesting!

Frank and Nan are so good about writing. To think I have not heard from Josie except that the baby was born, and with "c," I feel almost *intimit*. Well, I have a pink coral to hang around both the little necks, only a trinket just to show that I thought of the midgets in Naples. I think it a great pity E. did not take the quinine the first minute. It is a universal anti-malarial specific. I am not much of a *medical man* myself, but I don't mind a pill or two of quinine, only I find it so hard to swallow any kind of a pill. I took two here, beginning as soon as I got up, but did not get them both swallowed till I was well on in breakfast! Thought I felt a cold coming, and took them as a preventive.

HOTEL BRISTOL, February 19, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. COWLES: Thinking over my ruins, I dare say you will know all about them as much as you do your own back stairs, and I am going to tell you the day, and see if you know where I was yesterday.

First to Santa Maria Maggiore, which they say is one of the largest in Italy and oldest in Christendom, and the marble columnus and the mosaic floor do look pretty old. There is a porphyry sarcophagus under the high altar containing the remains of St. Matthew, and I don't know why they are not as likely to be there as anywhere else. There is also in one of the chapels a miraculous picture painted by St. Luke. Now in all our Bible lessons at school you never taught us that Luke was an artist! — and I suspect I am teaching it to you for the first time. The only salvation is that the picture is so nearly black that you can hardly see it! Lucky for Luke

and his critics. Then we went across the street and under a dirty old quilt into St. Prassede — Saint's Father Prudens's was the house where St. Peter was lodged when he was in Rome — so you see I am just cousining round all in the family as 'twere. Within is the column at which Christ was scourged, and in the nave a marble spout of a fountain where St. Prassede collected the blood of martyrs, and I saw her hands all stained with it. Coming out we walked past a heap of old brick and some crumbling brick wall overgrown with green, in which the relics of Marius were once placed, but they have been put somewhere else.

Further on down another street we saw another ruin and started for it — round, with arched niches, fifty feet in diameter, I should think, arched overhead but most of the top gone, hard earth for floor, a number of women in the pasture adjoining hanging lines full of their "wash," which looked as if all the waters of Jordan could never make them clean, but they flapped against the Temple of Minerva just as frankly as if they had been white as Minerva's marble — Minerva's Temple was what we were after — and when I pointed at the ruin and asked them what it was, they said, "Temple di Minerva" so we revered accordingly, but it turns out not to be a temple at all, but a public bath house! I suppose they call it Temple, like the hot mince pie, because that is the name of it.

Then it began to rain, but we thought we could get into a church and not mind it. We walked down to a great stone arch, worn, but strong and whole still, a sort of big gateway in a high brick and stone wall, many of whose arches are in good preservation, and as

high as your house up to the roof-tree, to make a guess. It is called the Porta Maggiore, and is an archway of the Aqua Claudia made A.D. 52. Now do you remember that or anything where it is? and is it not something like antiquity to be actually going under it? and to see these old things stretching out still over the plains south of Rome? I am afraid Salem water works will not last as long, and when I think of the money I spend on my own little drain pipes every year I have great respect for Claudian plumbing.

We started for the church of St. Croce, but got too far down, and it was very muddy, and we stepped into the first opening, which was a mixture of barn and restaurant, very early Romans — such dirt and squalor and smell of onions I suppose Marc Antony never experienced — but like all the rest of Italy, they were very good-natured, and if they made invidious remarks behind the back of our Italian, it did no harm.

We retraced our steps under Porta and got within the walls, of which this aqueduct was made a part, and then hauled up again under a portico with groups of peasants, waiting for another shower to go by. Dirt again — women with the skirts of their gown over their heads, their corsets, “peasants’ waists,” on the outside and not laced very tight — big loaves of wheat bread, round, baked very brown to begin with, and rolling around under the men’s shoulders and under the women’s shawls till you forgot that it was bread and think it must be a stone. All jolly, dirty, fat, without a pretence to any jauntiness of dress. Then we struck off an arc of the circle and went under another arch of the Claudian Aqueduct, through the mud of one of Victor Emmanuel’s unfinished roads, as

we could get no cab, to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme erected by St. Helena, so they say, and I don't dispute it as it is certainly there, and she is just as likely to have built it as any one else. I find this argument good for any amount of investigation. It is really historical, I believe, that a council met here in 433. One very noticeable thing is that the altar statue of St. Helena is the exact copy of Juno in the Vatican with a cross for a sceptre, and a nail of the cross instead of the vase. That is what I call the Continuity of Christian Faith. Most of the old monastery is now turned into barracks, which is another sign of the times, and one sees a good many of them. The Barberini Palace finished up the day.

To-day is Sunday and a pretty sort of a New England Sunday I have made of it. Late last night came a note with tickets of invitation to the Loggia Chapel in the Vatican at ten this morning, where was to be a Beatificarione, but gentlemen were to be in black dress coats and white cravats, and women in black with no bonnets, but black veils on their heads. I had bought black gloves in Naples on purpose for the Pope, and a black skirt in Paris, and a black basque in Florence, but I had no black lace, so I went after breakfast to the Corso to a store which was open till ten o'clock and bought the lacking requirement! But what would you? If the head of the Church wants my mantilla must he not have it? The Swiss guards were out in force with their bright striped red and black and yellow uniform and tall white plumes, and another set officials in brass helmets and blue coats and white breeches and high top boots, church militant certainly. The hall has been restored and is all covered with gilt moulding and frescoes and marble

angels flying around everywhere and perched in the most insecure positions. The chapel was very full, but we had standing room in one of the lower loggias, where we had a good view of the sacred college filing in, — soldiers and guards, and cardinals and bishops, and priests and choir-boys. There was a large gold sun with gold rays high up behind the Great Altar, and the chanting was delightful, but the address was in Italian, so I don't really know what the saint did to deserve all this ceremony, but when the address was over the plain surface of the sun disappeared, and in its stead, a picture of the saint with little angels all around holding him up. That was not so well done as I have seen it done in theatres, but the spectacle was generally very splendid and impressive.

In the P.M. the same Catholic friend not only got us into the Vatican again, but brought down the Commendatore — Pope's Chamberlain — to conduct us. We followed the Signor's carriage in ours, and at the foot of the steps alighted and marched with them into the chapel, up the long flight, through several rooms and passages all lined with crowds, and making an aisle for us, the tall yellow legs saluting us and the poor outsiders staring at us — I assure you, I felt as if I was a considerable part of the Papal Government myself. We went into the second story loggia and had a front seat and good view, though we waited a full half-hour, no music nor anything of the sort, but I was interested in every face. An old monk close to me, very dirty, very smiling and kind, and squeezed himself close to give me room, and an Italian woman gave me all the information her French could muster and mine assimilate. The Pope came in surrounded by his soldiers

dressed in white robe and red cape, looking very old and thin and white, bowing and bending, and holding out his hand with bent fingers waving a blessing on right and left all the time — on the evil and the good — our escort said that the blessing was on the faithful and for the Protestants more light, a prayer in which I am sure we can heartily join. When he got up to the altar he knelt and stayed there a half-hour and we all waited. I thought it was a little more monotonous than our Congregational “long prayer,” but it was all there was of the service. When the Pope had finished his prayer he just got up and walked out and that was all there was of *him*, only he bowed and blessed all the way out as he had all the way in. After all, it was rather touching, he was so white and old and beneficent looking that it was a little pathetic to see the strong soldiers kneeling to him and pressing all around him, though there was no earthly need of it, as no one wished to harm him. Still if the Church would confine itself to the spectacular and the emotional, I would bless it as heartily as the Pope blessed me.

Monday. Are you getting tired? but I must write my postage-stamp out! We went to the Vatican, first to the Sistine Chapel, and I am as much interested in the theology of these artists as in their art. Michael Angelo's ceiling is wonderful, the figures stand out, but his science and theology are equally antique. So are Raphael's in his Loggia. God the Father offers no problem which they cannot solve. The best head in the latter's “Madonna of Folegno” looks like Capt. Sylvanus Caldwell. Another mundane fact I have just found out. Three white-haired,

white-faced, elderly women who sit opposite us at table we have speculated about a good deal. They were as soft and pure looking as opals, and dress with the most aggressive independence, old-fashioned broad ruffles, loose gowns, no unnecessary puffery about the skirts, but plenty of it in white lace about the necks, and behold they are travelling with a companion and a doctor, who sit at table with them, and a hospital nurse, a maid, and a courier, who don't. Catch *me* wearing bustles if I could travel that way! To-day we drove past the Forums of Augustus and of Trajan, and out along the Appian way, which is pretty rough, not in as good state as when Appius worked out his highway taxes himself, I venture to say, past the tomb of the Scipios, which is somewhat shabby but dignified, to the Catacombs, past the baths of Caracalla, also which are more disfigured broken walls of old brick with a few arches left for all architecture, a perfect ruin, past the Colosseum too, and I ran in alone just for a few minutes, all broken and ruined, it *is* a wonder of the world. Even in ruin, stone is so much grander than brick. This is both, and no work of man ever gave me such an impression of magnitude and massiveness. Somehow *size* walled in seems all the greater for the definition; past also the palace of the Cæsars, which is another old brick heap. That is all, a little old brick rubbish and sentiment. But of course sentiment more than makes up for all the repairs needed. In the Augustan Forum, however, you really have a certain stateliness of ruin, and in the old gateways of Septimus Severus and others, broken bits of stone carving, beautiful capitals, black and grim, beautiful angels with wings as devout as those in the churches, Continuity of

Christian Faith again, and, in fact, in the old Salern S. Giovanni, a porphyry vessel taken from the portico of the Pantheon stands as friendly and sacred as if it had been brought there by St. Michael, and Guido Reni has made a lively St. Michael in the old Capuchin church standing over the devil, sword in hand, as fierce as any Roman Pagan, carved on the triumphal arches. The Pagans and the Christians dovetail in with amazing celerity here. I am no more inclined towards the Catholics, but I do find myself warming up to the Pagans.

When I was out on the hills of the Catacombs, looking over all the Campagna with Claudius' Aqueduct arching all the way in from the Apennines, I seemed a thousand times nearer those old Romans under their own sky and on their own earth, than I do in the city where they seem all built over with the hurry and scurry of modern life.

Dear Mr. Cowles, as a composition this letter is not for you, but just as a hint to show you where I am, and to set you castle-building with old Virgil, and for a reminiscence of the old days when I first trod these paths at your heels, I venture to send it with my best love for all the dear ones.

Always most truly,

M. A. D.

ITALY, 1888.

The churches [Catholic, Italy] seem to me relics of a bygone time, waifs left by the retreating waves of a vanished sea or islands of an old continental faith overswept by the ocean of a new time, generally or often shabby, splendid without, all gilt and crimson carving and painting, music, and candles

within, but only here and there a worshipper, so many churches all so magnificent and most of them so old.

There are some beautiful pictures in the Brera, the great picture gallery. I find it more interesting than I expected. We have been to the library several times for books, down a narrow street into a court, up winding, dark stone stairs, into three or four dingy dark rooms looking most meagre and poverty-stricken and smelling indescribably old — waited upon by a shabby, dirty-looking old brigand with a red kerchief around his head, who says in the most bland and courteous way when I move away from the rough ladder which he brings to mount the higher shelves, “*restez vous.*” A good many of them speak French here, so that if I were as fresh in my French as when I left school I could get on very well. As it is, I can stumble through at the shops and be on good terms with my chambermaid, who reported that mademoiselle spoke French very well, and with a little practice would be quite an adept. I find I get on better with Milan French than with Paris French. Yesterday we walked out to see the triumphal Arc de Simplone, with superb spirited bronze horses cavorting over the top. It is on one side of a broad high parade ground, opposite the barracks, where a single tower remains of the palaces of the old Viscontis — on one side Milan, on the other an unknown city, possibly another part of Milan, from which as we looked towards it in the golden haze under the golden sky of sunset, came chime bells soft and sweet like the Swiss bell-ringers, but the barracks are rough and modern enough, and the soldiers are the army of United Italy, and to the Pope’s thunders the people

laugh. Good-bye — so you see that Italy is very modern. The people in the streets are very quiet and well-behaved. Very little beauty, an immense amount of unconscious indecency, no gallantry. The men are very apt to stare at you, not insolently but idly. They don't turn out for you. Coming out of church, I had, as is my wont, dropped my veil without discovering it. A man going by called my attention to it, and pointing, nearly touched it with his cane, but made no motion towards picking it up himself! Think of the great cloud of witnesses who have run after me in America with my lost bric-a-brac! The one attractive feature in the streets is the perpetual glimpse you get through the stone arches and the iron gates of the most crowded places to an inner court of trees and vines and fountains, and the suggestions of summer.

NAPLES, March 17, 1888.

MY DEAR: Your letter from Altemont yesterday was quite timely, for I was feeling very ill and miserable, and did not go out or even to the dining-room all day, the first meal I have lost since I started. The poor food — no variety for breakfast, and a monotonous variety for dinner — no good bread — white bread, sour, hard — I fairly loathe the bread here, and I don't like European bread generally, nor the butter — white and tasteless, not rancid but insipid. I have hardly drank a cup of good coffee in Europe. For dinner the oysters all salt and sea-weed, the thinnest soup, water flavored with meat-juice, roast beef which has generally had the juice taken out of it for soup — fish and poultry generally good, and birds ditto, but I get tired of the eternal courses, and

I long for a corn-beef hash with beets, for baked pork and beans, and a hot corn cake for breakfast. Never as long as I live do I wish to hear more of European cooking. If America can produce anything in the way of bread worse than these cannon-ball biscuit, I have yet to eat it. To-day I took coffee in my room for breakfast with my favorite raw egg beaten with milk and brandy — milk is another thing impossible to come at; at lunch I took an honest steak with champagne, and feel the better for it — well enough to drive out to Herculaneum and return — about three hours, the same road to Vesuvius and Pompeii, but entirely different excavation. The same eruption destroyed it, but Pompeii was overwhelmed with ashes — soft — H. was submerged with lava, which is hard, so it has to be picked out like rock. We had to descend steep flights of stairs carrying candles, to see the Amphitheatre, which has been excavated only in a very small part, ninety feet under ground. Above ground a few houses and a part of two or three streets have been uncovered. Many beautiful things have been found — two bronze statues which are now in the Royal Palace, and forty-seven skeletons. According to that, many must have perished. The lava just rolled in and filled the houses solid, but where it has been picked away the things have been well preserved. Some color on the walls perfectly fresh, and even the lines of the decorations quite traceable. Many mosaic floors distinct and patterned and colored just as we now pattern rugs. You ought to see the washes flapping in the wind all along the principal sidewalks of Naples.

Thursday I went to the Palace Royal — very big, very splendid, with innumerable rooms all papered

with silk and satin, and furniture much gilded. The throne is a gilded chair upholstered in velvet, placed on a platform covered with velvet. That is what a throne is. Wednesday we went to Puteoli where St. Paul went before me, and I saw the broken pier of the wharf where he landed, and the Appian road still in very good preservation, over which he went to Rome after he had stayed a week visiting friends in Puteoli. There is also an amphitheatre there in the lower part, as well preserved as the Colosseum at Rome, but not so large. Vesuvius to-night is firing up quite bright. It is the first time I have seen it fiery at night, though I have watched for it. I see no reason why the village of Resina, which is built above Herculaneum, should not be destroyed as well as H. I wish you could have seen the crowd of beggars around our carriage at Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli. We stopped in the public square to look at an old statue which had been dug up and placed there. A boy came up with three oranges to sell, which I took. Then a woman came up with a half dozen, and instantly there was a rush — the carriage was perfectly surrounded, and scores of dirty hands held up for pennies. The few which we held out for the oranges seemed to turn them into fiends. Great fellows just jumped upon the women, and we left them scrambling and tugging and rolling round on the ground. I wonder if it could have been so bad when Paul was there. I don't see how he could have got away in a week. This Appian way was a paved high-road before Christ, leading all the way from Rome to Naples, and I don't know how much further, and it is not only traceable but traversable now, at least in the places where I have seen it, and walked on it, and driven on it. Puteoli was once

a commercial city, one of the first of Italy, but is now only a relic — has some temples and statues.

The Island of Capri is almost in front of the hotel, which is directly on the Bay, and the air is as fresh and the water beautiful. Sorrento is in sight, and Ischia to the right.

Coming home a day or two ago we met another of those funerals with the *misericordia* — men covered with white, only two holes for their eyes just a big sheet flung over them. The effect is rather comical than otherwise.

The coffin I suppose was on a bier. There was a huge canopy with black velvet, and gold embroidery sweeping the ground — quite covering the men who were under it, carrying it, except at the front, where you could just see two heads.

Two men in long red gowns preceded it, and they all seemed to be chatting, and laughing, and staring, as gay as you please.

NAPLES, March 11, 1888.

Very mild and pleasant at last, though we had to strike back south to get it. All well, and glad to hear that you are so well that you have to fall back on deafness for an ailment!

MARCH 22, 1888.

When I came back from Pompeii I found a note the writer of which came over for six months, but had already been here a year. She likes Germany and the pictures even better than Italy.

We went to Pompeii by train, following the coast closely, saw one horse just uncovered, the mosaic floor still untouched, the wall paintings not removed

and very fresh and bright. They improved on us to the degree of repeating nothing, every picture being done by hand was different from every other. Dado and frieze and panel run around the room exactly as they do now, but in one panel is one figure and in another another, so that every one is interesting, and I felt as if I were about the first caller after eighteen hundred years of a closed house. Most of the paintings are taken down and mosaics taken up and removed to the Museum at Naples as soon as they are opened, to preserve them. Singularly enough, one of the best preserved houses is so bad a house that it is not exhibited. There are wheels with the spokes and tires and even an old firkin, like our old butter-firkins. We afterwards took a carriage and drove for an hour or so to Castellamare, which, as Stabiae, was overwhelmed in the same destruction. Vesuvius was firing up a little before we got home, and I don't see any reason why all these cities may not be snowed under again in the same way. Yet people go on building cities right over the old ones and don't seem to mind it. I like the weather here better than in any other place, far milder, and the situation is beautiful. It seems to me nothing can be finer. The bay is all colors, and so are the mountains — a delight to the eye, and I have heard so much of the past that I no longer feel disposed to cavil at the present. The water *is* good and I drink it freely, not only without harm, but with benefit. I have bought some crackers outside, which I take to the table with me and the butter grows yellow, so I am more in heart with my *victuals*. Tuesday we drove along the ridge above and behind the town, out on the promontory towards Posilippo, giving lovely views on

both sides of the Island of Nescida where is the Lazaretto — a sort of cholera quarantine, also where Brutus fled after he had killed Julius Cæsar, and where he was visited by Cicero — also off Cape Misenum, where Admiral Pliny was with his ships when Pompeii was destroyed, and whence he sailed over to Castellamare to give help, across the bay right in front of our windows, and landing and looking about him on the beach was suffocated in a sudden whirlwind of sulphurous air. On the left we saw Capri and the bay and Vesuvius, on the right Ischia.

Yesterday the coldest I have yet felt in Naples. We went to the tomb of Virgil, which is close by. "What! has he got a tomb round here?" asked Mr. Hale.

SORRENTO, March 28, 1888.

We find Sorrento very warm and pleasant. Hotel on the bay. My window opens like a door, and I am sitting in the doorway; a little balustrade over the water; opposite me, across the water, Vesuvius smoking like a house afire. All the way up Monday evening I watched it and fire was flashing out of the top every few minutes, and along the side I could see the red-hot lava stream flowing like fire, and I don't see what assurance there is against another eruption and another destruction at any moment. Pompeii is in full sight from my window, and Naples and all the villages between. Castellamare, where we stopped Monday night, is on the site of Stabiae, which was destroyed at the same time with Pompeii. I like here very much, and have enjoyed these drives along the coast more than anything. It is Good Friday. The churches seem to be pretty well filled, I should say, by the people going and coming, and the peasantry

rather better dressed than usual, and look healthy and happy. Mr. Andrew Carnegie sails from New York with his wife May 22 for England, and they have sent inviting us all to a coaching trip with them from London to the north of Scotland, where they have taken a castle for the summer.

Friday afternoon was one of my most interesting days, as we went to the Palatine hill, overlooking the Forum, where the Cæsars had their palaces ; where was born the Cæsar Augustus of the time of Christ ; where Cicero lived, and the Emperor Tiberius and Caligula, the Tiberius who had a summer home at Capri. Yesterday we drove out to the farm, about two miles from Florence, which was owned by Lorenzo the Magnificent, the house built by his father, Cosmo Pater Patriæ ; the bed on which he died and where Savonarola visited him and refused to shrive him, of which a picture still hangs on the wall ; the loggia, with frescoed ceilings as fresh as ever, and the pills everywhere on a shield, the Medici coat of arms. We left Florence yesterday noon for Pisa, in the rain, through a green, blooming, rich valley with a very fair class of houses and comfortably dressed people, with mountains in the horizon. If trains permit will take a run down to Leghorn, eleven miles below Pisa, which I want to see on account of mother's bonnet.

Looking behind as we came away it seemed a wide, green floor with a partition wall of mountains, and Pisa at the very foot of the partition, just a toy village set against the wainscot, with its churches and leaning tower. Leghorn is not an interesting looking town, great square blocks of yellow houses, with and without green shutters ; but we walked out on the piers just in time to see Elba before the haze shut down on

it, and we drove around to a Protestant church and a Jewish synagogue, opposite which was a tablet marking the house where Sir Moses Mon-te-fi-o-ri was born, the good old Jew, more than a hundred years old, died in 1885; and we got back to Pisa before eight.

APRIL 4, 1888.

We left Sorrento yesterday P.M. by boat, and had a lovely sail across the bay. I took a long walk alone before starting, and on landing walked to the Grand Hotel, more than a mile. To our surprise we found all the luggage had to be examined, though we only came from Sorrento, in full sight. Those fellows went through everything, took things out of the trunks more than I have ever seen them before. It seems they were after Sorrento wood, though we did not know it was dutiable. Talk about Free Trade in America when you can't go out of town in Europe without bumping up against the Tariff on something. We had an angelic waiter at Sorrento — you should have seen him kiss our hands at parting!

ROME, April 7, 9, 11, 13, 1888.

I send you this to announce my arrival here.

April 9. Reached Rome in a warm rain. Next day lovely, and we wandered up and down the Tiber, crossing all the bridges, passing the round ruin of the theatre of Marcellus, which Cæsar Augustus built to the memory of his sister Octavia's son, who died at nineteen, and whom I used to study about when I was a girl and read Virgil. Now the blacksmiths have punched their holes of shops into the thick wall and all sorts of busy-ness and grimness are going on in the very heart

of it. Humanity has burrowed in the great mass thicker than sand-swallows in a sand-bank. Florida seems to be as bad as Italy about knowing when to go to church. We went to one yesterday morning and service was over before we got there, to another at five P.M. and found it did not begin till six, and as the doors were not open we took a cab and drove a little way in the park on the Pincian Hill while waiting. The services were at the Sacred Heart. The young pupils walked in in procession very slowly, in white robes, white illusion, long veils falling around them, wreaths of white flowers on their heads, also some sisters in black robes with blue ribbons, and there were a few priests to conduct the services, which were chiefly music, — all very pretty and — childish. An iron grating shut between the performers and the spectators.

April 11. — and before I could get time to write more it was April 13. Yesterday we got out of bed at 6 A.M. to go to St. Peter's to hear the Pope say mass, which has been done in that church but once before for eighteen years, and that was this Jubilee year, — the reason, I believe, being connected with the downfall of the Pope's temporal power by the union of Italy under Victor Emmanuel. It was to be at 8 A.M., but the Pope never came in till 10.30, by which time I was mad enough to shake my fist at him. The church is so immense that even with the thousands in it there was no pressure and no apprehension. A strain of music, — voices, heralded his coming. He was brought in on a red and gold chair upborne by four men in red, so that he was in full view. He took the chair only just before entrance, as the motion of the chair makes him sick, and

indeed he looked white, which I can well understand since I went up Vesuvius. Also four silver trumpets in the dome sounded. Before and behind fastened were fans of feathers, round, with a set of decorative peacock's eyes, indicating that the eyes of the world are on him and his on them. He wore a plain white skull-cap, white alb, and red chasuble, and blessed all the way up, the music continuing. When mass was over he was borne out in the same way, having put on a gold wrought mitre and changed to a gold embroidered white chasuble, and near the bronze statue of toe-kissed St. Peter he stopped, rose, and pronounced or chanted his benediction, to which the whole congregation shouted response; and it was rather fine. They cheered a good deal, "vivas" for the Pope and for the "Pope-King," which is next door to disloyalty. In the evening the Colosseum was illuminated with colored lights, red, green, violet, etc., and it was very fine. It really seemed quite sad to come away and leave the old thing to its centuried darkness again after its brief moment of new modern life.

Last night I thought I heard a scratch, but tried to believe it was in the wall, but this morning a mouse as big as an alligator was cavorting around my room with a liveliness that multiplied it into a whole nest of mice. I rang furiously and made all the stir I could, ordered the curtains out, and mouse-trap and cats in, with what results remain to be seen. The room is not bigger than a trunk, and there is no place in it for a mouse and me. Father Abbott Smith, past eighty, was here day before yesterday, and as many of the churches have the inscription in Latin "Plenary indulgence, daily and perpetual, for the living and the dead," I asked him what exactly the Church meant

by *indulgences*. He was a little "struck up," said it was a doctrine most of all mistaken by Protestants, and gave a deliberate and full explanation, but the question evidently remained on his mind, for he came again last night and brought a Roman Catholic book with a chapter on it. The indulgence is explained to be the remission in whole or in part of the temporal penalty of a sin which has been already repented of and pardoned by God. Now make out of that what you can. Still the only difference between the Protestant and the Catholic doctrine seems to me to be that the Catholic puts the power of dealing out the remission into the hands of the Church. The Protestant makes the private individual the power. This is a great step in advance practically but not doctrinally. The *doctrine* in both is identical and identically clumsy, mechanical, un-spiritual. We met Mr. W. W. Story on the Pincêo, who invited us to his studio to-day, and to their Friday P.M. reception. They live in an old Palace, — Barberini, — up thousands of stairs, but flat and low and so accessible, with a magnificent old Etruscan lion growling on the stairs. There are many rooms, and really fine. They had plenty of lords and ladies, all very easy and cordial. I was presented at her request to Lady Elizabeth Biddulph; by some mistake I thought she was Lady Ely until she set me right. Mrs. Story reminds me of Mrs. Claflin, of Boston, and Mr. Story of Edward Potter. In the evening we dined at Madame de Hegerman's. You may remember she was at our house once with her aunt, Miss Fay, of Cambridge, — Danish minister to Italy. I went out to dinner with a marquis, Italian, — high up in government, speaks English well.

The Legation people here thought we ought to pay our respects to the Queen. So application was made through the proper channels, and notes came back saying we would be received Saturday at half past twelve. I put on my royal robes, — white poplin gown, white lace-and-pearl bonnet with red velvet bows, and long fur boa, and in due time to the Palace, — upstairs, but not quite so many as at Mrs. Story's, — through a long corridor with red-coated lackeys standing stiff in line, except those who took off our wraps, — into a fine room where were several ladies who entertained us till *one* came to take us to the Queen. As we entered the door she was standing in front of a sofa against the opposite wall. She half-bowed and half curtsied and we bobbed around the same way till we got to her and she motioned and invited us each to a seat, and resumed her own. She is not so pretty as her pictures, not so tall and rather fat, in a brown velvet dress, fitting as Italian dresses are apt, — rather badly, — with magnificent bracelets, rings, and ear-rings, — with nice honest hands, rather redder than I should think hands would be, and moving with the least little nervous restlessness, but she filled skilfully and well a ridiculous position. Think of us four all accustomed to talking and talking all the time and all together and all waiting to talk to her, and yet having to sit there and let her begin and not speak except when you are spoken to, and every one knowing that whoever was speaking the other three were silently jeering at you and would all howl in concert the moment we were out of the house! The Queen speaks English very fluently and rapidly — asked was I writing anything now, just as if she had not been ponied! and about America, the climate,

and how we were enjoying ourselves, etc., very gracious and graceful, simple and natural, and in fifteen or twenty minutes made the motion of dismissal by a half-rising, which we followed instantly by a whole rise, which she also accomplished, and bobbed ourselves out as we had got in. I will say that she kept the ball rolling well, and directed the talk in just proportions to each one, but of course there is no such thing as conversation in such leading strings, and I came away feeling as if I were leaving a prisoner in chains, — but I suppose among her intimate friends they talk freely; certainly no one could live that way all the time. Afterwards we met her twice driving with her red-coated ramrods on the box, two in front and two behind. They say she is very bright, clever, and well-informed. She is also well-disposed, as I can testify. In the evening we went to a party at Mrs. Story's.

[WEDDING INVITATION "TO CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA
IN VIA LATA."]

APRIL 19, 1888.

This is rather thick paper for a foreign letter, but, as Father Abbott gave it to me in the street yesterday and wants us very much to come to the wedding, I will venture on the extravagance. I went out yesterday to see Roman jewelry — not to buy it, my dears! Walked to the Pantheon again, and learned what I did not discover before, — that Raphael's tomb is there. Then drove around to Cæsar's camp, which is a camp now, with soldiers marching and saluting, — then to the Baths of Diocletian, which is a mountain of bricks hollowed here and there into the great arches and with barns, groceries, potteries,

and even a church hollowed into it, yes, and a hotel, and a livery stable, — and to the circus of Cæsar, which is only a dusty field that they are digging up to build houses on, although Rome is over-burdened with houses already. The politeness of Rome informs me that the Queen was delighted with our call. I have made my party call at Mrs. Story's, or rather, she asked us to come around and see her in the studio and drink tea, and Mr. Story wanted us to see the studio, which he built himself, — table before open door, and very pleasant. Lady Rosebery, who was Hannah Rothschild, called while I was there. She presented her husband, upon their marriage, with a gold box containing one million pounds sterling! He is Scotch, not rich, but political and popular. He is an able man, and one of the most powerful and promising of the English Gladstonians. Lady R. looks like a good honest woman of large nature, not overmindful of dress, — a stout lassie in black silk, rather *thrown on*, — round open face, that I should think might wear well.

A Mrs. Leslie, daughter of the New York Jerome, whose other daughter married Lord Randolph Churchill, — in evening dress, rather handsome and quite striking. Mr. Hamilton Aidee was also there — a writer of books, though when asked what he had written neither Mrs. Story nor I could conjure up a single one. Also a Mr. Howard of the English Legation, and a Mr. Cartwright, an English M.P. We had a very nice time with the two sculptors to tell us all about their *sculptings*, and when I came away Mrs. Story gave me a large bouquet of her own open air roses. Then we went to another palace to another tea, and our hostess showed us all around her rooms, which are quite splen-

did with paintings and gildings, — 250 years old, — but they all live at the top of the house, and you have to go up acres of stone stairs — shallow and as wide as a road, but stairs for all that. Wednesday I went to the Vatican to take another look at the marbles, and in the evening to Mrs. Story's again to dinner. Yesterday we went to the races, in a fine carriage with fast horses, so that we went ahead of all the Orsinis and Colonnas and everything but the kings, who were there in force, two of Italy and of Sweden, the Queen of Italy in a green gown, with dark olive velvet yoke, and bonnet to match, and a very gorgeous gold and velvet cloak, when she chose to put it on. We saw the Prince of Naples, small, short, white, nineteen. We drove out about four miles into the country, — the Campagna, — broad green plain, admirable for the races, which were on turf, so no dust. Within an enclosure raised seats, so that you could see everything sheltered, no crowd, — the dome of St. Peter at the left far off, — Monta Caro at the extreme right crowned still with the remains of a Temple of Jupiter, only the foundations, so not much of a crown, but crowns generally seem to be going out, and between Soracte and the Sabine and Albine mountains — Frascati and Tivoli and other little villages and a soft sky — and everybody in gayer gowns than you ever see out-doors in America, and as they passed in front of the King in strolling around on the green sward below him, the men lifted their hats very high and the women swept their lace and silken "curtseys" very low, and it was rather lively and to me very interesting. The jockeys wore gay-colored silk blouses, and jumped the hurdles very well, but the first rider who took the ditch took it with a splash, but crept up and kept on.

Taking up a Nice paper yesterday, I saw the marriage of Cleaves Dodge and Rosalie Cox, first thing, in Nice — all the *élite* among the English and American present, etc. — quite an account. Have not we boxed the compass, and would not Aunt Huldah have liked to tell of it? Postage full.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

PISA, April 27, 1888.

I wonder if you see as strongly as your letters present it to me the constant stir of mental culture in Florida — every letter gives something in education, art, religion — something aspiring, elevating, and most encouraging to those who want their country to rise.

This town is singularly like Florence in situation — on the same river, and the hotel is also on “Lungarno,” and we cross the bridge to it in the same way, and looking from the window at night, the same line of lamps curving around the windings of the river. They say all the Leghorn bonnets are made in Florence; where the “Florence braids” are made I don’t know. In the morning we went to the cathedral, the Baptistry — where they were baptising a poor little wretch three days old, who was so bound up that he could not move a muscle, except of his face, — poor little Adolph, — and into the leaning-tower, all of which are on one green. I never knew before that the tower is the campanile of the cathedral. I went inside, and you see how crazy drunk it is the moment you set foot on the floor — makes you sort of dizzy. It is rather alarming to look at, as if you could push it over. At three we went to Spezia through April showers, pleasant green valleys, marble works of Car-

rara, to Hotel Croce di Malta, on bay of Spezia, quaint and spacious. Left at 10 A.M. with driver and three horses — drove through showers and mountains to Borgheeto; lunched; I went into a village church while waiting, and thirty-two children gathered and followed me back to the dirty little inn that gave us a clean table. Wound between mountains to Sestri — a most picturesque drive till a leisurely fog settled down on us for two hours and blinded us, but lifted in time to show us the sea a half hour before we reached it. We leave this morning for Genoa.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

GENOA, April 29, 1888.

The much boasted European breakfast is a bore and the table d'hôte dinner is another. The meagre monotony of the one is about matched with the monotonous variety of the other, but I have kept my health through it all very well. But never, never let me hear more of the superiority of European cooking. They may be more economical than we, and make soups out of nothing, but they are nothing when they are made. We had to wait for a fifteen minutes' parley at the gates of Genoa, and at the end of it our poor driver had to pay a franc duty on the fodder he brought with him just to feed his own horse. While waiting I saw two women having to pay, — one a tax on a big can of milk, which she carried away on her head, — the other on a little paper roll of dry-goods, I suppose. There is free trade in Europe!

APRIL 30, 1888.

And I have been out into one or two picture galleries, — particularly interested in some fac-simile letters of Christopher Columbus, — the originals being in his bust in another room, — a large mosaic portrait of him in the Municipal Council Chamber, and of Marco Polo, — fiddle of Paganini kept in a cabinet in the wall-statue of Marini, who was born here.

We came on to Savona this P.M. by train, — chiefly through tunnels, — about twenty-six miles, and we were two and one-half hours in coming! An illuminated clock opposite my window, also a second illuminated date tells me it is Sunedi, 30 Aprile. We are in a quaint old hotel where they speak no English.

This A.M. I have been to the Campo Santo, the Genoese burial-place, — a great stone building with marble steps, long corridors with walls full of long drawers containing the dead, and an inscription in front, — grounds outside also full of graves. A great deal of sculpture in life-size figures with a realism actually grotesque, — showing the great contrast between classic and modern art, — old women in marble aprons and sacks, with the very coarse lace trimmings, — beautifully executed, but as homely as life, — old-fashioned marble gowns full of puffs and ruffles, — men in Derby hats. Outside a Punch and Judy show, — crowds, — just under a picture of the Christ taken from the cross.

Affectionately.

SAN REMO, ITALY, May 1, 1888.

It has been a lovely May Day. I sent you a letter last night from Savona. We meant to drive to

Alassia, but it rained so at 11.30 we took the train and droned along in true Italian fashion.

Before we reached San Remo the sun was out quite warm and bright, and the sea of the richest blue and green and purple, reminding me constantly of Nannie. The road for the most part winds in and out with the coast, only where the promontories jut out far it cuts a tunnel through, so we are always getting a glimpse of brilliant water and light, olive orchards, lemon groves, high mountains, with old towns perched on the tops or nestling in the cliffs, and then we are plunging head first into the darkness of a hole in the mountain-side. At San R. we came to the Hotel Belle Vue, on the sea, with only the road between, but with a tropical garden in front, palms and roses and many flowers, walks, chairs, tables, and rustic seats, balconies, stairs, and summer houses.

I was very hungry after our poor breakfast, and it seemed to me we had the best dinner I have eaten in Europe, though very simple, — beefsteak, peas, and potatoes, bread and butter, peach, hot tea. I just ate and ate and winked instead of talking. After dinner we drove out — first to the Villa Quirio, where the German Crown Prince and his family spent the winter, and whence he departed Emperor. It is a large three-story house, quite plain, in grounds overrun with palms and plants, a luxuriance of roses and many other flowers. The house is closed, but the garden gate was open, and we walked in and went up the steps and saw the lovely view of the sea. The place is in the midst of greenery, painted a light yellow, and San Remo itself is so shut in by surrounding mountains that it is completely sheltered. We drove about afterwards up to the old town, whose streets are so narrow that carriages cannot

enter, — away up on the side of the hill, and the houses are so high besides that they have arches connecting houses sometimes, one above the others, to help them stand in case of an earthquake !

May 2. We drove by a house with a tablet on the outside wall saying that Lord Byron once lived there, as he did for six months. This was when we were driving into Genoa. Coming out in the train we came through Cagoleto, where Columbus is said to have been born, — a very old and shabby looking town enough for Adam to have claimed as a birthplace. They even point out the house, but it is so uncertain that I did not go to it. It was not designated till one hundred and fifty years after. To-day we are to leave San Remo for Monte Carlo by carriage. I shall send this letter off, even if it is not full weight, to use a postage stamp left over, and we cross the line to-day into France, so they will be of no further use. We intend to go from M. C. to Nice, Cannes, Marseilles, Lyons, and so to Paris. The customs are very annoying, coming so often and on so small things. We are now travelling with one trunk for three of us on the carriage, and I suppose that will have to be overhauled, though one would suppose there would not be room to smuggle a great deal in with the clothes. I shall weigh this, and if there is room send my bambino, which you must keep very carefully, as it is an image of one that works miracles on the Capitol Hill in Rome, and it was thrice touched to the image before the monk gave it to me. Affectionately,

M. A. D.

We left Lyons Monday noon and came to Dijon, one night, thence to Paris, which was reached Wednes-

day about six; very warm and dusty ride, but through a beautiful country. I have driven past the house where Franklin lived when here, and the house where Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain lives, and what is the use of taking pains to be decent when that graceless creature settles down in her luxurious nest to all the comforts and some of the honors of life? None, if spiritual values are to be measured by material results. Thursday was Ascension Day, and everything closed, but we drove to the little chapel reared on the spot where the Duc d'Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, was killed by being thrown from a carriage, just outside the city. I was most interested in a large picture of his dying bed, full of portraits of Louis Philippe, his sons and daughters. One of them, Clementini, is mother of Ferdinand, the present prince of Bulgaria. Yesterday I went to breakfast at Mrs. Hooper's. A countess something was there, very handsome, charming voice and manners, the most beautiful red hair in the world; a most excellent and beneficent woman, but with only one lung. Sunday afternoon we drove to St. Cloud, more lovely than I had dreamed, through woods and fields and by lakes and rivers. There were 20,000 carriages and 300,000 people, — yes, my dears, I counted them all, — driving, sitting in chairs under the trees, strolling over the grass, orderly, well dressed, every single one quiet.

PARIS, June 1, 1888.

I am preparing to go to London to-morrow. Dr. McGavin was here the other day, a canny Scotch doctor. He says one of the great preservatives of health, little as people think of it, is cleanliness.

That sounds ominous, does it not? And that more good, especially in lung troubles, is to take a *wash* with *soap* and warm water every day — says he has done it himself for thirty years. A great deal of breathing is done through the pores of the skin, and that these are not kept open and clear by a cold bath, but by hot water and soap and scrubbing. If they are kept open they throw off their share of the effete matter in the blood. If they are not the lungs have too much thrown upon them and are overworked. Paris is beautiful at this present moment — full of woods and greenery. Does not that seem a strange thing to say of a great city? But the poor have such a chance here for out-door life, and the parks and boulevards are full of boys and girls playing in the shade thereof according to Scripture. Yesterday drove out to Pere La Chaise, the great shady, crowded cemetery where Abelard and Heloise lie in stone sleep, but I believe that is all, for I am very uncertain whether their dust is beneath. Indeed the evanescence of the dead is everywhere in evidence. The tombs remain, the sculpture and the inscriptions, but Virgil gives no sign and Scipio's ashes all vanished. Where the Bastile used to be I saw yesterday a monument. I have been to St. Cloud, where Henrietta of England died, a most lovely park, and the Mencean that belonged to the Orleans family, now public. It is most gratifying to see how the people have entered in and taken possession everywhere, and even if the Orleanists, the sole remaining Bourbons, resume or rather are awarded the crown they will no more dare sequester these parks again than I should. So the world does move.

METROPOLI, LONDON, Sunday, June 3, 1888.

MY DEAR: A lovely warm sunny day. This morning we went to church at St. Paul's — an immense building and very fine. Indeed, London is far finer than I expected to find it — seems to me more imposing than Paris, and I even like the cathedrals better than the French and Italian ones — more grand and solemn, less fine and showy in decoration in the interior. The Rev. Prebendary preached on “My peace I give unto you” — a quiet venerable man, and his opening of tranquillity and true peace of God was really soothing and heavenly; but when he went on to say that our perplexities and restlessness were the conflict between our passions and our conscience I wanted to throw rocks at him. The music was delicious, but I think more artistic than worshipful — rolling deep and near and then far and faint; a large congregation. This P.M. we went to Westminster and Canon Fuse preached an excellent sermon also to a large congregation — you cannot say a full house, for I suppose it is never full. Many could not hear the sermon if it were. I think I like these English cathedrals best certainly, but after all the pomp of the Catholic churches it was almost ridiculous to see the little pomp left dribbling over into the Protestant — it is so little and yet so unquestionably pomp — the man marching the minister in and marching him about from desk to desk with his silver stick held up. He cannot hold a candle to the Pope's Swiss guards with their red, black, and yellow. And now it is Tuesday, but when I got home from church in the morning Mr. Carnegie had left word he had reserved a seat for me on the coach and I must go. Afterwards Mr. C. delivered similar orders in per-

son to me, so it seems to be settled that I am to go, and I have bought an English mackintosh, an alpaca duster, — I had bought a cloth ulster in Paris, — a hold-all, for shawl, etc., some more Jaegers, a small cape, and am now quite prepared.

LONDON, June 5, 1888.

The first thing that met my eye, by the way, as I turned after the service was over in Westminster, was the familiar head of Longfellow. You may well believe I walked straight over to it, and close by was the grave of Chaucer and Dryden, and above the "O rare Ben Jonson!" which I have read about all my life, and near it Milton. The Channel when we came over was as smooth as a pond, and the shores of France visible from England, which is very rare. We are in sight of the Thames, near Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square. I saw Mr. Gladstone to-day cutting across to the Parliament houses as lively as a cricket — with no overcoat on, though I was hugging my dolman steadfastly.

JUNE 6, 1888.

Estes of Boston called this eve., and said, by the way, that he was about getting out a paper edition of "First Love is Best," which I was glad to hear, as it has been out of print some time. Went to Westminster a little while this P.M., then packed one trunk for Scotland and one for England.

JUNE 7, 1888.

A splendid day. Among those who came down to see us off was Lord Rosebery, whose wife we saw in Rome, at Mrs. Story's.

We have four seats on the coach. I mounted first on the second seat, and second on the front seat, as we change every time. The driver and two more on the front seat, then four on the seat behind, then the box, which holds maps, wraps, straps, etc., then a seat with four facing the rear, and seat in the rear facing horses. We gyrated around a good deal before really starting, as they wanted to photograph us. It not being my coach, I could not help it, but I took good care to keep out of range myself! So much at least I could do.

We drove through Hampstead Heath, where there used to be so many robbers, out by Regent's Park to Copp's Hall, where a friend of Mr. C's, Bolton, had invited us all to lunch, and inspected his house and grounds. Bulwer Lytton used to live there and wrote there "The Last of the Barons," and several other of his works — "My Novel," etc. We walked out to his summer house after the lunch, which was of the nicest, — many courses, wines, etc., and coffee and tea brought out on the piazza afterwards. In walking around the farm the pony carriage accompanied us, so that if any one was tired he could take a turn in the carriage. The fields, hedges, flowers, water were as pretty as possible. We had a delightful view of an English interior. Nothing could exceed their hospitality, and the children were most charming. Going about the farm the two little girls, just beginning to talk connectedly, were slung in baskets on a little donkey's back. Taking hold of one of them, she said slowly and gravely, "Oo hands told. Go into e house and warm 'em." Asked his age, the little boy said, "three an' a 'alf." The region is where the last of the battles between the houses of

York and Lancaster was fought, and a stone monument marks where Guy of Warwick fell. They show a yew tree which is more than two thousand years old, and they think three thousand, and when we started at 5 P.M. we drove over an old Roman road to Hertford which they call *Harford*. The houses are chiefly a brown brick, but set in greenery, — flowers in the front yard and blooming in the windows with Nottingham lace curtains behind them — trees, hedges, grass everywhere. It is the land of greenness and neatness in and out. The children are red-cheeked, the people pleasant, and we make quite a sensation as we roll through their villages. We slept at Hertford, breakfasted at eight, and started at nine. Came upon a little shaft by the roadside commemorating the spot where Clarkson resolved to devote himself to the abolition of slavery, and we had a little celebration all to ourselves. We lunched at Barkway in a little inn, on crackers and cheese and ale and milk, and I walked a little way through the village and down a lane and then we resumed the coach to Cambridge, which was full on account of its anniversaries. The Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was to receive his degree next day. Cambridge is beautiful with its old magnificent buildings, and makes our poor old Harvard look wofully shabby. It was all ablaze with flags and flowers, and the Cam flows through it something as the river flows through the Holyoke grounds, but all stone-bridged and stone-mounted as you may say. There is the Queen's avenue, which she has not visited for forty years, and the Queen's chambers, which she never sleeps in, so we could have had them as well as not. We went to Trinity Hall or college, and to King's College chapel —

magnificent with stained glass, said to be the finest of all, and we supped at The Lamb (tavern), and at seven started for the fourteen mile drive to Ely, which we reached at nine, by daylight. Canon Lubbach called to regret that he was going to Cambridge next day, but a minor canon, Crosby, would show us over the cathedral, which is of the eleventh century, and very interesting for the different styles of architecture in which it is built, thereby telling its history as it goes along. Canon C. knows it as if he had built it himself, and showed us over it till one by one the roses fell, and every woman had slipped off to the hotel but me, and then Canon C. and his wife lunched with us at the hotel, and at two we started off again through a country as flat as an Illinois prairie. At Whittlesea we stopped for tea and to rest the horses, at another quaint old inn, with narrow, unlighted, stone-paved passages, and old flag-seat chairs and the triangular ones like Uncle Isaac's — but all the ruins look clean, and England is certainly a land of neatness — such an eternal contrast to Italy, and so much more home-ness than France. Out on a market-place in front of the tavern was a brigade of the Salvation Army, very small, only one woman, but she stood in front and took the lead and swung her arms and flung her head and tuned up as loudly as if the three or four men behind her had been as many thousands, and they were in the same red and blue that marches up and down our own streets.

June 10. We left Whittlesea about seven and drove through the level sunset till eight, reaching Peterboro, whose cathedral loomed above the horizon almost as soon as we left W. We are at the Angel Inn. This morning we went to church at the cathe-

dral, which is very large and fine, but less interesting historically in its construction than the Ely one. The choral service was fine, but the sermon rather thin. *Tuesday morning.* We had yesterday a magnificent day. We were to go up to the cathedral early, but the party somehow could not be got together, and I at length marched off alone and found the old verger waiting, and he marched me in to the part which they now are restoring, and showed me the grave of Catherine of Aragon, marked only by a brass plate in the stone, on which one can just decipher, "Catherine Regina" — and then the place where Mary Queen of Scots had lain till her son King James I. removed her body to Westminster. This part of the cathedral is very fine, and the enthusiastic showman assured me that Ely could not compare with it — *that* was a mere corruption of Norman with early English, but *this* was pure Norman! We coached through a beautiful country more hilly and varied than that of Saturday — as finished as a garden — to "Burleigh House by Stamford Town" (Tennyson) — used to belong to Cecil Lord Burleigh of Queen Elizabeth; drove in through the big gate, lunched on the grass, and then inspected the great castle — a real palace, still in the family hands, now Marquis of Exeter. Bed in which Queen E. slept, room exactly as then, carpet and all, the young woman assured us! and we tried to look as if we believed it — multitudes of saints and angels on the walls, but I cared only for the sinners of the historical portraits — the mother of Lord Burleigh of Bacon's kin, Queen E. and her father and sister; Henry VIII. and Queen Mary, and there was Tennyson's woman, whom they call "The Cottage Countess," painted with her husband and one of the "fair children," and she

is the prettiest of all — a sweet elusive face, and he stands with his arms around her. In the chapel they show the chair in which Queen E. sat, and in the drawing-room with equal care is kept the little bed in which Victoria slept when a child, and somewhere else her room, occupied later. I suppose the future will value that just as much. At four we started again and came here, where we are in an old inn occupied six hundred years ago by King John, who gave us Magna Charta, and later by Richard III. We drove by a statue of Sir Isaac Newton, and found on inquiry that he was born close by, 1642, and spent several years at the grammar school here. Cromwell also fought one of his battles near here.

This letter ought to go Wednesday, and to reach you in season for you to send me a reply to care Andrew Carnegie, Esq., Cluny Castle, Scotland.

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

LINCOLN, June 12, 1888.

We came from Grantham to Lincoln along a green ridge through rather more wind and dust than usual with a touch of rain. This place is of unexpected interest — a fine cathedral, old Roman ruins, and reminders of what the English church would be if Henry VIII. had not turned it upside down to marry Anne Boleyn, and made himself the head after he had cut off hers. In the cathedral Mr. C. had on the shabbiest old soft lop-sided hat, but as he held his good one in his hand it was all right, while Mr. B's poor bald head had to be bared to the chill because he had none to show. The verger would look askance at Mr. C., but he would hold his tall hat up prominent,

and the verger never quite solved the problem. The rules forbid one to wear his hat in the cathedral. One house here is still called and placarded The Jews' house, where they used to live. It is so cold here that furs are all in order, and coal fires very comfortable. In many places the crops are just appearing, in many others they are not yet visible.

June 14. We left Lincoln, and our inn, "The Saracen's Head," lunched by the roadside in Markham Moor, and we drove through the Dukeries Clumber Park, belonging to Duke of Newcastle, Lord Manners; and the Duke of Portland's Park and house, Welbeck Abbey, magnificent tracts of country, full of big trees and sheep and deer, with houses as big, and about as homely as factories, with villages of servants' houses, and as the old crazy Duke of Portland did not wish to see people, and did not dare close the road, he tunnelled it, and we drove through the tunnel to Worksop, where we stayed in a Woman's Inn. The taverns here have wonderfully good eating, dinners in courses and beautifully cooked. Our country taverns can't hold a candle to them for that. To Doncaster, where we lunched at The Elephant. In the P.M. we drove to Askern, a sort of watering place; The Swan, also kept by a woman, very much flustered by our appearance as we drove up, — our two drivers in their white leather knee breeches, top boots with brown tops, high hats, blue coats with big brass buttons, and red waistcoats, — her consternation was complete. She said the most of her custom was ham and eggs people, and she had telegraphed for ducklings and peas, which did not come, but she gave us a good dinner all the same, and clean beds. They all have a canopy to the beds — at least, a bed without a

canopy is a rare and gratifying exception. I went out all soul alone at first for a walk, wandering across the fields, green and beautiful and secluded, but with a beaten foot-path all the way, with stiles or stone steps over the fences, and sometimes a pole to hold on by. It seems these foot-paths are a popular right. The landlords have sometimes tried to shut them up, but the people fight like tigers over them, and to close them would make revolution, and I am glad of it.

Sixteenth. Lunch at Riccall in a desperate little inn, but took our own lunch as you did at the Jersey beach. In the P.M. through Lord Wenlock's park, with more rabbits and deer and trees, and the finest thickets of rhododendrons I ever saw, in big purple masses. To York, the Black Swan Inn, and visited the cathedral, the York Minster, one of the finest, with wonderful stained glass in the windows, and more Roman ruins. As we entered York we saw the flags at half mast, and knew that the German Emperor was at rest. The largest crowd to speed our parting from the Black Swan. We lunched in a field at Fullen, and the hospitable farmer came down to offer his stable for the horses, and his wife came out and brought field-glasses and photographs of their house and church. He rents two hundred acres of land, and pays a dollar an acre as government taxes, and as much more for church rates, although the rector "is a gambler, horse-racer, and card-player, who mortgaged his living long ago." He says he is on the best of terms with him, but he is not fit for a clergyman. No wonder Mr. Gladstone has had a great victory at Ayr. It is such things as these that England has got to meet in Ireland and elsewhere. Opposite on a hill-side, a few miles off, is a white horse drawn on about

two acres of ground, and strewn with lime each year to keep him white — planned by an eccentric man, and still kept in existence. Sunday at the Golden Lion, North Allerton, a little brown brick and stone village, with one Church of England and one Congregational chapel. As I was rather tired of the everlasting choral service from tired little boys, each yawning at a different angle, I went to the Congregational — small, but a very good-looking, intelligent, well-dressed congregation, and an excellent sermon from a young minister who was utterly unable to control his h's, and had a flat, uncultivated voice, but was otherwise unobjectionable. And one of the hymns was Whittier's

“ We may not climb the heavenly heights
To bring the Lord Christ down ”

I could not help telling the gentleman in the pew behind, who handed me the book, that Whittier was one of my nearest neighbors, and dearest friends, and he seemed much pleased. Another hymn was Newman's “ Lead kindly Light ”—I noticed particularly because Matthew Arnold made so much ridicule of the Eliza Cook hymnology of the English dissenters, and it was a little curious that the first dissenting church I have entered should have hymns of this high order.

The Salvation Army was out with drum and fife marching up and down, a dozen or so, with the same uniform. They seem to be quite domesticated, and I don't know that they are much more absurd than the white-frocked choirs in the cathedrals.

We drove about five miles out of town to Sir Lothian Bell's. He is one of the first metallurgists

in the country, has a lovely country-house, showed us the house, pictures, etc., upstairs and down. The mother died last year. In the dining-room the whole frieze is her handiwork, in Kensington, and most beautiful. I am writing in Durham, whither we came to-day, about as cold a day as I ever knew in June. I wore a blue cloth dolman, a gray woollen ulster, and boa, and over all my waterproof, with a Scotch plaid lap robe, then a cloth one with one side rubber, and presently John put over a still heavier one, which for June would seem warm enough, and after all we got out and walked several times. At Darlington we stopped to lunch, and went up to see the first locomotive steam engine by Stephenson. The "London Times" has quite a long telegram about the Chicago Convention, saying what a *Mr.* Gail Hamilton said of the nomination. Not a word of truth in it one way or the other, but looks funny. We went to Durham Cathedral this P.M., and walked around it, but too late for entrance. Durham is an old town, and very quaint. I believe we are to lunch to-morrow with an M.P. who lives on the road, and we are not far from Washington, said to be the home of our Washingtons.

Always affectionately, and with love to all,

M. A. D.

JUNE 22, 1888.

We drove on to Sunderlain — to Holen Sea, where lives M.P. Mr. Storey, who had invited us all to lunch, a very handsome lunch, handsome man, house, and three handsome daughters, and we were so hungry, to library, hot-house, etc., which he has helped to establish for the people; then through a black mining country to Gateshead and Newcastle,

and next day we drove in sight of the sea to Stella Hall, where lives Mr. Cowan, also an M.P., in a house occupied as far back as Edward the Confessor, before Wm. the Conqueror, 1066; used to be a monastery, walls three feet thick in some places, and they are going to have them pierced and see if something is not hidden in them. Old tapestries on the walls, of the 12th century. Coach to Hexham and lunched at Corbridge in a wheat field, near the battle ground of a York and Lancaster fight, and near a cave where Margaret of Argair, wife of Henry V., took refuge after the battle, near the dwelling of Tyndale, who printed or made the old Bible translation, a valley or dale of the Tyne on which Newcastle is; remains of Roman walls all along, and the only bridge that resisted a freshet some years ago was one built on a Roman foundation! In a little old house the officers of Cromwell's army lodged, and they point out the lane down which he rode. We also went past the house in which was born Stephenson, who invented the locomotive engine. To Bellingham, a small town, near which lives Mr. Charlton, who used to be on the English Legation at Washington, and married a W. girl. They came in to see us next morning, and brought a basket of flowers and one of fruit. Thursday we went over to Cheviot Hills, — a wild expanse of moor and mountains, — cold, lunched under a wall in the sun, near a farm house — very kind, cultivated people, who invited us in, six or seven men at work sheep-shearing, and each man does fifty sheep a day. They have thousands. Their nearest neighbor two miles away. They fish, and hunt foxes; girls ride as well as the boys; mail every day. At Jedburgh we were called upon by the Provost. Two brass bands

played under the window while we were at dinner, and we visited the old Abbey and saw the spot where stood the home of Mary Somerville, the mathematician ; next morning to Melrose, lunched on the Tweed, visited Dryburgh Abbey, where Walter Scott is buried, out two miles to Abottsford, Scott's house, and back to the Abbey Hotel, which is close to Melrose Abbey. This is only to make out my route, no time for more. Love to all.

M. A. D.

THE TROSSACHS HOTEL,
LOCH KATRINE,
CALLANDER, N.B., June 29, 1888.

At Dryburgh Abbey I saw an old woman who remembered seeing Sir Walter when he used to come there, and her husband said Mrs. Stowe came into their room to warm her feet a bit, for it was a wet nasty day when she was there ! Remembering what a cold body she is, it is quite a characteristic reminiscence. Reached Edinburgh to spend Sunday, drove in the morning to Arthur's seat, and past John Knox's house and to his grave. In P.M. to Rev. MacGregor's — an excellent and consoling sermon, prayer for the Queen, President, and people of the United States. Monday we visited Holyrood Palace, where Mary Queen of Scots lived, and saw her belongings. I also bought a 42d plaid for Highland wear, and we passed on at 2.30 P.M. by sea and shore through Dalmeny Park, Lord Rosebery's, who married Hannah Rothschild and a fortune, and the Earl of Hope-ton's vast estates, which a public road goes through and he cannot help himself, and close by his house, to Linlithgow, on approaching which a rally of small

boys greeted us, and then a crowd, and lo! a brass band drawn up across the street which turned and escorted us to the hotel in stately procession. After dinner it came down to the hotel, with all the Provosts and officials and escorted us to the old palace (in the palace we heard of Harrison's nomination), and showed us all over it and the church, and solemnly escorted us back to the hotel. We got home about 10 P.M., though it was still broad daylight. Next day to Aberfoyle, at Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel, no villa, but just a hotel at the entrance to the Trossachs, and thence into the Highlands among the woods and lakes and mountains which Walter Scott has sung, through Bannockburn, lunched under trees — the first really warm day we have had — next day to Loch Katrine, and rowed on the lake to Ellen's Isle and around, lunched in woods, in P.M. steamer away up the lake and back to hotel at night, where this note was begun this morning and am now closing it at Killin, which we reached at 5 P.M. We expect to reach Cluny to-morrow (Saturday, P.M.), where I hope to find letters. I went out to row last night and walked to a ruined castle where two hundred and fifty men were once hanged on one of the trees, but it is all beautiful now. The castle goes back to the 11th century.

June 30. Mountain drive, cold. Lunch by sheltered hillside. A little damp at Deluaspidal. Walk up hill very windy. Cannonade at Cluny.

July 1. Drive to Newton. *July 4.* Drive in A.M. to Newtonmoor, and all came near freezing. Walk alone to cottage. Grampian Hills afar. Dun Mt. Fire works; Cluny flag. McPherson's second dance, Highland fling. *5th*, to Kingussie; *6th*, to Loch

Leggan; 7th, to Loch Leggan again; row on Loch; picnic on shore; rain coming home in wagonnette. One morning there were seven inches of snow on Craig Dun, and it looked pretty near, too; 8th, to church at noon at Loggan Bridge.

July 10. It seems strange to hear you talking of the hot weather when it is so cold here. Fire in the parlor all the time, and furs and shawls and wraps whenever we go out, and then walking to keep warm. We went down to Kingussie (King-you-sy) and intended to visit an old castle, but it came on rainy. I went to the Kirk yesterday P.M. A pastor in gown and bands, very good and decorous, a kindly family sermon full of friendliness and piety; whenever it touched upon theology wrong, but never grazed hard, and the religion always rung true; pews downstairs bare. The *élite* seemed to be in the galleries, — together numbered forty, — among them the butler and housekeeper, about as splendid as you find anywhere. Galleries about on a level with the pulpit. Below and under the pulpit a man who conducted and chiefly performed the singing; dreadful, and one hymn seemed interminable. Part of us went to the Free Church. They were late, and a deacon or somebody came up to their pew and told them what was the text. Both ministers have called upon us. The servants [at Cluny] all have their dinner at one table at which not a word is spoken, except at the beginning when they all come in and stand while the head butler asks a blessing. When they reach the dessert they all rise, the butler returns thanks — he, the housekeeper, McPherson who wears the kilts and plays the pipes, all the ladies' maids visiting go to another room when their dessert is brought, the other servants

sit down again at their own table and talk as much as they please. Our etiquette is nothing to theirs.

It is Tuesday morning and still cloudy, but clouds in the morning or sunshine in the morning mean nothing, for we have twenty kinds of weather in a day. Yesterday I walked two miles to the village (Loggan Bridge), just for the walk, facing, going down, I think, the hardest wind I ever walked in the teeth of, but it blew me back handsomely. The houses are of stone, the cottages very low, hardly higher than your head. One or two good houses in which the ministers live, one or two hunting lodges rented out for the summer to summer people; the rest a very few far-scattered low-thatched roofs. The people seem very superior to their houses and superior to the English people, intelligent. I shall write again, two or three times, probably, before we sail.

July 13. I saw the other day a paragraph a finger long of things which *I* had said to a reporter for publication, and "Harper's Weekly," that Journal of Civilization, says deliberately that I was unanimously chosen Historian of the coaching trip, kept a careful diary, extracts from which were sent to the New York daily papers! Mr. Carnegie says he will take all the money I have and give me six per cent. for it so long as he can get that for it himself. I wrote to another gentleman, but have not heard, but did see in the papers that G. H. had written him that Mr. Blaine would accept the nomination if given unanimously. The sole possible foundation was the letter about my money, in which not one word was said of politics. It only shows again what liars the newspapers are. "What fools these mortals be!"

July 15, Sunday. Mr. J. is very keen and clever,

but like so many keen and clever young men is an utter unbeliever in the current theology. What is lamentable is that in rejecting the outgrown philosophies of theology they do not go on further and substitute or discover a true philosophy, but give up theology altogether. The Kirk Rev. went with us yesterday, and dined with us afterwards; a gentleman and well educated. He says the established Kirk is far more liberal than the Free Church and that Robertson Smith would not have been molested by the Kirk. He is now a professor at Oxford, and much better off than he was in the place at Edinburgh, whence he was ousted. At church to-day — Free church — big congregation, stalwart men, a company of good-looking old men in the box below the pulpit; a pretty baby baptized; an old man from afar of considerable celebrity preached as poor a sermon as a good old man could, and the air bad enough to knock down a day laborer, and Cluny pew in the gallery!

We shall probably leave here Wednesday.

Affectionately,
M. A. D.

JULY 16, 1888.

I had bought a stamp from him [Mr. Jenkins], and on the change he owed me a penny, which I insisted on his paying, and he insisted on a receipt, which here tis! [Mr. Carnegie at breakfast had emphasized that when any one of a company was asked to play or sing or anything of the sort, he should do it even if he did not do it very well, rather than decline.]

Received of George W. Jenkins,
The rising young statesman of glory, a
Beautiful copper medallion
Of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Face than his own less fair,
 Brows than his own less regal —
 As ever, the British lion droops
 Before the American eagle!

And what if my rhyme be rough;
 And what if your debt were small?
 Must I call your penny a game of bluff
 And give no receipt at all?

Nay — No — says our Highland chief —
 My verses *have* struck a snag;
 I have pillaged the language, and find to my grief
 From John O'Groat's house to
 Land's end's last reef
 There isn't the smallest rag
 Of any word but *plaguey*
 That by any slip of pen or lip
 Can rhyme with Andrew *Carnegie*.

Rhyme without reason since monarchs might "rastle"
 In vain with the good cheer of old Cluny Castle,
 Wraiths of Craig — Dun silent, stark.
 Pardon M. A. Dodge — her mark †!

YORK HOTEL, ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON,
 SATURDAY P.M., July 21, 1888.

We left [Cluny] Thursday. It is odd to see how much more quickly we came down than we went up! About four hundred miles from Edinburgh to London — from 10.45 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. The coach and wagonette both took us all down to Kingussie, where we took the train, and I felt that we were really leaving friends, who promised to be very forlorn after we were gone. The D's have been very earnest that I should visit them, both in their city and country home. McPherson not only played us off on the coach, but

tramped across to surprise us at a turn in the road, with his pipes, playing "Wi' ye no come back again?" It was very interesting coming down in the train occasionally to strike the trail of our coaching. We came by the midland road to Edinburgh, where we stayed one night, passed through Perth, which is about sixty miles from Cluny, past Melrose, Stirling, through Nottingham, Harwich, etc. My geography may jump about a little, as I am not very sure of myself. *Monday.* I went yesterday to the Inner Temple, but it was so full I could not get a seat or even standing room near enough to hear a word. We stayed awhile and looked around at the church — the music was fine, and then walked about the grounds of the old Temple. Came upon the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, the Goldsmith Buildings, the Dr. Johnson Buildings, etc., which retain only the locality, have all been built since those days, and then home.

I started out again at 4 P.M. down Albemarle to Piccadilly and Waterloo Place to St. Philip's, alone, found it without any difficulty. In fact, I find the only way to *learn* your way is to go on foot and alone. I found St. Philip's quite full, excepting the galleries, where they told me I could get a side-seat, and the sexton showed me into a very undesirable back-seat, but I happened to spy a seat away in the very front of the front gallery. The aisles are filled in with chairs and the seat apparently inaccessible. I asked the man if there was not room for one and he stretched his neck and could not deny it, and he spoke to the people and they moved, and I apologized and smiled and blandly tip-toed over all their heads and toes and footstools and took the best seat in the house — marvelling at the English passivity which had reserved

that seat for a foreign foe. Bishop of Ripon preached very well. The Storys are here from Rome. He is getting out an article in the "Fortnightly," I think, to show that Columbus did not discover America after all. High time he did, though, if he is going to have a celebration in 1892. Tuesday I drove out to the Argyle house — father of Louise's husband, and to Holly Lodge, where Macaulay lived and died — has about the prettiest lawn I ever saw, even in this land of lawns. In the evening I went to Parliament. A great objection is that it is in the evening and breaks up any time from 1 to 3 or thereabouts. You also have to go through so much red tape to get in, but an M.P. came out and showed me all around the House, and I stood up on a seat and looked in. The evening before I wanted to go to hear the Parnell debate, but the crowd was standing six deep around the door, they said, and I did not care to try it. I called to see Gen. Meigs' daughter, married for two years to Archibald Forbes, a newspaper correspondent, quite famous for his reports of the Franco-Prussian war. A very handsome and very bright woman. This morning I went to the Grosvenor Gallery, and this P.M. to call on Minister Phelps, where I saw a good many Americans and some English — among the latter Lady Galway, a sister of the late Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes). Sunday we go to Oxford, about thirty miles, thence Monday to Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, and Liverpool, and Wednesday we expect to sail, and I hope to see you all promptly after. Be sure and send a letter to "Fifth Avenue."

Returning in the new steamer "City of New York," Miss Dodge passed a leisurely summer

at home, and in the late fall was peculiarly called to minister to the widow and fatherless in their affliction — going to Deer Island on the Merri-mac, to New Bedford, and Salem. While at her brother's in the latter city a severe and stubborn cold developed, which for a time threatened serious results.

XIII

HOME AGAIN

1888 – 1890

XIII

HOME AGAIN

1888-1890

DECEMBER 28, 1888.

It seemed to be better for me this year to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, so I tried to enliven a family where the father and three eldest children disappeared forever in a moment, leaving the mother and two babies, six and four. And the other member of the family whom I particularly wished to see is absolutely alone in the world — a pale quiet, gentle, and somewhat gifted Southern girl, who is strong in the endurance that outwearies wrong.

It does not all sound very jolly, but it was not as bad as it sounds. In fact I had a very pleasant fortnight — found myself in the midst of the Ashmead-Bartlett, Burdett-Countts, Howland-Green, Hetty Robinson-Crapo, whaling blubber, Arctic Refuge folks — a whole new set. The Crapos have a beautiful house and horses and everything fine, including two sons.

Mr. Crapo comes from the real original old Dr. Jacob Townsend, castaway, — a little red-headed baby, the sole survivor of a wrecked French vessel, so they called him Rufus for his red hair, and Crapeau for his French and there he is !

I learned more romances in New Bedford than would stock a circulating library. Alas! that I am no romancer myself. But I thought whales were moribund, and it is very odd to be in a whale school of their spouting. I don't believe one of you can tell where whalebone comes from.

APRIL 2, 1889.

My first wish and purpose to go South, beyond Washington, was to get below the region of pneumonia, St. Augustine. But the doctor would not listen to it for a moment. He said the danger of the journey would much more than outweigh any possible improvement afterwards. He thinks undoubtedly the air of my own home, high and dry, would be better for me than this — and as soon as comes a bright day with a south wind I am to take a close carriage and go. The house is to be opened and warmed at any rate, and to await my coming at any time. I have had no pneumonia, but a slight, though very pervasive, bronchitis. The doctor said it seemed to have gone everywhere; he could liken it to nothing but a fire among dry stubble — any, the slightest thing, would kindle it. There is great sensitiveness, but I have had no pain at all. Only once was my temperature above normal. I have the best doctor in Salem. I think I am beginning to improve, that is, I have not had to lie in bed, and have in a certain sense not been ill, but my cough has been incessant. I *think* it is wearing off. I thought so yesterday afternoon for the first time, and I continue to think so this morning. I have no appetite, and of course am not strong, but I drink milk all the time, which the doctor says is the best thing I can do. You may

know I am better because he is falling off in his attentions. You may be sure I have told you the worst. I did not wish to go South because I was especially alarmed, but to meet the summer and avoid the long fight. I was utterly taken by surprise. Think of those two winters in Maine, and the awful cold of Milan, and Florence, and Rome! Yet here the winter has been mild. In fact, I think it was the heat of those days in Boston that prostrated me.

I am surprised, but I cannot help being glad you look with any possible favor at ——. I have come to the conclusion, however, that the world is populated chiefly by cranks with about enough sane people to keep the old machine going.

The "Vandalia" lay long in the harbor at Honolulu, and Frank and Nan used to go on board and were quite friends with the officers, and I am afraid they have lost some friends — how narrow again is the world! Have I told you they are coming home, if not even now on the way, with those two blessed babies? They have prospered greatly there, and Frank is urgently pressed to return with increase of salary, — but if he can stay this side the water it will give great happiness to their elders. He is going up on the Pacific coast.

Miss — wrote to me very amiably last winter about what should go into her book, and I replied with equal amiability — not knowing the scope of her intent, I ventured to suggest that the American Queen (about Mrs. Bannister, you may not remember) would be as characteristic of America and of me, as any, or many extracts — that regarding G. H., the writer, she might say whatever she thought best, but of myself, personally, I preferred she should say nothing.

She wrote again, and I wrote again, saying that it was not a whim but a principle — that I object to the multiplication of personalities, that a pen-name is useless and silly unless used in good faith, that biographies of the living are in bad taste — though I did not say half so much against the silly, petty personalizing as I feel — but I told her I would much rather be out altogether, than be in in my own personality. I have not thought of it since, but there is nothing short of the Book of Life that I would not rather be out of than in, as “M. A. Dodge, better known as G. H.”

SALEM, April 9, 1889.

I am plodding along, I think wearing out the cough faster than it is wearing me out. I walked out this morning on the plank walk in the garden in the sun. It is hard for you to call my poor old top-knot of an eyrie, full of sunshine, and light, and air, “dark!” and “damp!!” and “dank!!!” It could not be those if it tried. Windy, and horrid, and impossible, it begins to be in December, but the one thing, two things, three things, it never is even then are dank, and dark, and damp. I am lopping around all day with an orange, a cup of coffee, a glass of milk, a glass of malt, and other sticky and bitter druggist's stuff, and only about six or seven P.M. do I get up anything like an appetite — but I don't cough nights, and I have not slept for years as since I have been ill — but I beg you not to be anxious, for I am fully sensible of the need of the greatest caution and I follow the doctor's advice. I am sure that at present it is better to stay here, or at Hamilton. It is just the same as home here, and no one has anything in particular to do but wait on me.

HAMILTON, April 11, 1889.

Here I am back in my room, which is so clean it smells like washing-day. I have revolutionized Friday. I no longer have my rooms swept, but washed. It is a great deal nicer; no dust, all that goes into the water and out on the grass to enrich it. This morning I was intending to drive, to see what the result might be on my cough, which yelps till noon, and is quieter all the afternoon and evening, but the weather took a turn and so I did not, but it is very warm, and with open window I have the fine soft air and the full front of June. Also, a nice letter from Dr. Dennis with prescriptions and directions, which I shall slavishly follow.

You have read Motley, and I drew my bow at the the wrong venture, for I see you are full of the theme, and it has made on you the same impression that my peep at it did on me, and you will never forget it. Details go, but impressions remain. Do you know what public reasons were given for his abrupt dismissal? When and how is the injustice of the world to be turned into justice? Bismarck seems to have been generally rather friendly towards this country, so far as he has been anything. I can't bring myself to feel anxiety about Northwest or Southeast. Why should France with Germany on her hands, or Germany with France on her hands, or England with all nations on her hands, want anything of us but peace—and what do we want of any nation but our own, chiefly now the heads of Nice and Mentone on a charger?

The same tender heart bleeds for the Pauncefote tale thrice told, but told well at last, though I don't remember how to spell his name, and never did know

how to pronounce it. That playful attraction of repulsion between orthography and pronunciation is one of the charms of English nomenclature. It leaves the imagination full play. If I should take up the Motley matter I should have to take in knowledge at every pore. But it is an interesting theme. If he were not wronged I should not care to pursue it. Mr. Fish was a gentleman. How could he wrong another? How mean is the little politics of the country which is all of politics that little minds see. Nevertheless there is an advance, but we no longer cut off heads in politics. But it took Christianity, from Cæsar Augustus to Elizabeth, to the Stuarts, how much longer? — to do just that. You *better* apologize! Dear old light-house — that is what this house is, and I am sitting in a blaze of sunshine. The sun comes in at about eight in the morning, and stays till he goes down behind the earth.

Yes, my dears, here I am, with the wide sky all around me, so if I do stay in my room I am still in the open. I came up yesterday in a close carriage, and the proprietor drove himself and brought a man along that he might by no means have to leave his horses, and was so proud of his carriage and his passenger that he drove the whole length of the village before he turned around to go home. Well, my old bronchs have not yet found out the change. It was a mild, delightful day, and so it is to-day, but the planet is as gray as November, and the miracle is yet to come.

When I saw the Palazzo Vecchio slavery fell off from me like a garment. Life is ninety-nine one hundredths imitation. All the Christian era has never got beyond Pæstum, and the lizards and snakes have their wild will at Pæstum.

APRIL 19, 1889.

I have no respect for doctors. I have respect for the folks that cure you, by whatever name they are called. What surprises me is the luxury the old people used to have. It seems to me sometimes that my copper tea-kettle and open fire-place are worth all the "modern conveniences." In a bath-room the water is apt never to be hot when you want it. My fire is kindled when I am ready to get up, and by the time the hearth is swept up the water is hot enough to scald a pig. Then the pig rises and sits down before the fire and scalds herself, a square inch at a time, with ammonia or salt in the water. By the time the pig is well scalded outside, a cup of coffee is brought to scald her inwards, and then she continues to dress leisurely — and millions of Edisons could not make it more comfortable. I am certainly getting better very slowly, because the spring comes slowly up this way, but the sunshine is clear and bright, and I have another box of growing wildflowers sent me this morning, and a big box of Florida oranges — and when the sun is high, I think I shall go out-doors. The reluctant banks are turning green. Three little birds sat on the roof-tree of the bird house by my window, and two of the loveliest, intense blue-birds are going in and out of another. I expect to be as well as all out-doors as soon as I get out-doors. The neighbors send in milk-toast, preserved ginger, bottled peaches, clam-chowder up to date, most of which thus far goes to my family. I eat enough for a housekeeper.

MAY 13, 1889.

As for myself, I hardly know what to say. The skies are clear and the earth supremely beautiful —

does not seem as if it could be the same gray waste that looked so hopeless when I first came home — but Alvin reports the wind still northeast, and bronchitis leaves one so exceedingly sensitive that I don't venture out, and until I can live out-doors I don't expect much improvement. The two or three warm days I spent on the piazza largely, but they were so very warm as to be debilitating. The weather seems not to know how to behave itself. I am waited upon till the last gun is fired. We have a vigorous and willing matron in the kitchen, and with the man we have had so long, and the summer surely coming, it is better for me to hide my humiliations here. I see the world growing, and indeed a good deal of it is growing in my room — columbines, buttercups, violets, all the sweet spring flowers that I have not seen for so long, and oh! how much prettier it all is than Italy. But how one does talk about one's self! When ill I make no scruple of leading the conversation to my feelings, and bringing it back when it strays thence.

— Dimmick is the full name wherewith the son of Dr. Dimmick of Newburyport is endowed withal — “good old Dr. Dimmick,” as they speak of him now. I was looking over “Essays and Reviews” printed in England thirty years ago, and it is amazing to think that from the same Oxford that sent them out a young man can still go into the Church of England panoplied with dead error. That we do not fulfil the law of Christ is unquestionable, but do you think it is better fulfilled in the monasteries than it is outside? This seems to me almost a demonstrable thing. Have the monasteries in practical Christian results produced a higher spiritual ethics, or a more practical beneficence, than the Christian family. As I read, I am

struck by Christ's total abstinence from all institutions, either to found or to overthrow — and his strict adherence to the inner life — “My Kingdom is not of this world.” He reformed from within, which is divine, the divine way of the outer as well as of the inner world.

I have already used Father Damien as a case of heroism against the flimsy heroism of telling the truth; but his is a self-denial utterly beyond words. Merely dying would be self-indulgence and cowardice compared to it. What an inconceivably wicked being God would be, what a fiendish force would be the Absolute Energy that should deceive his hope and leave him to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot. Very likely he will find many things different from what he expected, but I cannot believe he will be disappointed except by an inexpressible newness of life.

The Samoan story was pretty well told by the man who was in it, and relieves reporting from the miserable frivolities and fibberies of which it usually consists, and the spirit of the cheering of those who were in the jaws of death to those who were escaping was the high heroic spirit.

MAY 22, 1889.

It is the loveliest of lovely weather, and I do think that in the battle of the saprophyte and me, the saprophyte are getting the worst of it. Major P's article makes me wish to live my life over again, that I might apply hydraulics to this farm and see it blossom as the rose. I always knew it could in the nature of things, as it seems as if poor old Cole's ghost might be comforted seeing his ideas spread so soon after he has left the world. The wind occasion-

ally blows my paper awry, hence these tears. Oatmeal under the apple-trees, literature under the pines.

I hope you get all the outings possible, out-doorings, I mean. Don't let yourself be cooped up in that office all the time, even if you have to rise earlier o'mornings to get out-door time, and don't think that two or three hours chatting in ever so clever a woman's drawing-room is filling your physical lungs with ozone. It may rest or start your brain, but it is not fresh air. Can anything be more absurd than me — good-for-nothing, lecturing *you* on health, who chased a lumbago off in a fortnight? Well, I grovel at your feet.

MAY 28, 1889.

I am glad the Samoa is in a fair way of settlement. Despite the forbidding weather, I have more than held my own. At least I can eat, whereas I could only swallow. When Fanny Burney went to her Court Prison it was the extinction of her genius, but all she could have done with her freedom would not probably have been worth a half of what her photograph of the interior of the court is. It is quite wonderful that we have such a picture. Flopping on my lounge, I overrun a good many of my old books. Fanny Burney I have re-read in the dining room while waiting for my own room to be *redd up*. There cannot have been much weather yet to hurry you away, though six hot days together are a little pressing. *I* long for six weeks of them.

Six days — every one successively — we have been trying to have what we modestly term a picnic, what you would magnify as a lawn party. Every day it rains, and has rained. Two birthdays and one marriage anniversary were among them, and first we

strung them out, and second we lumped them in. It was all the same, I have breathed rain and fog all the time. You see what real strength I must have to hold my own. I don't in my highest aspirations subdue my cough 'till I have some ozone to fight with, but I keep up strength and appetite, and seem to be doing very well. As for my teeth, I have given out on them, and conclude they will last as long as the rest of my bones.

The last of the —— family are women, is it not, and cannot they be delicately helped as gentle-folk should be? Intellectual poverty is not shameful like thriftless poverty. I am awfully interested in the Bible just now, went through the whole New Testament yesterday, model — radical — conservative.

JUNE 11, 1889.

I have been on the piazza all the morning, but I find it very hard to hold my own against this unnatural weather. When it is warm it is muggy, and the few clear days are cold — and so much rain, not a really clear bright whole day since June came in.

You remember about Bruno when we were in Rome. And it is really up. It seems to me one of the great mile posts of the Tirone Spirit that Bruno's statue should be reared in Rome under the very eyes and rule of the Pope. No wonder he shuts himself up. I am always fearing that Italy's poverty may force Humbert into something like compromise, but yet I do not quite see how he can afford it. We have thunder-showers, but they don't clear the air. I seem to get no real oxygen to breathe — still I suppose I do.

JUNE 22, 1889.

We have had an unprecedented two days of sunshine, which I have spent in the hammock from nine till five, to my great benefit and comfort. To-day the fiends of fog and rain are smothering me again, and the only way I can keep from coughing every minute is to lie flat on my face. Testimony agrees that when I am flat I am flatter than ever was known. So down I go.

HAMILTON, Wednesday, 1889.

Monday, so hot with you, was heavenly warm here, till the wind went east in mid-afternoon, and I fled from my pines to the piazza, where it was summer again. That is change enough, and as for cheerfulness if anything *can* be more cheerful than this brilliant sun, the singing intertwining pines, dinner under the apple trees, the cat-birds hopping close by like the little ladies they are, and the robins scolding and scolding, because I choose to come out and take my own chair, the green grass stretching everywhere — oh, what a humbug is Italy! well, and the tropics generally. No, I want no change for change's sake. Then my little c. has come, and her mother is coming if ever the baby gets well enough, but the dear little thing is having a fight for his life — and W. and H. are coming this week, and though I am not worth much I hold the fort. F. wants to go to Bar Harbor. The Hawaiian folk want him to present some of their wishes about Pearl Harbor. F. himself has views about English influence there, and many of the gentlemen in H. wanted him to see you about it. I have thought it would be a feather in his cap, in case he should return to the Islands, if he could see the

President, too. F. is very modest, and I think would not bore you, and he is so intelligent and honest that if there should happen to be anything you did not know about the cannibals, at least you can trust what he says.

There is just one thing in which I have more sense than you. When Heaven sends me the disadvantage of illness, I know enough to take the advantage myself — and, having had the discomposure and the incapacitation and all that, you don't catch me, the minute I can hold up my head, running all round the house doing everything and trying to find somebody else's head to hold up. No, Mum, I make the most of my convalescence, keeping myself weak and waited on and above the common plane of the herd of health.

JUNE 25, 1889.

I am following Dr. Dennis' prescriptions to the letter, and on my second instalment of them think I am beginning to see daylight. I have had the most careful and constant nursing day and night, such as no servant could give, — at least such as no ordinary servant could be expected to give, — and I am surprised to think how comfortable I have been through this long stress of an incapacitating illness. You would have scoffed at my medical advice — three hundred miles away, but even you would have been satisfied with the constancy and energy of the attendance, the alcoholic baths, the steam inhalations, the turpentine infusions, and the gelatinous admixtures.

It is quite enough to lie a dead weight on my own family, as I have for four months, with my morning offerings and my evening oblations, my inhalations

and fomentations, my drops and my doses, and my various bedevilments. It seems to me that I am really on the up grade—and beyond that also the freedom and solitude here are potent factors. I have nothing to consider but myself.

JULY 3, 1889.

It is a drenching rain, for which I am glad, though some of my hay is out. Thereby hangs a tale, and is going to hang another. I told you how men walk straight up to the mowing-machine and tell a lie and then walk away. I have settled it for another year. I shall give my hay to the church! Pay the "Minister's tax" with it, don't you see? I have to draw upon a large contingent of the parish to make it now, and the parish may as well step in and make it in a body, and I shall have no responsibility. Now observe the beautiful see-saw of events. The States of the Church have been abolished in Italy, but the Estate of the Church rears its crested head on this side the Atlantic wave.

Here the nights have been heavy with fogs, which the day's sun has hardly lifted. The fog-horns are blowing off shore all the time. In spite of it all I am steadily improving. It is as if my old pneumatics had taken out a contract to improve in July, and had done so irrespective of weather. My appetite is returning, and altogether I feel differently.

JULY 5, 1889.

Dr. Knight has been here, and is a doctor after my own heart. I was resolved beforehand not to be scared, and if he had said tuberculosis I should simply have retorted, "tuberculosisn't!" He has

thumped me all over with his telescope, and breathed me and coughed me over every square inch of tubing.

Now I turn all my attention to getting well. Dr. Knight would not pronounce definitely, but think of being exiled to Aiken! St. Augustine I could stand, but he thinks it not suited to me. (Nassau, the ideal winter climate.) My "chist" holds still a lot of rubbishy machinery, but I eat and drink, and cough less. Mr. C. is disgusted with my druggist's rum, and is going to send me some of his own. The doctor suggested rum in cream. I was out-doors the whole day yesterday, and did not cough at all from seven last evening to half-past six this morning, and I think the old rattle-trap ought to tighten up on that long rest. I have had two letters from General Armstrong. Mr. C. refused to come in and see me; would not have his last picture of me marred. He evidently thought he had got to address me with appropriate remarks. I went to the door myself and made him come in. Dr. Knight said if I went anywhere Bethlehem was a good place. "If you *want* a change," he said; but I do not want a change for its own sake. Instead, I dread it, and he says I must not be fatigued. How could I get to Bethlehem without fatigue? The very thought of it tires me. Why are not my own pines and balms as good as Bethlehem's? I cannot turn on the waters of Arbana and Pharpar, because they would sweep away my argument. I sit up all day, lying down at intervals. A fortnight ago it was just the other way.

JULY 9, 1889.

I have been over-running Matthew Arnold in my idleness. I differ from him in some things. He is

all at sea about the Epistle to the Hebrews, and so is every one else except me; and though, as between the mechanical interpretation of miracles and Arnold's, I should choose his, there is a whole world of miracle-philosophy which he takes into account no more than his niece, who takes nothing into account but her uncle. Still, I would make every preacher in the country go through a course of Matthew Arnold before giving him a license to preach. A gray day, and my few hay-cocks not spread. What money in my pocket it would have been if I had given my hay to the church this year!

JULY 13, 1889.

I need all my strength to fight the microbes on my lungs, and therefore cannot waste it in wrath over the unspeakable impudence of this minutest microbe of all. All I know of this little beast is that a pair of O's are all the time writing to me to go up and perform before the public in their menagerie, which of course I never do.

JULY 19, 1889.

Redpath was dead when I saw him, the only time in N.Y. before I sailed. He was reported dead when I was in France, and he has now probably himself discovered that he is dead, and so tries to give himself the airs of life.

I swung in the hammock all the morning, and thought out an editorial so good that I am determined not to waste it, or any more good writing, on the "Tribune." They have no sense to perceive a situation, and no wit to use it, and no justice to pay those who have. Think of the writing of mine they have

had, and don't even send me the paper. Ellis Robert's paper up in Utica caught on at once, but the "Tribune" has but piped a feeble joke or two, and those not pat. There never was a better opportunity, and they stupidly stare. Sometime, if I ever get well enough, I am going to write an article on the American Review Letters, and at the end people will know a good deal more about the letters than they know now, whether they know more about A. R. or not.

Give my love to Mrs. P., and tell her there was a man here yesterday, of the "Chicago Tribune," who proposes to take my Life for the "C. T." I did not see him, but if he does it, I shall write hers for the "N. Y. Sun," — flirtations and all; it will be far more racy reading than any tale of my sober and quiet life, but if one woman has no right that newspapers are bound to respect, another has not, and if she does not wish to see the Medill Women in four numbers of the "Weekly Sun," she must stop the crime which her paper proposes on me.

JULY 30, 1889.

Barbados is a land that is very far off, and it takes letters a long time to go and come. N's only sister, a veritable Protestant Sister of Mercy, came from Barbados last fall, early winter, largely in N's interest, to attend to their joint affairs. After all, I think the Protestant Sister of Mercy is by far the best kind, making no pretence, turning her hand to everything, effacing herself individually, without even the compensation of asserting herself collectively, as the Roman one does.

What do you think I have done? Applied to Chris-

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tian Science. As a friend sagely remarked: Having tried all the wise men, we will now try the fools! Certainly medical science does not hit it off so happily that it can afford to scoff at anything quackery. G. G. says a friend made *her*, "a sad unbeliever," try Christian Science, and it cured her speedily, for a time at least. She says she has had better health since then than for the same length of time since I have known her. I think I am fair game. I certainly am not a sad unbeliever, but a buoyant believer, and though I do not believe in Christian Science, I am prepared to believe it, on evidence. That is the only thing lacking. The theory is perfectly sound. I had a mind-cure myself yesterday. The house was full of people, my own, grand-folk and babies, and I sat up, and for two hours never so much as thought of lying down, or of coughing, whereas I am ordinarily flopping every half hour to prevent coughing. We concluded, however, it was the effect of my Christian Science letter, which had just gone! If Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz can give it a shove, I should like to have her. The weather, I must say, is abominable. Dog-days, flies, fogs, showers, high winds, heat.

It is a shameful fact that a scandal helps an actress more than the most shining artistic ability — at least to make the way at first.

AUGUST 16, 1889.

We have had three more cold rainy days of this treacherous, hostile, uncanny summer, and I have not been out-doors since Monday, and then wrapped and in the sun, like October instead of August, but I have eaten right along and know again what real hunger is.

"See that man yonder" said the lecturing doctor to the medical students in Paris, of whom Grace Preston was one, "he has only a part of one lung, he has been coughing twenty years. He will live twenty years more. He eats!" She says the doctors now are thinking a good deal of "superalimentation." Poor Philip Spencer is quietly making a good deal of a stir. The Chi Psi, which he founded, are going to reprint it. I have given them permission. I have also this morning heard of a photograph of his which I hope to get hold of. What I think is to write another chapter of him a little more biographical, so many little things have been sent to me.

AUGUST 28, 1889.

Do you remember exactly what was the arrangement by which Humbert so deftly bound the monks to his government? Was it not that he was to pay them an indemnity for their property of which he is taking possession, or has taken possession, giving them the use of it as long as they live, but permitting no accession to their numbers, but paying them in government bonds, whose only value is in the stability of his government?

Monday, knowing Dr. Preston was in town, I sent for her. She came and thumped me duly, and took all the temperatures and pulses that have such a fascination for you, and says she can find nothing far out of the way — a little thickening of the bronchial tubes — where Dr. K. found a slight "induration," nothing she said that she would really regard as serious — only as it may become chronic — but she thinks it time for me to come out of it, and has given me little arsenic tablets and little ammonia tablets,

and recommends me to take in cod-liver oil again, which she says is both tonic and food, and says just the same about eating and living out-doors as did Dr. K. I have changed entirely about women doctors, though much depends on the woman. Grace Preston is "perfectly lovely," calm, without airs, quiet, inspiring confidence, a little chit who would never be suspected of knowing anything. We went by train to Spezia — arrived in the rain. Is that where there was a back garden, as 'twere, with oranges growing, enclosed, and we went out walking there at once through a corridor almost on a level? Did we have any view of the sea from the hotel at Spezia? We were at the Hotel Croce de Maeta. I think I must have mixed up the back garden of Savona with the Spezia. I remember the inside of the Croce well — and did not one go across a garden in front and along a walk straight to water in front — across the street? Sestri was the place where our rooms seemed to overhang the water. I have just been out to drive an hour. Am going to try the Salisbury beef.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1889.

Three bottles, all whiskey! I don't expect to become as learned in whiskey as in rum, for, as the Maine law says, there is no bad whiskey. Some whiskey is better than other, but all are good. Rum now, such as I buy, is bad, smells of old molasses, but Mr. C's rum is good almost as whiskey, and I see the Shawmut Bank is in that Dana imbroglio, and I fear Mr. C. will die in the poor-house, as Mary always predicted, only I shall invite him here. He has been a most generous man, especially to poor boys, helping them to educate themselves, and if his

sun *should* go down under a cloud — well, and is there not another morning ?

Thanks for the whiskey, more for the remembrance. I am in hot water, — the cure, — and if you could only see how lovely the apparatus is you would not be kept out of it. The angelic heavens of last week have given way to the diabolic of this, and I am housed for these two days, but seem none the worse for it. One day last week I was so well, I actually put on the blue and purple and fine-twined linen of convention and sent a thrill through Essex County.

HAMILTON, November 18, 1889.

I am sitting writing at an open window, and I hear the Wenham clock on one side of me, and the Hamilton clock on the other, sounding the silvery chimes of nine in the morning over the brown sun-warmed hills. To be sure, that is pretty much all I have to say, and to be sure, I face the window and am wrapped even to my head, and it is a south window, and the sun pours in on me; but that is what I am doing, and would it be vulgar to say, don't you forget it! There is something I do not comprehend in the way November has set me up. I hardly dare to say it, remembering Caliban's theology: "The best way to escape his wrath is not to seem too happy," but my old cough seems almost entirely to have vanished, except a little sensitiveness, and a weakness when I wish to give theological lectures. I can hardly wait, I am so eager to tell you what a mistake the whole Christian Church, that you and I know anything about, has fallen into regarding interpretation, and so shortened the hand of God as 'twere. In my hunt I found four mice. Think of that! One in the bath-room. Thi-i-n-k

of that! He jumped into the bath-tub. I hired my little maid for ten cents to go in and catch him. She accepted at once with alacrity, which so relieved me that I instantly raised her bounty to fifteen cents, and she accomplished like an hireling her day.

Now I am going to pull down a mass of rubbish built up against the pure spirituality of Christ. Rome has not more securely overbuilt the forums of the Cæsars than the doctrines of the gospels, and the trouble is that we Puritans and Protestants have but partially excavated. Seven yards of train and a throne are not necessarily more antagonistic to religion than any other form. It is form, worshipped as faith, that is Paganism. Form held as faith, I mean.

DECEMBER 21, 1889.

I find that my friends have grown rich and built fine houses, and have lost their health from overstrain, and now have to go to Florida with a nurse. My dears, whatever else you do, don't bank on your health. A crust of bread and a good appetite is better than the outside of a palace with a Florida nurse. I am coming to the conclusion that Christmas is gone to seed, such crushing through the streets seems not so much Christ-mass as Christ-masses, not to say musses — and the loads of trash for sale. I am tempted to say if I ever give another Xmas present it shall be a yard of cotton cloth or a pound of ten-penny nails. Yet, after all, it is a great thing that the whole crush is for peace's sake — to give something to somebody else. And if there is a good deal besides love in it, still it is a long way from war.

XIV

CROWNING YEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE

1890-1894

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WASHINGTON, January 9, 1890.

I THOUGHT of the possible weather and probable clatter, and concluded that it would be a formal entrance into society which I do not think quite prudent yet. At the White House Mrs. Harrison expressed great regret that I could not come, but said I had written her a "beautiful note." They tell me that hosts of people — "everybody" inquired for me at the Wednesday Reception, so, I suppose, it is pretty generally known that I am here.

And, my dear, I say now that death is not a calamity. So much said that good old Pagan, Marcus Aurelius, nearly two thousand years ago, — small luck to Christianity if we cannot say it now, with life and immortality brought to light through the gospel — and the emphatic *am*, I have many times emphasized with Dr. Herrick. But his mother longs and longs, as you surmise, "For the touch of a vanished hand — And the sound of a voice that is still." Even when she was most pained at hearing his voice in delirium, she felt and thought how she should crave to hear even that, and crave in vain. But at the very first, when he had but just gone, and lay in stillness and

perfect rest, there was a very sweet repose on his face, and she had one moment of peace, before the grief of his loss rushed upon her like a strong man armed.

JANUARY, 1890.

MY DEAR: Wonder if you could not get Dr. Her-
rick's sermon on death. It seems to me I should like
to read it now. Saturday P.M., and we have buried
the dead out of our sight. The ceremony was beauti-
ful and impressive, and to me not painful. After I
came upstairs to dress for the funeral something alto-
gether confident and even exultant came to me, so
that everywhere, when they were carrying out the
body, and even covering it at the grave, I felt no
more like crying than I did before he fell ill. Every-
thing seemed unreal. The black veils, and the people
walking about so softly, and feeling so badly, seemed
grotesque, in the reality of the resurrection and the
life.

FEBRUARY 5, 1890.

From my window I see the crowd thickening around
the White House to whom, happily, the funeral ser-
vice of the Tracys is but a spectacle — yet no doubt
there is a great deal of sympathy. So much has been
shown in these last weeks that we must believe in the
brotherhood of man, by which is attested the father-
hood of God.

I have seen the Vice-President this morning, and the
President made quite a call last evening. Don't fail
to see my friends, the Egyptians, at Bubastis. They
belong to the period of Joseph's Pharaohs, and you
must get acquainted with them.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

CROWNING YEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE 1009

MARCH, 1890.

It was so warm yesterday I wore my silk pelisse to drive in the Soldiers' Home, where we got out and took a walk, which I like very much, good walking and green, and fresh air, and the carriage when you are tired. The President was in last night for an hour or two. Dr. Hamlin called and the President went, though I think his call was about over. Dr. Hamlin said, "I hear there were some bad *men* in your Bible class last Sunday." "Oh, no! all the men that come to my class are good. That is a proof of it!" "Well, can't *I* come sometime? I should like it very much." "Yes, indeed; you are most welcome."

Tuesday A.M., 3/25/90: Learned that from Dr. Lamborn! Dr. and Mrs. Welling were here yesterday, and he wants to come into my Bible class some time, more from curiosity, I think, for he knows all I know, and more. He said Mrs. Hubbard came home and he was there, and she began to ask if it could be that I was right. "What does she say?" So she told him. "Yes, of course she is right," he said calmly. "Well," said she, "it knocks my Presbyterianism all over." Dr. W. says I am doing a good work, trying to get people into thought about the Bible. I said I only wished I had the confidence and ability to speak that the ministers had. He said that I had something to say which made up for it. Gov. Ames and his daughter were here yesterday. She plays beautifully. He said to me, "I want you to see her. She is one of your kind—intellectual."

APRIL 3, 1890.

We went to Baltimore yesterday and had a perfect day of it. I went direct to the pictures, till we all went home to lunch a little before two at Emmons', then to drive in the park with Dr. L., and then back to Washington, reaching home at 6 P.M. I really enjoyed it all. Dr. L. knows ever so much about pictures as about everything else, besides giving me the catalogue when we came away, so that I can go over them myself. I wonder if you can remember any that you saw. I saw my books¹ for the first time, and was very much pleased with them.

Mr. Carnegie took me out to dinner, and Senator Allison sat at my left, and it was quite like old times. Mr. C. brought me the April "N. A. R.," which Mrs. C. sent because she wanted me to read Lyman Abbott's Ingersoll article, which was so much like what I talked at Cluny! I talk better than that now!!

Read the story of Jeremiah's women, and see if they did not cow the prophet a little. I don't know how much good my pupils are getting, but certainly I never got hold of the Bible so in my life. Glad you went to see Pharaoh. Isn't it awfully interesting?

I have written the main-stay of my prefatory Bible class, and read it yesterday with great applause. Only the skeleton. At church this morning with the baron; he said that Mrs. V. P. asked him if he thought a woman had the right to put her own interpretation on the Bible, say to reason about the serpent as an allegory, and he of course, being a Roman Catholic, said no; but her minister came in too, just then, and she asked him about the same, and he said there was no harm in it if she did reason away Satan

¹ A complete set, bound in white, for a wedding present.

altogether! But apparently his idea is that, no Satan, no religion!

Mrs. Harrison sent me Saturday night another beautiful basket of heliotrope, violets, smilax, in moss. Mrs. Noble sent me white flowers yesterday (Easter Sunday) morning. She invited me long ago to her Easter breakfast; also the President, but he also declined, as I happen to know, because Mrs. B. invited him here, and he declined because he had declined that; said he should not have minded coming to a little private breakfast here, but did not quite like to go to a great public festivity like that. Mrs. P. sent me a pot of white azaleas. Miss W. sent me a big box of French candy, the cover of yellow satin with a painted flower and yellow ribbon handles, very handsome for a handkerchief box; Mrs. Hitt a twisted silver pencil; Easter gifts, and this morning I have written them all notes which Charlotte would give all her old shoes to see, and which I venture to say will not displease the receivers! Anyway, I did not mean they should.

APRIL 24, 1890.

Well, my dear, here I pop up again as usual after my Bible class is over, had much the largest of all. Again I gave one hour and a half solid sermon! You need not inquire for my health! Mrs. — has got back, but her daughters did not come; she says it is beyond their capacity! It was not beyond mine when I was their age. In fact, before I was as old as they I was going through the Bible with a pencil making my own notes, but they are differently reared. Next Sunday Mrs. Bailey has to be absent, and wants me to give her what I write for her to read. Her aunt, Mrs.

Peter Parker, was here, and Miss Oxton brought her aunt, and Mrs. G. G. Hubbard said Dr. Welling asked her to ask if his wife might come. M. heard from the Beales that folks said it was quite wonderful. More wonderful, if they should see how my poor old brain has to leg it through the week to get it all out for Sunday! But the result is that I don't seem to have much to write about except my Bible class. Yesterday's lesson showing the origin, progress, and extinction of beastly worship. Next Sunday treats of the treatment of beastly worship by the New Testament writers.

My dear, what did I tell you? Stand on his head? He just walked on his head! He came down from N.Y. on business, going home this P.M., but so tickled he had to come round here and tell me. That letter! He is going to save it for his children. It is worth alone two hundred dollars! *Do* have the faculty of clawing a fellow down, and then sweetening him up! He tries to explain and swears humbly never to do so again, and tells how they cry me up at the White House, and wants me by and by to go down and see their new house — go in a car and live in a car. They expect to be in it this summer, and in the fall want you and me to come down and make them a visit. Here I was interrupted to go down and see Senator Evarts, who was calling, with his daughter, Mary, in spite of the rain. His eyes have improved, but he cannot see to read. "But how much better," he says, "than if I were led round the street by a dog with a little string!" Also came Mr. Whitehouse, Secretary of the Pans, who reads and speaks ten languages, but had not the sense to send a circular letter to the seven members of his family to whom

he writes seven letters a week till I told him! "Why," said he, "they are all over the world!" "Can't be further than Barbados and Honolulu. Besides, will you tell me what earthly reason there is, a week more or less? If you can't get a letter to-morrow, what is the difference between week after next, or week after that?" He "allowed" I was right, and I should not wonder if he tried it. He is a very accomplished and agreeable young man. Mrs. John Hay came, too, in all the rain.

MONDAY MORNING, May 5, 1890.

We had a rainy day yesterday, and B. C. suffered, still there were thirty or so. Col. Bliss, Mr. Bancroft's step-son, and Whitehouse, Secretary of Pans, had asked to come. Col. B. said the walls of that room ought to be broken down and everybody hear that address, but he supposed of course it would be published, and very soon. It happened that he had been pupil of two men in Germany whom I sketched, Bunsen and Neander. The theme was the theory of miracles, mine, and the Incarnation and the Resurrection. Of course it was, as you see, on the deepest themes of theological thought, and I was glad to see that several, at least, discerned it. One woman said that as she followed the reasoning she could but wonder at the mind that could so command it. Mr. W. said the logic was so close that it was unanswerable. One woman who had been every Sunday with Mrs. Harrison says the B. C's are the event of the winter to her, that her balls and parties she shall forget, these never, and that yesterday's was something for a lifetime. Well, it was a great theme, whatever the treatment. De Struve has just been in and says he will

not sit so near an open window again, because of the noise of the street he "lost two-tree words!"

MAY 9, 1890.

President White (Ex) has sent me his lecture on Sodom and Gomorrah, so I think he must have heard of my B. C. last Sunday. Mrs. Hale was in yesterday and said she heard a great deal about the last B. C., the *men* were so interested! De Struve said it was the "philosophy of religion." Mrs. Wadsworth never heard anything like it before, and was perfectly fascinated. One woman said if there had been no meaning in it she should have been still charmed with it, just for the beautiful English! Out in the woods of the Soldiers' Home yesterday P.M. Mr. B. and I were strolling as usual, with John behind with the carriage, when we came upon the President and Mrs. H., baby McKee, Mrs. Dimmick, and another guest, and rambled along together half an hour or so. The President said he saw us there the day before, and that made him bring out his family and have a stroll himself. It was a fine day, but too warm to walk anywhere but in the woods.

MONDAY MORNING, May 30, 1890.

MY DEAR: Yesterday I had my final B. C., and went off in a blaze of glory! Inspiration of the Bible. Mr. — came yesterday for the first time with his wife and her mother, and regrets he has not been to the others, so different from the "stupid ministers." De Struve simply went around the room mourning after it was over, did not know what he was to do Sunday P.M., it was a regularly Sunday service for him, and he wants to come down privately just to

talk religion. He just sits with his head bent forward and listens. He came to me afterwards and wants me to send him a bit of the astronomical part that he never heard of before, which I shall do, and ask him to verify it. It was not so solid, on such weighty themes, as last Sunday perhaps, but it was more brilliant! I took up that about Miss Breckenridge preaching, and slit it through and through on the spot, not writing it out, and they took. I think I have pounded some ideas into them. They will read the Bible with their reason after this, and not listen to preaching with the same blind, dead sleep of their own reason.

JUNE, 1890.

After breakfast and your letter. Look yere you old howler, scowler, bawler, holler, what are yer a'hollerin' for? *I'm* well, why? As Aug. Appleton smilingly answered. Not deceive you! I should think I had deceived you, somehow, by the way yer a'cuttin' up! Have just eaten for breakfast lamb-hash on toast, baked potatoes, biscuit, and griddle-cakes. I should think, Peri-to-ne-it-is! *You're* a good one to halloo for a doctor! And as for your being a burden or a blessing — if you have a weakness in any direction, if there *is* a thin spot anywhere, or one point in which possibly some angel in Heaven might be more serviceable — it is not in sick nursing or sick being, there, in both, you are invulnerable and invaluable; as a traveling companion, a house companion, a horse-woman, you have no superior, but I think just to depend upon for cook and housekeeping, possibly an ideal society might have some one to whom it would be less up-hill work — which I mean ter say Pip, as a cook, a per-

manency, Susan Nipper, you would soon be all one with a she-devil — poor dear. Well, so should I! The thing that would have pleased you most, you poor drivelling idiot, was *my* reception. I left the room very early to give room. I went into the bed-room off the drawing-room, door open, and had a very nice time — the Carnegies, the Dennises, and all my friends coming in. I kept near the door. The President and Mrs. Harrison were most cordial, Mrs. Harrison telling every one who chose to hear, how much I had done for her, and how much she enjoyed the B. C., and her general attitude towards me.

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It is not in the least necessary for her to keep house with ten servants in order to be happy, but it is necessary for her husband to have a power of idealization sufficient to let him reach up to her actualities. It is all very well for Aurora Leigh to pray and beg her blind Romney to use her love “as men use common things, with more behind,” but it is a very different thing for Romney to take her at her word. If you had read the classics of your country, as you ought, you would know that while love may, must, and should satisfy the beloved, it can never satisfy itself. If you really want that match broken up turn those young people over to me, and I will lay down the law to them, till, in the desperation of their boredom, they vow never to wish to read, hear, or speak of love again.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1890.

Dr. Lamborn was here yesterday, about his *édition de luxe* of B. C. They are to begin to print within the week. He came to the Wenham station,

changed for the Essex train to Hamilton station, about quarter of a mile away, got out and swept the expanse with his eagle eye, saw no carriage, and thought the country looked rather wild, did not know how far away this house might be, reassumed the train to Essex, took a carriage, and drove hither. Is he not a rover? Could have walked here in five minutes from Hamilton station.

Not to be surpassed — the lucidity, solidity, directness, and force of your letter this morning. Heaven speed the arrow to the mark!

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

Nothing is more unreasonable than to be overmiserable over the private thoughts of people who are in no way better or better off than ourselves, and who do not in the least know what they are thinking about. . . .

There is nothing in life but to go on perfectly self-poised, satisfied that you are doing what is best under the circumstances, but not unhappy if you are not fully understood. We have got to be contented in the last resort with our own self-respect, or we shall have nothing stable in life. The older I grow the more I feel that human judgment is a most fallible tribunal, that if there is not a higher and wiser power to decide the standard we are at the mercy of unreason, and that while we should pay proper deference to man's opinion, the real dignity of life is to be independent of it.

We had a South American dinner Saturday night. Calvo-s of Costa Rica, Sagrario-s of Spain, Mendonca-s of Brazil, Montt-s of Chile, Tateno-s of

Japan, Grigoyen-s of Peru, Morales of Salvador. Madame Sagrario looks older than her husband and speaks very little English. I sat next her husband, and went down with Calvo. Both speak English and we were quite gay, giving and taking lessons in Spanish. Dr. Morales sat opposite, and A. declared he was so amused he never took his eyes off me. I sent messages to him through Calvo and we drank healths, etc., having a very small stock in trade to go on.

I have Herbert Spencer's new book, "From the Author," if you please! "Social Statics."

MARCH 3, 1891.

This is the first pleasant day. I had written Mrs. Fletcher I would go out to-day if weather and traveling were good, but with my scrapy chest and my cotton batting I did not think it would be wise to drive the seven miles and talk after I got there. I gave her the Maybrick papers and lent her the Bible class for them all to read and be ready to pass examination on it when I went out, and told them it was a far better representation of me than my personal presence.

At present I will say that I sat down to thank Herbert Spencer for the book he sent me of his own, and wishing to tell him how I had worked him into the Maybrick case, suddenly discovered that my Maybrick letters are all gone. I wish to send him one and so I stopped writing to the great Philosopher and turned to the little house-mother to ask her to order her husband to send me another stamp-full of the printed supplement containing the Maybrick letter or *ask* him, she may, since he is so good.

MARCH 18, 1891.

MY DEAR: Mild and pleasant to-day, but as my *doze* continues on a strike I did not go over to Mrs. Garfield's lunch, given her by Mrs. Gallaudet. I have comforted myself with Eliza's manicuring, and am doing an article for which my indoors gives me the opportunity; and writing up my letters.

MARCH, 1891.

I went around to Prof. Newcomb's. I make no calls, but I return all, and they had called upon me long ago. I found her in and he came before I came away, and had a most interesting call. He looks like the Conn. farmer that his ancestors were and the Blue-Nose that he is. Before he came in his wife told me a great deal about him that he would not have told. That article in the "Forum" he wrote, substantially, when he was courting her, that she might know all his belongings, and I think that was a pretty manly thing to do. She has French blood and pretty good at that, both American and French. A big jasper vase, high almost as I am, she showed me, which the Czar has sent him, and another from England, and a gold medal from some foreign society, and all within the year.

We had Miss Hyde to luncheon yesterday with her mother, who plays her accompaniments. She is a lovely singer. Mr. de Struve also came and brought me a paper from Simon Newcomb quite taking the wind out of Professor Phelps' sails on the astronomical point which he made some time ago. I presume he knows better now!

[CLIPPING.]

At the founding of the American Authors' Society Grace Greenwood — Mrs. Lippincott — told a pathetic story of swindling from which there seems to be no redress, and Gail Hamilton sent to Mrs. Hodges a letter which is no less entertaining than suggestive. Here it is:

DEAR MADAM: I thank you very much for the honor of the Vice-Presidency which you wish to confer upon me, but I must continue to decline it for the simple reason that I should not be able to perform any service.

I will do a great deal better for you than that. I will send you a "Battle of the Books" which will show you that I was fighting for your Authors' Club while you were all rocking in your respective cradles.

When your combination has learned that book by heart and is ready to pass a competitive examination on it, *you* will know whether *I* fear to "jeopardize personal interests by open movement," or "shrink from responsibility."

If you think I am a little inclined to be skeptical as to results, you will not wonder when I tell you that in this very history of my Holy War, though I was previously assured that a sale of one thousand copies would pay costs, and though some fifteen hundred copies were sold, the facts and the figures were somehow twisted into such a contra-dance as to put me seven hundred and fifty dollars on the debit side, above all product of sales, for "expenses of publication!"

I admit that I am skeptical of results. I have lately published a book — "A Washington Bible

Class." It has been a great literary success. I speak as a fool, but ye have compelled me. It has received the highest commendation from the highest literary and even theologico-scientific authorities in the country. It has been discussed in the pulpits and distributed in the Sunday-schools. An *edition de luxe* of seventy-five copies has been issued by private beneficence for private circulation. Now, though I speak great swelling words to the publishers of being satisfied with nothing less out of the book than my house and barn repainted, and a wind-mill for the well, and a new harness for St. Cuthbert, — the best family horse in Essex County, and not for sale, either, and *such* an appetite, eating me out of house and home every minute of his dear life, — yet, speaking as a wise man confidentially to the Authors, I confess that in spite of your efforts and mine, I shall be surprised if the author receives as much money for the brain-work of the book as the publishers receive for the de luxe work. With best wishes.

GAIL HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, April, 1891.

The weather is now lovely, and I am going to the P.O. to mail letters to you and C., and the various folks that want my pictures and my pen — to all of whom I say more or less circuitously, no.

The critters are actually here on the spot, in the garret at this minute, with a tank as big as the Sixteenth-street beacon — banging my house all to pieces — and we shall certainly break to pieces under it, but so long as the Queen and the Emperor were flooded at their company dinner, I suppose a bursting of water-pipes will be the fashion.

My dear, your letter came after mine had gone to you. Plenty of good mental cheer in it, but not much bodily. In fact, so bright as to be almost startling. Here came in Dr. H. and took up all the rest of my morning — very pleasant call though. Mr. E. was here all the evening. For three weeks Stevie hung between life and death — diphtheria. The family, father, mother, and the rest of the children went to the hotel, and the house was given up to Stevie, three nurses and three doctors, the servants and Lizzie who preferred to stay, and the tutor who bore messages, every hour or two, as to Stevie's condition. One doctor was not out of the house for ten days and nights. I never heard of such a fight for life. He is still in bed utterly weak, but apparently out of danger. We will take the buggy and drive across country. I think it might be the best thing to do.

My windmill is up, and all the tanks set, and cistern cleaned, and everything swimming — was when I first got home, and so far everything runs smoothly. Says Edward — age nine, “Auntie Maggie, I think there *is* a God. I used to think when I heard folks talk about him that there wasn't, but to-day something said to me, inside of me, when I was going to do something bad, something whispered, ‘Don't do it!’ and sometimes when I am thinking about something good, it says ‘Do it,’ and a good many times I do, but I don't always. I think there *is* a God.”

The first mail after my letter brought this. The good little woman, you see, is sound at the heart. Is not the postscript characteristic of the President? The situation is not without humor, if one dared to laugh! I have written to thank Mrs. Harrison and

told her the President might abbreviate as much as he liked if he would not touch the flummery, because that was the logic of the heart, and the lever of the world. When I sent it I said it was to save her the trouble of framing the petition,¹ but if she wished to change in any respect, it was of course hers.

If the Evolution of nature is the Revelation of God, it must hold in the highest as well as in the lowest, in the spiritual as well as in the insect instincts. A queer kind of order it would be that should stand on its head as soon as it got a head! C. grasps so eagerly at the things that remain — feeling the necessity of it — that if I did not know her dual life these forty years, I should think sometimes she did not care. Whereas the “care” is so appalling that she shrinks from facing it. She says she lives only from hour to hour, and dares not look ahead. So live we all, only if we could look ahead, *overhead*, we should be comforted, exalted, I think.

I had a letter yesterday from Minister Lincoln in London, saying he had sent my argument to Home Secretary Matthews, and enclosed to me Matthews’ reply, in which he said that he should give the argument the early and careful attention which from Mr. L’s representation of Miss Dodge it so well deserved! or words to that effect.

Christ used the phraseology he found in and out of the Old Testament, and hordes of the half-learned say in consequence that he accepted it all as truth, scientific and theological.

MY DEAR: There is nothing to me more wonderful or more significant than the peace which seems some-

¹ To the Queen in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick.

how to brood over the pathway of death. All the terror, alarm, anxiety, dread, seems to be felt by the living. That a young girl for whom all things combined to make life sweet could lay it down with the calmness and maturity of one who had attained the natural end of life seems almost miraculous. There must be in death itself a naturalness, and in a death like this no bitterness.

My swift mind is divided between going to Florida, and getting a new furnace to Floridize this house. Two full furnaces in full blast only seem to emphasize the cold. They warm the air just enough to destroy the gelid equilibrium and circulate little hurricanes all around our ears. What I depend on for comfort is an old-fashioned wood fire. I propose to put myself up at auction. Any man who can warm this house may do so. I will not limit him as to manner or cost, but only risk. I will pay a penny to nobody till one winter has demonstrated the success of his apparatus. The snow is over the fences, and we have to be dug out regularly every morning, which my sweet William does faithfully, bless his honest soul! If there are any uncomplaining martyrs nowadays it is inferiors, these servants of ours who are perfectly satisfied when they have made us comfortable, and don't mind snow for themselves.

WASHINGTON.

Put-off-est! I am the put-on-est. The way I have been lickety-splitting this winter would drive you into your stomach! You would be all lump! I eat and sleep, but that is about all. I am invited to a tea this P M., but I should not go anywhere because I don't

go Sundays. I have declined almost everything, a dinner at the Brazil Legation, but I drive two hours or so nearly every P.M., which gives me a great rest.

I am very sorry for that mother who has lost all, husband and child. If there were not something to look forward to after this world, this world would not be worth the trouble of living in, to us, or of making, to its Creator. Yesterday I was out to a topic lunch — eight — theme of conversation put on each woman's card, she not to know till we sat down at table. Turning my card, found "Woman's Dress"! You should have heard the gabble! All talking at once. All wanted everything — chiefly no corsets — short walking gowns, lighter weight, tea gowns, old women not to dress like young ones, but I remarked when we got through that though we had a delightful lunch we had not advanced one step in reform. As I wore no corsets, and only one silk combination suit and one silk petticoat for under-wear, I don't think I was under any crying need for reform!

I have been two evenings to see Rosina Vokes, the most beautiful dancing in the world and perfectly modest and moral! showing how needless it is to be bad in order to be alluring.

A letter from Mrs. M. has told us of Howard Goodwin's death in Santa Barbara. What a swift close to what a promising career and assured happiness! It is not Howard so much, but the grief his going leaves, and to think how those stay whose life is grief!

Mavroyeni was in yesterday and we had quite a theological talk, future life, faith, Christianity, Mohammedanism, etc. He is a Greek, but is the Turkish Minister, — his father being Court physician in Turkey. Le Ghait (legay) of Belgium says Mavro

eats and drinks and walks just according to what the doctor tells him. Being asked, "Are you afraid of death?" "Afraid, no, but I don't *want* to die. I think I shall go to the good place, I have never done anything." A listener adds privately that he has lied a good deal, but I don't suppose that counts with Turk or Greek.

HAMILTON.

When I saw yesterday the death of Cyrus Field the day before, it was as if the Lord God had cloven a path through the sea for me to walk dry shod.

I do not see the slightest objection to addressing the Queen, and it will do more than anything else to attract the attention of the English people, which is what I want. I think the Judge Field letter and book, arriving on the day of C. F.'s death, is as much the finger of Providence as you can see with the sharpest look-out, and to put up Victoria with Lincoln is the greatest compliment. Suggest anything you can. There is no assuager of sorrow like being absorbed in assuaging a greater sorrow. It is impossible almost that those boys should be any more sensitive to the suffering of the world in Heaven than here, but of course they cannot be less, for they were essentially noble-hearted. Looking at the inevitable, the incurable sorrow of the world, I often see nothing, and only feel that somehow good will be the final goal of all, but oh, the long and weary way to that goal! We have not such a long way, and at evening tide there shall be light, but to A. it is not yet high noon — And to the poor prisoner —

HAMILTON, June 17, 1891.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: No word from you *could* be wrong, and your remembrance is most gratifying. Death has always its unutterable pathos which neither hope nor faith can prevent, but apart from that, all the comfort that can come from a life well lived, from every duty so cheerfully discharged that it seemed a pleasure — comes to us thinking of the one who has left us.¹ And he went gently sleeping. The old clergyman who prayed over his coffin well signalized “his sweet and careful life.”

What you say is true — we are too near. All our moments go too swiftly past our souls for idle woe! I have altered Mrs. Browning a little, you will perceive, but the thought is one. For my part, a thousand things that *were* important have grown trivial. They are not really trivial, for I make no doubt it is ours to improve the world every way, but material improvements belong to the early stage, and I am in haste only to alleviate the trouble of the world, to strengthen the things that remain.

BAR HARBOR, July 16, 1891.

MY DEAR MRS. T.: I should never dare enter this house again, and I should never dare look Mrs. — in the face again if I should do what you wish me to do, or what you propose to do yourself. I cannot think of anything more offensive — more offensive to myself, if I were in her position.

You confess yourself that you know it would be offensive to her — yet you propose to do it. Why? Because “some one will.” That is, because some vul-

¹ A beloved brother.

gar gossip or some greedy or needy highway robber will violate personal courtesy and personal right, you will step in and violate them yourself as an admirer and lover! Pardon my plainness of speech. I have suffered too much from this myself, but I have never, I think, suffered it from one who had accepted my hospitality, or who professed a personal friendship.

My dear Mrs. T., if you value the respect, the affection, or the acquaintance of Mrs —, you will immediately withdraw from this engagement into which you have been innocently inveigled. The newspapers, as you know, would sacrifice every instinct of delicacy and reticence to their itch for personality — but don't let them sacrifice you. If an enemy or a stranger sins his sin we cannot help it, but don't let us sin it for him. I am sure that Mrs. — would mind any stroke from any stranger less than she would mind this blow from a friend.

Always most truly yours,

MARY A. DODGE.

1892.

I went over to the White House to see if Mrs. Harrison was willing I should print her petition in Lumley's brief, and she was very prompt and cordial in her assent, "for humanity's sake," she said.

I must not forget to say that — did not receive the benediction at her wedding because Dr. — did not wish to kneel! I should as soon kneel as not, but I am glad of any repression on the part of Protestants against the lordly assumptions of the Roman Catholic Church.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS:

REV. AND DEAR SIR: I could almost say dear and Reverend Sir — for your dignity was so suffused with grace and kindness that to me, though a stubborn Protestant, your Eminence is hardly more memorable than your charm.

You were so good as to permit me to send you a sketch of Mrs. Maybrick's case, which I now enclose, together with the latest letter in the "N. Y. W." I think they will show you that I did not ask your aid or your prayers in an unworthy cause.

If it is possible I wish you could in some way show publicly and positively your interest in her redemption. The lawyers L. and L. have presented the whole case to counsel, of whom Sir C. R. is the head. If God does indeed work on human minds, I beg you to implore Him to enable the minds of these counsellors to be open to truth and to justice. If, as you suggested, prayers for the prisoner could be offered in the Catholic Church without mentioning her name, God might surely answer in His own way, if only by directing attention to her wrongs, and enlisting sympathy in her behalf. Sir C. R. and the Home Secretary are both Catholics. Would not the one be strengthened and the other admonished by a personal letter from your Eminence, showing the interest of the Church in this least of the lambs of her flock?

I pray you not to find impertinence in my suggestions. In the cause of innocence against tyranny I would enlist Heaven itself. How then can I be wrong in imploring the interposition of Heaven's organization on earth — "The Church of the Living God"?

Monday morning. Judge Brewer sends me a letter saying they had their pow-wow Saturday, and decided they better not sign lest it be "construed as a criticism upon the conduct of the case, or as an attempt to interfere with the action of the judicial department of a friendly power." At the same time he says that "assuming the facts in the brief to be fairly stated, I quite agree in your opinion that there is a reasonable doubt of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt. I would even go further and say that there is in my mind a very grave doubt of it, and in view of all the circumstances it seems to me an eminently proper case for an exercise of the royal clemency. The evidence that she administered arsenic to her husband seems to me far from conclusive. I cannot avoid a very strong impression that it was her relations with Brierly which really brought about her conviction."

Mr. Smith went up to Baltimore to get the Cardinal's signature yesterday, found he was in Washington, hurried back to Washington and found he had left for Baltimore ten minutes before. However, he did not escape me. I sent Smith straight back this morning and he returned with the signature! I shall now have only to get the V.P's and Speaker's, which I could have got this morning as he was in, but the petition was gone to Baltimore. When Smith returned he went first, according to instructions, to the House to get the Speaker's signature, but they were burying Senator Barbour and he could not get in. If Heaven has anything to do with it, it appears to be determined to make every step a trial of faith and strength. Heaven may prevent my doing it, but it won't be by wearing out my patience.

Always yours,

M. A. D.

APRIL 12, 1892.

The idea of *you*, poor dear, taking on airs — noted for your quiet dignity! It can only be because you did not take to the “Bartol,” but went somewhere else. You don’t suppose Miss —— has a spice of scandal in her, and exaggerates or invents? It is so causeless that I am loth to believe it, only it really is of no consequence, and I don’t like to think we have made an acquaintance that is malicious as well as vulgar. But if she does come to see you be nice to her, and you know what father used to quote from his ancestors: “Don’t want the ill will of a dog.”

A I drove to Mrs. Leland Stanford’s this morning by her appointment. She spoke about her projects in California, so I asked her about Miss Fletcher, concerning whom she is very enthusiastic, thinks her a remarkable girl; says her house is full, and they have to turn away applicants. Mrs. Stanford is a very pious woman, and I asked her to pray for Mrs. Maybrick this critical month, and she said she would. She asked me how I got on with the Cardinal, and we agreed that but for one or two points we could be Catholics ourselves. She could never confess her sins to any one but God, and I could never give up private judgment; so we concluded to stick where we are for the present. It has been reported that she is inclined to Catholicism. I presume I might be similarly reported for similar reason.

MAY 20, 1892.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE: I did *not* think of the day of the 18th, of which I did not know at the time. It is very hazy to me, but I remembered Stanwood’s

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birthday, and am thankful for all that he was, all that he enjoyed, all that he is spared.

I had a telegram from London this morning, saying that they were questioning government about new facts in the Maybrick case, and to hurry up petition. We patched up a cable in return. We had to be careful not to transcend etiquette or compromise the Secretary without hindering the cause in Parliament, but you see that with Parliament on my hands in the morning, and Maybrick lawyers in the P.M., it has not been much of a North American day, let alone the heavens thumping at all the cracks. Still I have done something at it.

Another telegram — while I was dressing for the Mendonca dinner, which I should have enjoyed even if it had not been as good as it was, because I seemed to be giving so much pleasure and they had made so great an effort to have me come that I am sure they wanted me. You may be sure that I rewarded them by not letting the festival languish around *my* plate! The lady was all in bright red, and the central scarf red satin, with a fringe, and the red roses and dinner cards, — quite a Mephistophelean effect. No time to write more to catch the mail. Everything seems to be accumulating just now, and I am on the full jump.

My letter to the President and his to me you better put in the B. Safe Deposit after reading, as you will see they are valuable.

Your description of H. P. S's poem was worthy of the poem! Some of her inspiration must have spilled over on you.

Mrs. Gov. Claflin of Boston was in yesterday — on her way from Florida, where she has been for

five months, perfectly delighted, was there last winter too; Ormond, I think, on the Atlantic.

If Dr. Winslow doesn't know about my books he better leave Egypt awhile, and put in his spade at home.

This very morning at breakfast, before which I began to read your letter but was interrupted by breakfast, — told of her dreaming about W. who came in smiling and affectionate and kissed her and was so glad to see her and so natural that she said she felt exactly as if she had seen him, just as you did about Stanwood.

Dr. H. preached an out and out sermon yesterday on the Presbyterian antics ecclesiastical — not theological. He did not discuss the inerrancy of the Scriptures, but the right of the Presbyterian church, according to the standards, to discuss it and decide it as they pleased.

What is the use disputing Eternal punishment when we see so much of it.

The White House grounds have been covered with people, black and white, and are now covered with litter, and the turf is ground to powder by children, big and little, sliding and rolling down the slopes. I think it is a legalization of vandalism that ought to be stopped, as having a bad effect on the character of people who ought to be taught to preserve and beautify, instead of being taught to deface what is already made beautiful.

I send you some Hawaiian scraps. I think the wave is rising every day against that hauling down of the American flag.

Did you see Mott Smith arguing for Hawaii? He stood up for it like a man, and talked solid sense.

Observe *à la* Whitmyer that poverty is obliged to be extravagant — only wealth can be economical. Besides that, as soon as one has capital one has encouragement to save. Captain Boutelle is here now, and has just told me he fears the Democrats will not annex Hawaii, thinks Cleveland will be afraid to do what this administration will get the credit of — and if they do anything to keep England's hands off will do something else, or this in some other way. But again, Mr. Carter has just been in, and is very confident it will be annexed.

HAMILTON, July 18, 1892.

Thus far I had written when that dreadful telegram came that changed the world. I have a fragment of what may have been his last letter. You were about to destroy it when I took it to send to Augusta, telling her to destroy it. She did, except the last page, which had so sweet and pretty a little reference that she just would not tear it up. How I wish now that she had kept the whole. Unhappily I had written over the whole reverse of the page, "as men use common things with more behind."

After you left me I went into the first church, which proved the vulgarest church in Boston, I suppose; but the man selected of all chapters that beautiful 14th of John, and it *is* inspired — with eighteen centuries of human sorrow, the pain of parting, the consolation of hope — and surely that is of God. Certainly *I* was comforted. I was very ill when I got home, and went to bed at once, and was well in the morning. There must come a morning to our night, and what it will be when we shall all be well!

SPRING OF 1893.

I am glad to see that Alvin takes the right view of things, that this life is the preparatory condition and the next the real thing. I was amused to hear Dr. Webb say how bitter was the thought of death to him, and had to scold him into his own pretended belief that heaven was life. He was no better than a heathen! with his wife and children gone and he *wanting* to live! Tell Alvin I don't know about branches and fruit in the very next world. That would be crowding things so much more than here, but at any rate, I expect growth, and growth according to the growth we make here. Wherefore, let us comfort one another with these words!

In my work I am not hurried or worried. A good deal of it is not writing, but examining and sorting, so that I am moving about much. Then I go out to drive two hours or more about every afternoon, and I do nothing evenings, so that I have no confinement, and as I have no housekeeping cares, I am not *drove*!

Think of our being alone in this great house with a family of servants, and four voices stilled. I can hardly make it real. Yet the hardest is to drive out these warm days over the roads that I so often went with him, and up around the new library in whose building he was so interested, and watched as if it had been in his own house — and the Capitol that was the scene of his work, his triumph, his dominion, — and reading over these old letters —

I would say for Cardinal Gibbons that he is talking about the Pope being necessary to their church, and I think he is. The only difference between us is that I don't think their church necessary to salvation.

How wonderful those texts are! "Abolished death."

I want to go to the West if I go. That would be new. Brownsville, and Washington in Pennsylvania, and the scenery is said to be lovely. If you go I should be likely to linger along the way a little more than if you do not.

Don't take your time to make things for me! I will take the will for the deed. The only one in Washington who remembered or even probably knew the day is gone. I have been busy to-day with old papers and letters, one from him just after he graduated! with letters of recommendation from his Faculty at college, who speak very highly of him.

We drove out to Arlington, and while we were there Gen. Berdau's funeral procession came in. Gen. Berdau's wife is abroad and all his family. Marion Crawford, his son-in-law, having sailed not long since, all the arrangements fell to his wife's sister's husband, Ex-V. P. Morton, and his second wife! Their daughter Edith came around here to borrow some black clothes! Is it not a strange circumstance? We joined the procession, and I was very glad to do so, it was all so sad. The bugle-call which closed the ceremony was most impressive. It seemed a soul calling to a soul in the ever increasing distance — with no answer.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of March 31, I can only say that it is impossible to name a date for the completion of the Biography of Mr. Blaine, which I am writing. If the time of its completion could be named the book wouldn't be worth writing. If I

could definitely say when it would be finished I should be unfit to write it. I am not aiming to make a book. I am aiming to present as faithful a picture of Mr. Blaine as is possible, for the pleasure of those who love him, for the comfort of those who mourn him, for the instruction and up-building of those who shall come after him. I am as eager to finish it as his warmest friends can be, but while they would not wish it to be unnecessarily delayed, they certainly would not have it hurried into any incompleteness or imperfection. I have no hope of satisfying my own consciousness, but I must at least satisfy my conscience. The book will be finished just as soon as I have fashioned it to the best of my ability.

I have little to write you because I am very quiet. My letters will let you into the greater part of my day's work. I walk out in the course of the day, see a few people who come in, read a little and write a little, — mostly letters.

Sir J. Pauncefote has written me a letter to which I thought it necessary to reply at once, and have done so. How sudden was Elliott Shepard's death! Do you remember he came once to my Washington Bible Class and wanted to print it in his paper?

It is too bad that Lucy Larcom should feel forced to receive contributions. I wish Whittier had given her more. Where is Field's bequest? Why does not somebody ask whether she has received it? W. G. seems to be drawing in Boston, and the South has done him a good turn. Real stage veterans always laugh at attempts to "raise the stage," and justly, I think. It is simply theatre mugwumps, and mugwumpery in any guise is rather suspicious.

H. P. S. is so orthodox that she is ultra! like Peter, — not willing that Christ should wash his feet at first but afterwards wanted him to wash not his feet only, but also his hands and his head! This is not much of a letter, but will let you know I am well.

I am sorry to hear of Lucy Larcom's illness, but her rest will be glorious whenever it comes. I hope home and home friends will bring Miss Larcom back to health.

The "Traveller" might have waited for good Lucy Larcom to go — so soon after her dear friend Whittier, and so good —

And Lucy Larcom did not even have the Rector to bury her, though as long as it was not Phillips Brooks, I suppose she would not have minded, — still less as he had preceded her.

April 20. I have answered Frank's letter this morning, and suggested that as you have already forwarded the name of Philip Stanwood, as we do not like the name of Augustus, and never did, as they already have a Stanwood in general honor of the Stanwoods, and of his dear grandfather in particular, that we adopt the name Philip in honor of the founder, and the name Hamilton in honor of you and me and all the Hamilton Dodges, whom in the past we alone in the present represent, and call him Philip Hamilton Dodge.

—— and —— were at the masked or costume ball in Boston — she as Henry VIII.'s second wife, Anne Boleyn, — R. as a Venetian lady. They said it was very beautiful and really instructive as they took great

pains to make the costumes historically accurate. She did not remember the Spanish Royal family, but said every one wanted to be kings and queens — and it was a great crowd — but highly successful, and every one crazy about it.

WASHINGTON, PENN., May 23, 1893.

We arrived last night. We went from Carlisle to Pittsburg, thence to Altoona. Well, you can stand those two cities on their heads, to make my itinerary correct. At P. strolling about while waiting, we saw the packet "James G. Blaine" with her nose in the pier, and boarded her. The day was fine and the sail was lovely, the skies and the earth were his, by birth and worth, past Elizabeth, and all the little places where he stopped on his home visit. To Monongahela, city almost dark, and we landed there, slept and took train next morning, Saturday, to West Brownsville, which is one long street between a range of wooded hill, and a curve of noble river. "The Blaine Mansion" was evidently the only dignity that man ever put there. It is now the sordid ruin of a gracious home, dead of blood poisoning. Even the beautiful slope of lawn to the river is disfigured with rubbish, and there are coal-shutes behind and beside. We crossed the river to the Monongahela House, which not even a blessed memory could make anything but — though the soul of hospitality and plenty, and the daughter proffered her services and a horse and buggy to show us the town, and took us to the beautiful little green hill where the quaint, picturesque little Roman Catholic church cherishes a kindly Paganism, loth but forced to go, and holds some sacred dust. We stayed over Sunday because we could not help it, and

Monday morning early took coach and came twenty-four miles over the same road *he* travelled to college, — a thirteen-year-old baby, — up and over and along an endless succession of beautiful hills green and cultivated, bosky with woods, and dripping and rippling and sparkling with springs. I do not wonder he loved it, and I marvel at the hand of God which led him to leave it for the sharp New England air which braced him up to the man he became.

I have hardly been out of the house since I entered it last evening, but the hotel is clean and wholesome, and well watered, with tidy little girls in pink gowns for waiting-maids, and newly-furbished rooms, and more than fairly good food, and only a little less than fairly good coffee, twelve hundred feet above sea level, and I mean to stay here till A. returns from the World's Fair. I think I can use the time here profitably, if it is not devoted to thunder-showers, which put in their work with enthusiasm. With love to all of all ages, service, and previous conditions of servitude,

Yours,

M. A. D.

Half-past one, and here is your card from Columbus. I did not expect it so soon, and am all the more glad to get it. How little way off is Steubenville. I really succumbed last night to the universal lard. As soon as the Spears disappeared I visited the room whose lack was so impressive in Brownsville. The corridors were bright with the electric lights. I did not go down to breakfast at all, but walked to P.O., then lay on the bed pretty much all the morning, reading the paper and sleeping. At one went down and took a cup of hot strong tea and

a slice of toasted bread, dry, and feel all right. With tea at Mrs. Spear's to-night I hope to be able to start in on the lard again, but I shall pick and choose more carefully.

Sunday P.M. I talked Maybrick with the Spears and some very handsome, intelligent, and cultivated women who were their guests, en route for India, and we made Mr. Spear bend his old blue Presbyterian knees and pray for her. He hedged a little, but we would not let him off, and having fenced in his Presbyterianism from harm, he prayed a prayer that ought to do her good — reasonable, gracious, comprehensive, and altogether satisfactory and consoling.

Shall I ever live long enough to characterize the beastliness of civilization? That is not a term of opprobrium, but of excuse. It is because we are beasts half the time that I excuse the other half. If we were not beasts we should be friends.

HAMILTON, July 4, 1893.

I am very well placed myself, this summer, having picked up an excellent man and woman in Boston betwixt the masthead and the ground, in an intelligence office as I was coming from the Fall River boat in the early morning. He trims Cuddy's mane and tail, and oils up his harness till he is a perfect dude, and his wife makes delicious strawberry shortcake, which I never ate before in my own house, besides very decent salads, and such small deer. I shall enjoy them while they are enjoyable, and then board. We have had an anniversary centennial, — Hamilton, — and I wrote some verses, which were so beautifully read to me here in my own library that for one moment I

thought myself a poet. We were draped in bunting from turret to foundation stone, and if it had only been the glory of separating from Great Britain instead of Ipswich I should wish never to take it off. Reporters were as thick as bees in clover, and the kodaks snapped us all into the papers as to our houses, and having a mind to be very fine, we had a Boston caterer to our dinner.

My Willie Cannon died here the day I went to Ipswich, but my William and Teresa did better service than I could have done even if I had been at home — age twenty-eight, an only child, the one bit of poetry in his hard-working parents' lives, — with the deepest grief and every flower sent, and the neighbors heaped his coffin with roses and lilies for his mother's sake, who has been a hard-working washerwoman here since before he was born. Every one soothed and comforted her poor heart because "Willie could not be bad since everybody thought so much of him," and refused to believe what nobody told her that it was because they thought so much of her! Well *I* told her the truth, that never from the beginning had I seen in him anything wrong or heard an improper word, that he was always nice-looking, well-mannered, and altogether polite and respectful!

We had a bright pleasant visit at Ipswich, Mrs. Cowles eager to know if I had had any sign either from Mr. B. or Mr. C. Nor has she, but half thinks there might be. The little deaf and dumb girl is there, very pretty and bright, dark eyes and hair, engaging and pathetic, speaks so that you can easily understand and gazes so that she can understand you — not quite dumb, is it? I never heard the

dumb speak so little roughly. John has charge of a Revolution down in Nicaragua, and is it not amazing Columbus should have lost his fortune just in the nick of time for America to make it up to him?

I am fighting off a horde of book-agents. They are writing, "Is the MS. in the hands of the printers?" I make no answer. Only if it *were* in the hands of the printers it would not be worth printing. One thing they cannot do and that is make me hurry, but they can hinder. It is most interesting. I do not envy you your brutal England one bit. Tyron went down taking his four hundred with him just from that same stupid stolid reverence for tradition and rank. The command had been given for six cables' distance. Why should a subordinate step in with his eight cables suggestion, and down they went, and down they will continue to go till the Englishman sees that life is more than meat, and humanity more than blind obedience to a tradition or an institution. G. W. S. says there was not half so much cheering at the Royal wedding as was reported, though I have nothing against the young folks.

In reply to a request for permission to publish some of Whittier's letters to her, with extracts from her own letters, Miss Dodge wrote this letter:

HAMILTON, July 10, 1893.

DEAR MR. PICKARD: I have not the slightest objection to your publishing everything I ever wrote to Mr. Whittier so far as I am concerned, if you will let me see the proofs first. But would it not look a little odd to see my letters in *Mr. Whittier's Life*?

There is certainly nothing in the side he turned towards me, to use your own words, that is not wholly dear and lovely, and funny often, and always charming. And I do not think he himself out of the world could have any objection to the poor folks left in the world seeing it! But you know it is not *my* biography, and I am afraid if you put *me* in too much you will have to stand law-suits from angry purchasers for money obtained under false pretences. This is not a refusal of your request, for I should be gratified and complimented by the appearance of anything of mine in connection with him. It is simply a warning to you of what you may expect from the unregenerate, lying in wait to devour you! If, after this, you still wish and dare to publish, "What the Fly said," don't you think you ought to publish in connection with it that part of his "Fly-Leaf" which called it out? I see no objection to his wedding poem, which I remember very well. We had it read at the wedding¹ to every one's great amusement. An editor asked for it then, but I declined its publication. Now it has passed into history. Eheu! Soon after he left us I searched for my repertoire of his letters, just to read them myself. But I could not find them. I don't think I ever destroyed *one*, but I have hidden them securely, even from myself. I will continue the search.

Very truly yours,

M. A. DODGE.

JULY 27, 1893.

I have eaten breakfast, and it was just as good as your old English beast breakfast, fresh tender salmon-

¹ Of a niece at her aunt's house in 1874.

hash, doughnuts, and blueberry sauce, hominy to begin with, and as for the method of serving I have been running around the breakfast table ever since I was born, because I could not get what I wanted unless I did! I begin with this growl because I hate the English¹ so that I would not take my Yankce blueberries because it left, or would leave, a taste of English jam in my mouth!

Did you ever see anything so touching as the way Veragua stands, hat in hand, a simple street beggar, and his brother cries, "Me too!" Columbus in discovering America did discover a new world to be sure. We had almost a cyclone yesterday, which all my old apple trees — the very ones Columbus discovered — stood with entire equanimity save one big branch, but it threw down a grape-vine and upset three of my heavy garden chairs and set everything flying that had wings, say buckets and wash-boards, and in Essex last week — tell every fool-Englishman who appears above the horizon — a man went out after a thunder-shower into his own orchard and stood up to his boot-tops in hail-stones which it took three July days to melt. Well, my apple-tree branch that blew down four or five years ago has not only lived and borne fruit ever since, but has this year developed a grove of elms!

Do you know what a pretty, gentle, bright, winsome creature Abby Rice is, without a thread of gray in her soft brown curly hair, not a bit of aggressiveness but any amount of spirit, interested in everything all over the world, and with a lady-like finger in every pie that ever was, or is about to be cooked. They devoured your letter with their ears, even that pestilential little

¹ Because of persistent imprisonment of Mrs. Maybrick.

fallacy which you called argument, in temporary obscuration of reason which I suppose is inevitable to one in the paws, and claws, and jaws of the British beast, even when his paws are shod with velvet, and his claws are sheathed in gold, and his jaws smeared with honey.

I say better the guilty go free than the law be violated. *They* say better one should suffer unjustly than confidence in the judge be lost. And you ask if that is not a little giving away the argument? Not in the least. Thrice and four times no; so intensely no that I don't know how to begin to show it strongly enough. It is the old Christ-principle, and I don't know how much older — the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. The law was made for man and not man for the law. The British Pharisee and hypocrite treats the law as of more importance than humanity for whom the law is made, from whom the law is made. English law and American law is practically identical, is the last result of the highest wisdom of the highest civilization, applied to the defence of human right. Not to be able to detect and punish crime is merely human limitation. To commit crime for the purpose of hiding the fact that such inability exists is the crime of crimes.

My love especially to Sally for your report of her "Give aside all ye dead" way of tramping through England. If only every tramp left some fresh brute under her boot-heel I should rejoice.

The fresh presentations I am receiving from England from new sources have roused even my wrath, which you know never sleeps, and you have the out-pour. If I were going to print this I should compress

it into half its size, and twice its strength but — pardon.

When I walked to the P.O. this morning I wondered if there were a prettier curve of emerald, a prettier gallery of elms in all England.

I work on it every day and all day long until I find myself becoming confused, then I know I have had enough, and stop and do something else. But it is delightful work. I feel as if I were coming upon his inner unconscious life in prying into these earlier years, and I should resent any one else's doing it. I don't believe any one else would, to be sure. But always, from the beginning, he was the same sweet-natured, affectionate, simple-hearted creature, everybody loving him, and he loving everybody — no, for some people he did not like.

Since I began investigation it appears that two is the normal age for the human being to push when "he is uncurled a golden foot or a fairy horn thro' this dim water world." But Mary Augusta I never saw look so charming and act so charming as yesterday, and I feel I owe her an apology. She had her little brown hair parted, and she had come from sleep, and stood by the door when I went into the dining-room, so little and so still I did not see her and nearly ran over her. And all dinner time she softly moved around behind us at the table with her bottle in her hand, taking an occasional suck, but amusing herself entirely crooning and chuckling, and now and then grunting as she squeezed between your chair and the sofa, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

So far as the book goes I just block it out when I feel most like that, and work it up when that seems

the thing. I suppose every one will think I am very slow, but that is not to be helped. I am as quick as the Lord made me. I think now what a work I did for him! When he was writing, I mean. If I only had some one to do for me what I did for him — in the mere mechanical finishing off, I mean, after the thing is written, — the arranging, filing, excising, filling in, it would save so much time for the main work.

I do not see why I should give any “confidences” to any one. Mr. Stevens is lecturing in this vicinity. I should like to get hold of him. The Hawaiian matter looks badly this morning, not nationally but personally.

Let me tell you a tale. Phillips Brooks addressed the Wheaton girls and told them above all things to learn to write plainly. He had a great many letters that he had to twist, and turn, and compare, and judge, to see what they said. He liked to find out what people wanted and then do it — but it would be so much easier to do it if he could only find out. Lucy Larcom was there and seconded him, instancing one friend whom she loved very much, but whose letters gave her great trouble. She asked her friend one day if that hand was easy and natural to her. “Oh, no! she had taken a great deal of pains to form it.”

“And yet you loved her?” asked Phillips Brooks, pathetically, with a rising inflection. I am writing without a portfolio — on my lap, if you find me in any wise illegible.

CROWNING YEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE 1049

EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON, D.C.,
SPRING OF 1894.

I think it must be New Haven where we are stopping—1.05 P.M. Lunch all gone except orange. “Rock and Rye” most relishing and helpful. I suppose you will not put the smallest confidence in my word, but I am really feeling very much better than I did in the night—scarcely a feeling of discomfort. Plenty of seats to take on the lake side and a “Boston Journal” of the *priests* to send to Ned.

APRIL 4, 1894.

Wednesday morning. My dear, I went very comfortably, or rather came, but the last of the way I was very tired. Plenty of room, however. The train was on time. We reached Washington at 9.45, not bad. I tipped that bottle unblushingly. There was a young woman beside me who did the same, but as hers was a small gold-topped filagree thing, it did not have such an air of reckless inebriety as mine, which was no matter of decorative art, but of business. I also felt hungry towards six and took a raw-oyster supper; very good. By the way, one of those priests was Satolli. The cold is still in the head, but has not advanced on the lungs. I never saw anything so funny as the way things seem to be running themselves. Don't worry about me. I am feeling better than I did yesterday morning, and a great deal better than I did that night.

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

I am working every minute here, and to advantage. I am sure the climate is better for me at home than

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here. It is warm, but not tonic. Always the late spring lacks tonic here. I hoped the change might cure me, but it does not. I stay just about so, cough a little in the morning, a little at night — sleep well, eat well, work well, feel quite well except that the little nosey cold hangs on. I think my appetite is really better than when I was at home. Will last probably as long as the novelty lasts.

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

Alvin's birthday. I think I must write him a line. What a good day Mr. A. had, and how the other clergy have had to plough through the storms!

I want you to send on the package from the baroness at once, as it probably contains important papers which I wish to present to the State Department while I am here, — the new proof. The cold seems to have gone from both lungs and head. I have had no other cough than what I had when I came, but I was afraid it might turn into a long attack such as I had before, and I wished to take it in season. I am not at all overworking, so you need not worry, but I *am* making sixteen to the dozen, not only because I want to get back as soon as possible, but because I want to do as much as I can while Mr. M. is here — so no more at present.

Affectionately,

M. A. D.

I went up to Senator Morrill's yesterday, and happily found him in, as I wished to talk with him. Coming home I called to see Mr. Bradbury, at the Arlington, who walked home with me, and told me what I wanted. So I have those two things off my mind.

This P.M. I mean to go up to Mr. Hitt's library, where I hope to do some more finishing. I shall go home as soon as I get through. Let alone the pleasures of home, it is too warm here.

Secretary Gresham came at noon and stayed an hour. I will not give particulars till I see you. Was much struck with the papers (in the parcel) and was most sympathetic—took them all home, and is to read them, and wants to confer with me afterwards. He says it is most remarkable — that proof.

XV

CLOSING YEARS

1895-1896

XV

CLOSING YEARS

1895-1896

MAY 2, 1895.

10.40 A.M. Business done — ticket bought — trunk checked — At Boston & Albany. How are you?

Before 4 P.M. New Haven, beautiful day, just ready to go out to P. P. with T. W. T. C., Jr. Comfortable journey. After I receive word from you hope to feel ready for work.

FRIDAY MORNING, May 3.

At P. P's last eve, and had a very pleasant seance. Hope to be able to attack Washington to-morrow. Everything here nice as can be. Oceans of mail for work. Shall not write details — wait till I see you. Brisk and cool here yesterday, but warmer to-day. This is my third card.

Later. Baltimore. Left New Haven this P.M. at 1.10.

WASHINGTON, Sat. P.M., May 4.

MY DEAR: Here is your letter and Mr. Hoar's, and Phil's wedding cards and all,— I sent you a card last night from the station on my arrival — gave it to the porter, who said he would not forget it. I had a

really delightful visit in New Haven, in both places. Their hospitality was not only generous but flattering. Mrs. P. had the carriage come for me and take me back both times, which would have suited you! Particulars later. Proof all here, and I now have some ready to send back. By coming yesterday P.M. I saved a night's sleep, and a day's work to-day. I intended to stay in New Haven yesterday and come in the night express, but it did not leave till midnight, which would have broken up the night for all — was here at 9.45 P.M., and slept well. T. Hubbard C. is very quiet, but is *on hand*. What cures you of things is doing everything you are told not to do! I would turn W. into the library quick! To think of little Phil! Don't supervise too minutely. Sit and order! It is very green here, but I have worn my cloth gown all day, and it is not uncomfortable. Mr. Hitt continues very ill, but they are not without hope. It is now — on this page — Sunday morning. I drove into the country about 5 P.M. yesterday. You ought to get this Monday morning.

Always affectionately,

M. A. D.

MONDAY MORNING, May 6, 1895.

MY DEAR: Your letters came this morning — five — but no card. Sure you put one in? Looks to me as if you would have to write again. Both the letters enclosed are unsealed — so if they stick you can unstick them — *if you* want to! Your letter very interesting, but don't take the time to write. I was at Mr. Hitt's yesterday. I thought very discouraging, but they think he is on the up-grade. They have two nurses and a doctor there constantly. Let everything

go that you can. *Deliver these letters.* Always
aff'y. M. A. D.

Mon. P.M. In the yellow br. tr. where the May-brick papers are is a MS. folded but not enveloped — in my handwriting — about the John Kelsall trial and E. Cunan and Home Office and such. Can you find it and forward it to me? The doctors and all think Mr. H. is permanently better. I sent you a letter this morning.

TUESDAY P.M., May 7, 1895.

Your cards in letter received. Melting, sultry, muggy heat here, and has been almost all the time. Fear you will have awfully hard time of it in library. Leave it till I come home. Lugging and supervising is exhaustive. Everything beautifully green and flourishing here, but I don't take time to look at it till after 5 P.M. Keep as quiet as possible.

THURSDAY MORNING, May 9, 1895.

MY DEAR: Yesterday Walker would have been forty years old — *was* — I trust we may say — for as time is a part of eternity, I don't know why we may not go on with our measurements. Your card came last evening with the Baroness' letter. Don't recall the E. P. allusion, but think I do all the rest. It is very warm here, and we are all desirous to get away as soon as possible. I think all will be ready to go the minute I am. I am getting on very well, but can tell better in two or three days. I do not go out until five and then only driving — too hot to walk Don't overwork or over-care. Nothing is worth it.
. . .

Thursday P.M. The two letters came this morning. The MS. one about 4 P.M. When it came I was down in the cool of the hall talking with Mrs. Spear, of Washington, Pa., who is visiting her brother-in-law here — inquired for you, and very well. The MS. is for a Fair paper here. Don't send on anything but letters, as I have no time to read. The MS. I can use without going over it even, and they are very desirous to have it. Glad to see you have spirits for poesy. A. is a charming child — interesting, bright, and *trained*, so that she would suit *even you*. I certainly would take the coal if he would bring it one-half ton at a time, and at once — but can't be having coal-dust all summer.

Last entry in her Diary was *evening* of May 9th :

“Revised proof of 1882–1888 from 8.”

Of *May 10th*, extracts from a letter addressed “To the dear old Hamilton church and the dear young Hamilton pastor,” and read from its pulpit Sept. 15, 1895, give her experience :

It was early morning, but so swiftly the darkness fell that I have always thought of it as evening. I was standing by a lounge in my room when I felt myself sinking. There was no pain, no alarm, no fear, no feeling. I had but one thought, that it would be a shock to the family to find me on the floor, and that I must get upon the lounge.

.
When, or if, I gave up the struggle I do not remem-

ber, or the lapse of time, only there was a lapse, and then I heard a voice at the door asking, "Is it all right?" I answered, "No, it is not all right."

"Unlock the door and let me in."

"I cannot; I am on the floor and cannot get up."

Another lapse of time, and then familiar voices were all around me. I *saw* nothing; but I seemed to hear everything — lamentations that I had fallen and hurt myself. I told them I did not *fall*, but let myself down.

Much of the time immediately succeeding I was in a passageway between two rooms. The room on one side was this world, on the other the next world. The doors of both were closed.

Once I asked, "Am I supposed to be alive still?"

So many friends were around me who had gone out of this world that it suddenly occurred to me whether I myself might not be already gone; and I was about to ask, Am I dead or alive? But I thought if it should turn out that I was still alive the question might sound rather brusque and harsh, and I deliberately softened it to "Am I supposed to be living still?"

.
To myself it seemed, and it seems still, as if my spirit were partially detached from the body — not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great readiness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations. . . . Of leaving Washington, of the long journey by ambulance and car, I have no knowledge. I seemed to be in a steamboat on the Amazon river,

near its mouth. It was only as I neared home that the idea of locality adjusted itself. . . . When the train stopped, dear familiar faces were all around me — who received me as something consecrated, and held out to me their kind, strong arms, with unuttered welcome. I had not expected otherwise, but I was immeasurably encouraged and strengthened. Under a continuance of the best professional care, phantasms of the other world disappeared, and I slept in a green shaded meadow on a bank of blue flowers, by cool waters in the midst of cresses and rushes and all green growing things.

Hamilton, July, 1895. Tell dear Uncle Homans right away that the greatest proof of my affection for (by letter) him is, that when he comes into my useless sick-room with all the bloom and bright bounce of eighty years, I forgive him his youthful vigor, and only hope it may last till he assumes the immortal youth. Tell him that what mind I ever had is ready to do business at the old stand, only that the doctors forbid it to open shop. They only allow me occasionally to see a friendly face upon oath not to speak.

[TO MRS. WARNER.]

MY DEAREST LILLY — of the valley and the *heights*. My sister has told me of your loving kindness during the long blank of my illness. The letters have not been read to me, but it is good to know they are in existence. I shall have them as soon as I am well enough. But I am well enough now to send congratulations to the three of you on Margaret's account. I am, as the Scotch say, "all here." It would be an exaggeration to say that I *walk* across the room with

assistance or even limp, rather I *lop* across, — would it be vulgar to say I get there all the same? and certainly it seems every day more like walking. I have a great deal more to say to you, but cannot say it. You can all fill in for yourselves at present.

Always devotedly yours.

[TO THE “KING’S DAUGHTERS,” HAMILTON, MASS.]

DEAR DAUGHTERS OF THE REPUBLIC OF GOD: Thanks for your flowers and fruit of Paradise which is love — only don’t do so any more. Put your flowers in your own vases, and your fruit on your own tables, and believe that I shall enjoy them there in grateful memory of your thoughtful kindness. Always, dear neighbors and friends, most truly yours,

MARY A. DODGE,

Per A.

Sunday A.M., outdoors, — about the first of her being out, — and she wanted me to write Mrs. Spofford to say, “Abby counts you as one of her converts, and does not want you to deny it. She especially rejoiced in it this morning, when we joined you in the sun worship outdoors. You touch nothing that you do not adorn, whether it is ‘Harper’s Bazar’ stories or pancakes and pickles. But in these ‘Congregationalist’ papers all the sparkle is the sparkle of the stars, which your head knocks at every step.” Being called away a moment, she took the pencil and wrote in large letters the varied penmanship H.A.D.

[TO DR. HAMLIN.]

My sister says "To the angel of the church in Lexington write" — that she has consulted the Dr. and he says that she may be read to a little while at a time from Dr. Hamlin's book. Therefore if you will send it, as you propose, it will be a very great gratification to her.

[TO SPEAKER MEYER.]

Many thanks for your grapes of Eschol, and many more thanks for the kind remembrance.

HAMILTON, August 9, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS PALFREY: Your noble letter has just been read to me. It is so good I would like to answer it, but I am still too ill and can only acknowledge it. Let me say that your plane has always seemed to me of the highest. I eat and sleep well, and I am beginning to move about with assistance.

Believe me always with profound respect and affection yours — and proud to call myself your friend.

MARY A. DODGE,
per H. A. D.

I must give you a word of warning. It seems to me that when I lost my senses you all went crazy, — even "k," — and have been making indecent exposure of yourselves ever since. What is this last yarn of "I's" about Mrs. — —, all her own spinning? I never had the smallest displeasure about Mrs. — — finishing the book, though it was a great disappointment not to finish it myself, and as for my not reading the book on that account, it seems impossible to

get anything into your heads straight. I hate the book — at least the associations which have been jammed around it. I stood guard around you for twenty-five years, but when I went to the ground in Washington the situation fell from my hands. Always — as long as you let it be possible.

Yours,

M. A. DODGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Your letter was lovely as your letters are wont to be, representing your best side, than which none is better. But you ignore the real trouble and build up a theory — on what basis I do not know. Was it “love” that was so strenuous for my removal against the protest of sister, doctor, and nurse? — so that my spirit felt the pressure of yours and shuddered away from it. Was it my “imagination” that made repeated assault on my sister, — a sister dearer to me than my own life, — begun in your house, continued in mine, while I was yet too ill to be as much as told of it, still less to prevent it? My “family have not had to be placated for twenty-five years” or for twenty-five months, but for a little more than four months.

You ask what I wish. I wish you to convince me that all these are vagaries of the imagination, and I shall be forever and gratefully yours.

[TO MR. THRASHER OF THE “BOSTON JOURNAL.”]

Aren't your newspapers a funny folk? When I wrote my church letter, and took every precaution to keep it private, the horizon was clouded with reporters clutching for it.

I suppose I ought to be willing to drift with the current, like the battered hulk I am, but I fear I cannot. [Writing of the Venezuela proclamation.]

I send you with this the most beautiful looking manuscript [dictated during the fall several articles — "Holy War," an appeal for the Armenians, another for Mrs. Maybrick, etc.] in the world, because it represents the affection and devotion of my sister and my nurse. If, however, your pampered typewriter-spoiled end-of-the-century eye cannot adventure its intricacies, will you not kindly consign it to a trustworthy typewriter?

Writing of a common friend cast down in spirit :

—— is discouraged, because he is young and strong and feels that the world is on his shoulders. When he is old and weak he will feel that he is responsible only for what he can do. All else is God's work, for which —— is not answerable.

Criticising a young writer :

I think there are some places where you have exaggerated the ungrammatical expressions. A woman who in her girlhood had been to an excellent New England Seminary may be careless in her expressions, but she would not dig out a hole to stand in with her grammar, and if *she* did I forbid *you* to stand in it. The English sketch is one of the best. Thank you! See how free I am from prejudice.

Mr. T., after explaining a certain matter,

closed his letter with "I hope you will understand me":

I do not understand it a bit, but as it is all a part of the original construction of the universe, I cannot delay action until I understand it. Your premises are correctly stated in the universal affirmative, and then your syllogism stands on its head and waves a universal negative, which is conclusive though not logical.

One ought not to *write* for money, but I consider it a first duty after one has written to exact the highest possible price. It is not a matter which concerns only the writer, but all writers.

The shortest day in the year (1895).

DECEMBER 22, 1895.

DEAR —: J. A's friend was "senseesly ceevil" — Any one can quote from a published book. I, at least, have no objection to her quoting anything she likes, only I think she has a right to do it without asking. It is now Monday morning, December 22, and I's letter has just come, to which I need only reply that I indicated some weeks — perhaps months — ago the points upon which light would be pertinent. As none has yet been shed, it seems useless to continue in this direction.

For more than a week of this wonderful winter I have been outdoors every day, driving, walking, *sitting*, *receiving*, — among others Constance, who inquired for you all with sympathy.

I am afraid I am going to lose my cherished solitude, for one house is just tumbling by me into the

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pasture opposite, and two more are to go up beside it. Looking over I's letter, I account for her course and k's by their love and loyalty to you, which I hope will never be less, though I think it might be more judiciously applied.

Always yours,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, January 1, 1896.

DEAR I. : I regret to say that your letter of December 28 assures me of what I could only assume, but was obliged in a way to assume, — that my letter, to which you make reference, was fully understood, and that your mother's following letter was intended, not only as acknowledgment, but an answer.

Since I have been ill you and your mother and sister have confessed the sins of my sister and myself with frequency and freedom, and have not ceased to urge upon me a corresponding exercise. The success of your experiment does not lure me to your methods, and I wait without hostility and with full assurance of hope that you will presently rise to that moral sanity which I believe is your normal state — when we may not resume the old friendship, but from which a better one will spring, freed from the mistakes and limitations of the past.

With all best wishes for a New Year,

Always yours,

* M. A. DODGE.

I have not re-read your September letter, — if it was September, — as I remember it sufficiently, and its purport was of secondary importance. No blame can possibly attach to any misunderstanding of my

condition, and it never occurred to me to fasten such blame on you or another.

[TO MR. THRASHER, IN REPLY TO A NOTE OF THANKS
FOR "X-RAYS" AND INQUIRY FOR HER HEALTH.]

JUNE 27.

How am I? Why, I have just sent you a whole bookful to let you know. . . . Thursday I drove to Ipswich (five miles) and returned the same afternoon, with pleasure and profit. We have three kittens and fourteen chickens, diminuendo, and are greatly enjoying the summer.

[TO HER NURSE, TAKING A VACATION.]

HAMILTON, July 22, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS FRASER: I am again out on the piazza, and black-and-white Kitty *Casabianca* asleep on the lounge. Montenegro's kitty is about as old as Kenneth Hamilton — beautiful name, and altogether Scotch. The poor little thing has much to do to live up to it. He is the fourth baby I have known to be named for Hamilton. Are we not honored?

My writing myself will show you that I am much improved. My paper will show you that I am not improved enough to go into the house to get a fresh sheet, so I take a wrapper that is already here. My nurse is upstairs devising me a *princesse under-dress*. I hope soon to be well enough not to need a nurse, and you, I suppose, would not deign to come in any other capacity. Finding myself able to do without you when I sorely needed you [when she suffered a short relapse], I suppose I *can* bring myself to do without you when I do not need you — but I should

be glad to feel that I could always have you when I should be ill. Wendell left us very suddenly, on one night's notice, — lured by the brilliant promise of the *electrics*, — but we are very well served by a young Nova Scotian. Little Mary is greatly tempted by a young man of her acquaintance, of whom her aunt disapproves, and I hope Mary will yield to the aunt rather than the young man. She is such a pretty, neat, well-mannered girl that I want her to be well-manned, but I would prefer that she should remain un-manned at present.

Miss Connelly is in New Jersey for the summer, and very well but for a little bone-ache. We have a handsome young calf — 4th July, any quantity of milk and Connelly cheese, and a good garden, but not so good as last year, because Wendell left us in the lurch. My sister thanks you for your kind remembrance and returns it. I drive and walk every day the weather permits.

Truly yours,

M. A. DODGE.

We are very glad your sister is so well. Give my best love to Kenneth Hamilton.

[TO A GRAND-NEPHEW, F. S. DIMMICK, BARBADOS.]

HAMILTON, August 7, 1896.

MY DEAR FRASEUR : Thanks, I think, must be due you for the two photographs of Dr. and Mrs. Dimmick, just received. The first shows him hardly changed. The next gives a comely matron, hardly reminding me of the slender girl who went to sea, now nearly twenty years ago, — but not less dear now than then ; and she stays at sea, but with three boys and two girls, — one

in a world beyond sea and sky, and the others, I hope, to be heirs of all the worlds where honor and character dwell, where goodness and unselfishness go on more and more unto the perfect day.

Your Aunt Charlotte, with Uncle Alvin, Cousins Will and the second H. S. D., came up yesterday to celebrate the birthdays of the two H. S. D.'s, though we had to do it without the green corn, which is always expected to come to time on your great-grandmother's birthday, and which it usually did under your great-grandmother's manipulation; but it failed yesterday, and we had to be content with lettuce and peas and potatoes to garnish the cold roast beef and hot roast chicken, and enjoyed the day greatly. Will has \$20.00 to buy a postal money order for Lady Jose and the Princess Meriel, I think, this is. I also wish you would thank your mamma for her letter of July 16, which formed a part of our family entertainment yesterday, — indeed your mother has instituted such a reformation in letter-writing that you will have something to do to live up to her. We also had Arthur's photographs to the fore, with the little Barbadians — all family party, you see.

We shall all want to see Arthur in trousers, though he can't look half so sweet as in his slips, and without his curls — why, he won't be Arthur at all. Tell him to resist all attempts to take *them* away.

I am sorry that you are not able to take the course in study that we spoke of, but there is one course that you can begin at once that is not now pursued in all colleges, but is in some, and is daily more and more discussed, and becoming ever more important. If you and Edward and Meriel will at once begin a reading and intelligent study of the Bible, its geography, chronology,

and history, and continue it through life you will be educated whether you go to school or not. I am not speaking now of its religious aspects, though it is the chief source of religious knowledge for the Anglo-Saxon race, and though my beliefs regarding it have entirely changed since I began reading it, they have only filled me with more wonder and admiration. I was taught a belief something like that God wrote it himself, as you or I might write it, but far more marvellous yet reasonable is the way that God did write it. Now it seems to me to be the story of the backbone of the human race. Have you each a Bible? If not, I will give you one, for we have several in the house. One with maps is best, for its geography is very important to the understanding, and from time to time I should like to send you interesting papers in *Biblia*, which show how the real commentary on the Bible is being dug up from the plains of Babylon and the sands of Egypt. I have wanted to write you to begin this Bible study, but I have not been well enough to write. I began reading the Bible in course when I was about Meriel's age, and I have been studying it ever since, and have found no study more delightful or more beneficial.

Your cousins, Loring and A. V., are about starting on their summer outing. I send your mother's letter to the "Youths' Companion," for their instruction in folding, to Edward Stanwood, who is the editor, your second cousin once removed. Now it is Saturday, 8th August, and here comes Loring. Your Cousin Will got the money order in Beverly, and sent it up by mail. The Salem binders have vexed me exceedingly and injured me by blocking the sale of the books. I suppose really a thousand books was a

bigger order than they could handle, and they delayed and kept me out of supply. This morning your Aunt Aug. went to Salem to dynamite them, and now Loring is here to report his dynamite, and I *guess* they will come to time now. He and A. V. go to the mountains Monday, and A. V. writes your mother thence. Reports "such a good letter from Josie."

Always affectionately.

With love to all,

M. A. D.

HAMILTON, August 11, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS PALFREY: Join me in malediction of Messrs. Villains, the binders, who annoy, embarrass, and injure me beyond words by not furnishing me with books ("X-Rays") to make a supply.

Yours shall go just as soon as they bring forth works meet for repentance.

Not lonely if you could only see and feel the great cloud of witnesses who I believe can see and feel you — the best beloved grown more loving, the clear-sighted seeing now through all the mists and fogs of earth into the very penetralia of your love and gratitude, knowing you infinitely better than they ever knew you before, and longing to comfort you with their recognition, let alone all new joys and new purposes, which are to make your life go on from glory to glory.

"J." is not the "Jamie" of the book, but a little kinsman of mine whose departure makes the salient story of his life.

Always truly yours,

M. A. DODGE.

(By H. A.D.)

I enjoy the summer, heat and all.

Miss Palfrey sent this note for a friend to read, writing her: "I send you a note from Miss Dodge of Hamilton, to give you a glimpse of another and a fine side of her unique character. . . . I wrote to her to order a copy of her new book for you, as you seemed to me to be interested in or *about* it. And as an incidental consolation to her in her apparently fatal illness, I added that, though neither work nor play had lost its zest, I found it a lonely thing to live to seventy years."

AUG. 12, 1896.

[FROM "THE LAST YEAR OF GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE,"
BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER, IN "THE ARENA."]

GAIL HAMILTON died Aug. 17, 1896.

She was stricken down suddenly again, and although life lingered for some hours she never recovered consciousness.

Her funeral was a fitting close to the life of one to whom death had never seemed a harsh or gloomy thing.

The day (August 20) was one of the most beautiful of the summer—sunlight, fresh air, and flowers everywhere.

The grounds which surround the Dodge house are spacious, stretching back to fields of grass and corn. Huge old apple-trees are scattered about, and to the east of the house is a clump of pines beneath which had been Gail Hamilton's favorite place to sit. Here the last ser-

vices over her body were held, in the shadow of the softly murmuring pine branches, and with the sunlit hills of Essex County stretched around.

In the company gathered here were men and women whose names are known around the world, plain farmers and their wives, neighbors and townspeople, bringing tribute to native kindliness of heart as well as strength of mind.

THE BOOKS OF GAIL HAMILTON



THE BOOKS OF GAIL HAMILTON

I FIND this record of books with comments in her own hand, evidently written about 1886, in answer to repeated requests from editors, biographers, and correspondents, to know Gail Hamilton's modes and methods of writing for the public to which I add the four books published later, with note of the memoir (1869) that was only printed.

EDITOR.

Gail Hamilton first appeared as an author in 1862, by the publication of "COUNTRY LIVING AND COUNTRY THINKING," a collection of Essays whose themes are chiefly of human life. The book was a result of high health, high spirits, clear vision, mental alertness, and an irrepressible and inexhaustible spontaneity, but could in no proper sense be considered literature. Such writing, however, mellows and moistens the soil and enlivens the atmosphere for the growth of literature, and is therefore not only justifiable but useful.

The same may be said of "GALA DAYS" (1863), which was chiefly a narrative of travel in the Eastern States; with three Essays on permanent and four on passing interests.

"A NEW ATMOSPHERE" (1864) is an attempt to infuse more happiness into married life by suggesting a more correct idea of its claims upon men.

1078 GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE IN LETTERS

In the same year appeared "STUMBLING BLOCKS," a series of Essays to enforce an accurate understanding of the meaning, the use, and the weight of words ordinarily read and used without knowledge. It must be admitted that the words and phrases cited are chiefly theological and ecclesiastical.

"SKIRMISHES AND SKETCHES" (1865) is of the same nature, with occasional deviations into literature.

"SUMMER REST" (1866) is wholly of rural life, with occasional deviations into theology; but the theology is sound and vital.

"WOOL GATHERING" (1867) is a narrative of the West and South, in which certain phases of Minnesota life are pictured in hues so rosy that their truthfulness has been challenged, although they are true, not only to life but to literal facts.

"WOMEN'S WRONGS" (of 1868) is a flaming sword that could not help puncturing a feeble and foolish tractate by the late excellent and reverend John Todd, D.D.

"A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS" (1870) is the record of an attempt to secure honest dealing from publishers.

"WOMAN'S WORTH AND WORTHLESSNESS" (1871) may be best described by its sub-title, "The Complement of A New Atmosphere." It is an argument to build up women in strength and right thinking, as "A New Atmosphere" is an argument to the same purpose for men.

"TWELVE MILES FROM A LEMON" (1874) is, like several of these books, the more or less airy nothings of summer days and delights, and are books only as the printer and binder make them books.

"NURSERY NOONINGS," of the same year, is a dear and dainty little record, now a reminiscence, of baby

sayings and doings — with the inevitable consequent out-cropping of moral and metaphysic theology. They have, however, the merit of high intent and in common with the more serious books are often characterized by an intellectual vehemence, which intellectual stupidity mistakes for personal displeasure.

“SERMONS TO THE CLERGY” (1875) is an earnest and affectionate, but only partially successful struggle to make the pulpit see things as they are.

“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?” (1876) is a presentation of the Bible teaching on Inspiration, and a delineation of the Bible portrait of Jesus Christ, in distinction from ecclesiastical presentation and portraiture. In this Bible view neither science nor theology has been able to point out false lines.

“FIRST LOVE IS BEST” (1877) is a love story of a bright, good, natural but not extraordinary New England girl. It has scarcely plot or incident; has a little grace of style and rectitude of motive, but is of small interest to any one except the author, to whom it is always and altogether alluring.

“OUR COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM” (1880) defends the weakness, the harm, the danger, and the duty of the American Common School; shows that our boasted advance is demoralization and decadence. It is a book that should be read by every American citizen. It has been read by so few that it may be said practically not to have been published.

“DIVINE GUIDANCE” (1881) is the true story of a righteous man withdrawing from Sodom, at what he thought was the command of the angels of the Lord, and dwelling in a New England Zoar.

“THE INSUPPRESSIBLE BOOK” proves from their own words and from Holy Writ that Herbert Spencer is

one of the Divinely-ordained Apostles to the Gentiles, and that Frederic Harrison is not.

"RED LETTER DAYS," "LITTLE FOLK LIFE," "CHILD-WORLD," are books written for children, but have only the inappreciable value of good design, and the equally insignificant value which they share with all the other works of Gail Hamilton, — that of having received the best care and culture of their author. Whatever of defect exists is due to mental incapacity and not to mental indolence.

A large number of the Essays compiled in these books appeared first in various periodicals to which G. H. is still a contributor.

This biographical sketch is written by its subject and therefore, as St. John remarked in similar circumstances, we know that his testimony is true.

Other published writings were as follows :

"A WASHINGTON BIBLE CLASS" (1891). From the "Introduction" we learn : The wife of the President, with highest interest in highest things, was foremost in support of a Bible class. The wife of the Vice-President insured its beginning by fixing an early date. The wife of the Secretary of State proffered her drawing-room for the study of the Holy Scriptures. Both houses of Congress, the circles of science, of literature, of education, of diplomacy, sent their delegates. Presbyterianism, Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Episcopacy, were ably and amiably represented. The English Church and the Greek Church bent to each other with stately courtesy. The Quaker faith was there, robed according to the last dainty imported touch of the children of this world, but with all the gentle aspect and saintly bearing of George Fox and

the Whittiers, brother and sister. Ignatius Loyola and Jonathan Edwards sat side by side in French costume of faultless cut and wonderful combination; and the one had danced no more lightly or deeply into Saturday night than the other. All came together to learn for themselves what the Bible teaches.

When the class was about to go "its summer ways," its members made a united and formal request for the manuscript notes:

"We have followed with deep interest during the past winter the results of your studies and meditations on several subjects bearing upon the spiritual welfare of humanity. We have continually felt a desire to examine more carefully the views that you placed so forcibly and rapidly before us, and to possess them in the form of a more perfect record. In order to satisfy this desire, and to enable us to share with our friends who could not be present the pleasure and instruction that you have afforded us, may we now beg of you a copy of your manuscript notes, that we may have them printed?"

In compliance with this request, I have arranged these Bible talks in as condensed and shapely form as may be, and with the heartiest right hand of fellowship they are hereby presented

To the Bible Class.

GAIL HAMILTON.

"ENGLISH KINGS IN A NUTSHELL" (1893). Written as an aid to the memory of the little folk universal, and for the convenience of the writer, with her heartiest good will.

"BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES G. BLAINE" (1895). Miss Dodge had labored so assiduously helping Mr. Blaine on his two large volumes of congressional matter that her family were very much opposed to her undertaking the task of writing his life. "His family are not willing to have any one else touch it," she argued, and his publisher was long persuading her to attempt the proposed biography — said he had received hundreds of letters, and nearly every one expected her to do it.

Two years of close, constant work, with not a little travelling in *preparation*, a journey to Washington to verify the last pages, an almost fatal illness in the heated term there — and the first edition appeared simultaneously with the author's conveyance home, a helpless invalid.

"X-RAYS," copyrighted May 4, 1896, by M. A. Dodge, with the following note of explanation: "I have not offered this book to the publishers, because it is too slight a handling of too great a theme to lay claim to literature, and I do not wish it pushed by advertisement, or other extraneous methods, upon an unwitting and necessarily indifferent public. I have published it myself, because I have found that there is much interest in the topic, especially on the part of those who mourn their dead.

"The great joy of my own experience I desire to share as widely as possible, and because it is experience, I am not without hope that it may attract the attention of science and help in solving the problem of life.

"I have manufactured the book as cheaply as was consistent with the least expense to eyesight, and have made a veritable *edition de pauvreté*, but I have paid

all its cost and shall not be embarrassed if not a single copy is sold. I hope, therefore, none will buy it except from interest in the natural and cosmic as well as in the personal and religious relations between this world and the next.

"To all such who address me at Postoffice Building, Hamilton, Massachusetts, enclosing \$.50, I shall be glad to forward the book as they shall direct.

"GAIL HAMILTON."

The booklet contained "A By-way of History," "A Letter to Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.," "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "Hints on Heaven," "Molecular Philosophy," and "Holy War."

"MEMORIAL" (1869) is a *family* book of 196 pages. The united testimony to its merits is well expressed by Mrs. Cowles: "Embalmed in amber, so long as these printed pages continue, so long will children and grandchildren have a picture to which life on the canvas is only a candle to the sun. . . . It is a new style of biography. . . . You had a good subject, and you have done well with it. How your mother and mine would enjoy reading it together! . . ."

"I hope and trust the sisters are, long before this, enjoying the pictures it so vividly paints. You have all unawares drawn yourself. . . . This will be your best memoir. No other pen will ever do you any such justice. This is your soul on paper, and I appreciate your shrinking from any profane eye or tongue or ear. May you be let alone, and may God a thousand times reward you for this labor of love!"

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